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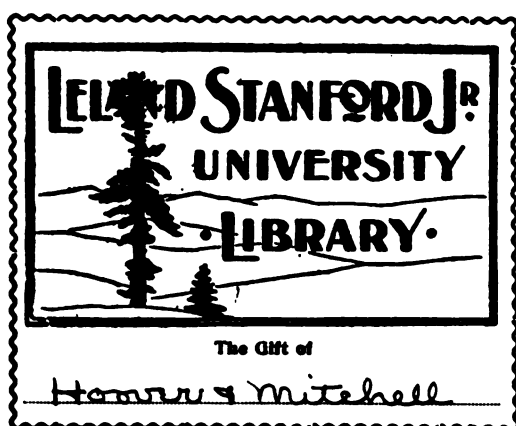
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THE CHINA MARTYRS OF 1900





TAI YUEN KWAI



THE CHINA MARTYRS
OF 1900. A COMPLETE ROLL
OF THE CHRISTIAN HEROES
MARTYRED IN CHINA IN 1900
WITH NARRATIVES OF SURVIVORS

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
ROBERT COVENTRY FORSYTH

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS A MISSIONARY OF THE BAPTIST
MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN SHANTUNG

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR POR-
TRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY
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PREFACE



THE aim of the writer in the present volume has been to place before his readers a connected account of the events which affected Missions and missionaries in China during the Boxer rising of 1900. All that has yet appeared has been almost necessarily sectional and mainly denominational, and therefore there is a legitimate place for a narrative which combines all the Missions represented, and describes the tragic scenes as a whole.

With so large a field to cover, and such a wealth of material to use, some line must be drawn so as not to exceed reasonable limits of time and space ; and this has been done by confining the present volume to the description of events affecting the Protestant missionary body in China. With this end in view, the heroic defence of the Pei-Tang Cathedral in Peking, and the equally heroic resistance successfully offered by Roman Catholic priests and native converts to the marauding bands of Boxers and Imperial troops at Ma Cheng in

Shan-si, and in other parts of the Northern provinces, have been excluded.

Only a selection of the marvellous tales of the escape of Protestant missionaries from the hands of their enemies has been given for the same reason. All available sources of information have been freely used, and the narratives and descriptions of events are given mainly in the form in which they appeared at the time of their publication, or from the pens of those most conversant with the circumstances described.

As the China Inland Mission has the largest missionary staff in the eighteen provinces of China, it naturally follows that the heaviest losses fell upon that body. In order, therefore, to make the picture complete, the writer has availed himself of the liberty, kindly granted by Rev. J. W. Stevenson, the director of that Mission in Shanghai, and by the Home authorities of the Mission, to make what use he pleased of the books and pamphlets issued by the members of the Mission. He has fully availed himself of this permission; other friends have also generously assisted by writing special articles for this volume, or placing their productions at his disposal for the purpose intended, and for these the writer offers his best thanks.

The tragic events of 1900 and their consequences in China, and their relation to Protestant missions in that country, should not remain scattered, and possibly buried



Preface

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in fugitive books, magazines, and pamphlets. That they should not be focussed in some way in a compact and convenient form seemed to the writer a deplorable loss, to be avoided at all cost if possible. The attempt has been made, therefore, to place the events of this stirring and formative period in a connected and readable form before the reader. The Churches in Europe and America forget only too soon such great upheavals and such heroic deeds as those which occurred in China in 1900. Hence the chief aim of the writer has been to place on record the complete story in a permanent form.

The terrible story of the sufferings of our missionary brethren and sisters, ending, as they did in so many cases, in cruel deaths, has been given so far as practicable in order of time. To increase the general interest and usefulness of the book, and also to illustrate in the best possible way the true catholicity of the great modern missionary enterprise, the main facts and circumstances in the early life and training of the martyrs have been collected together in Chapter XXI. The details are as complete and accurate as it was possible to make them; but biographical facts in some cases have not been procurable.

That this effort, which has been undertaken as a labour of love, and brought to completion amid the many distractions incident to missionary labour during

... in the Chinese Empire,
hope and prayer of the writer.

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Chinese Poppy Field. 1919; E. A. Thirg





THE GOVERNOR OF SHANTUNG.
YÜ HSIEN.



THE CHINA MARTYRS OF 1900

CHAPTER I

THE BOXER RISING OF 1900

TOWARDS the end of November 1897, the writer, with others in the interior of the province of Shantung, was startled by the rumour, which for some time seemed unworthy of belief, that the Germans had landed troops and taken possession of Kiaochou Bay, one of the finest natural harbours in the province. This was done ostensibly because two Roman Catholic missionaries of German nationality had been murdered in the south-east of the province of Shantung a short time before.

The seizure was easily made. Three German war vessels, commanded by Admirai Diedrichs, entered the bay at Tsing-tau on November 14, 1897, and pointed their guns at the Chinese forts, marines were landed, and an order was given to the commander of the fortress to surrender within three hours. The Chinese troops, who were entrusted with the duty of holding the forts, fled inland, and their commander had no option but to surrender to the enemy within the specified time. The Chinese soldiers, it is said, finding that they were not

The Boxer Rising of 1900

pursued, took courage, and, doffing their uniform, joined the ranks of the coolies, and busily assisted in bringing the baggage of the German troops into the fortifications which they had so recently evacuated in a manner so undignified.

This seizure, so easily accomplished, and regarded at the time merely as a punitive measure, met with a chorus of applause from foreign Powers; but none knew then how pregnant this act was with consequences which were to cause all the world to wonder, and to inaugurate one of the most startling revolutions in the history of China.

Following on this event came the demand of Russia for Port Arthur in Manchuria; and, backed as this demand was by France and Germany, that fortress was wrested from Japan, and handed over to Russia without a struggle. Russia immediately thereafter poured troops into Manchuria, altered the terminus of her Siberian railway from Vladivostock to Dalny, and has remained practically in possession of that country ever since. The British, jealous of Russian influence, immediately pressed for the cession to them of Wei-Hai-wei, a convenient harbour also in the province of Shantung, and, after many negotiations and threatenings, finally secured this important place. Up to this time it had been held by the Japanese as a guarantee for the payment of their indemnity. The British took peaceful possession of it, and have remained in occupation till the present time, with every evidence of permanent possession.

All these events were rendered possible by the revelations of the utter helplessness of the Chinese Government, made to an astonished world by the war with Japan. The pride of the Chinese, and the



Reform Movement of 1898

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corruption which marked the administration of public funds by their officials, was the efficient cause which could not fail to bring its Nemesis of disaster and humiliation for the whole nation. That the Chinese Government was stung to the quick by these humiliations it was forced to endure in silence, goes without saying. The young Emperor, Kuang Hsu, seeing that the empire was in danger of rapidly disappearing piecemeal, made efforts which were nothing less than heroic, to stem the tide of encroachment by the reform of the administration. Calling to his aid enlightened and progressive men, he issued, with a rapidity which dazzled and amazed all beholders, edicts which abolished the existing system of Government examinations, turned idol temples into village schools, reduced the various venerable boards in Peking to ciphers, and made the trembling mandarin feel as if the heavens were about to fall. Not only so, but it seemed as if the new reform movement was to have a strong infusion of Christianity. Early in 1898 the Emperor sent to the American Bible and Tract Depôt in Peking, and ordered a copy of the Bible and of every tract and book that the depôt could supply, for his own reading. These books were passed into the palace, and early and late this ruler of millions could be seen poring over these books, and devouring their contents.

Taking their cue from the Emperor, some of his advisers freely advocated placing Christianity on the same level of toleration with Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, and some even urged that it should be adopted as the national religion.

This reform movement was hailed with delight by the younger literary men amongst the Chinese, and a demand for Christian literature sprang up unprece-

dented in the history of Christian missions in China. Mission schools were soon crowded, and men of means in Peking and other important centres subscribed large sums for the establishment of schools of Western learning, where their sons might be taught under the new system.

But all this could not proceed without arousing immense opposition, and from very powerful quarters. Many of the high officials, when what they considered as their vested interests were touched, and themselves superseded by men whom they despised as upstarts, turned in their dismay to the Empress-Dowager, and implored her to save their country—by this meaning themselves—from ruin. She, in giving over the reins of government to the Emperor, had still retained in her own hands two of the Imperial prerogatives—first, the use of the Great Seal of State ; and second, the appointment of all the higher civil and military officials. The Emperor strongly urged that these prerogatives should be under his control, but this was indignantly refused. After nearly a week's struggle, the end came on September 22, 1898, in what is known as *The coup d'état*, and the complete triumph of the Empress-Dowager.

Within a week from that date the heads of six of the more prominent reformers were shorn off by the knife of the executioner, giving ghastly testimony to the fact that in the propagation of new ideas there are dangers of which men who love their lives should not lose sight. The names of these men, called the proto-martyrs of the reform party, were T'an-ssu-t'ung, Lui-kuang-ti, Yang-tsui, Liu-hsio, Yang-shen-hsiu, K'ang-kuang-jen. Kang-yu-wei and others, however, succeeded in making their escape. The young Emperor himself was put

under restraint, and the reins of the Government snatched from his grasp, and wielded once more by the able and unscrupulous woman who has controlled the destinies of the empire for nearly half a century. Under the new régime the Government immediately revoked the edicts which had caused so much offence, and, looking about for some means of supporting their designs, thought that they had found a fitting instrument in what is known as the 'Boxer Sect.'

This movement originated in the south-east of Shantung, and was part of the effect of the taking of Kiao-Chou by the Germans. In intention its object was to resist the foreign invasion of the country, and one of its banners had the motto inscribed upon it, 'Support the present dynasty, and destroy the foreigners.' Under the direct encouragement of Yü Hsien, who was then Governor of Shantung, the sect spread rapidly in his jurisdiction, and it was one of their bands who was responsible for the murder of Mr. Brooks. This, however, led to the removal of Yü Hsien, and the policy of repression of the Boxers, inaugurated by his successor, prevented the spread of the movement in Shantung, but drove it more to the north and west; and in the provinces of Chih-li, Shansi, and Manchuria it flourished unchecked. In Shansi—under the rule of Yü Hsien, who had been transferred to that province from Shantung, notwithstanding all the opposition of the foreign Powers—it culminated in the awful murders and massacres of foreigners and natives which have made that province notorious in the annals of crime.

In Chih-li the Boxers began the siege of the Legations in Peking, although it was subsequently carried on by Imperial troops; and in Manchuria they for a time laid low, and in some places almost destroyed,

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the work of Christian missions in that part of the empire.

Amongst the secrets of the rapid spread of the Boxers was the fact that they practised incantations, and were supposed by the credulous multitude to be invulnerable. These incantations are thus described in a brochure issued by Dr. John Ross of Moukden, Manchuria. He says: 'The candidate was made to stand facing the south-east, the direction in which Kuan Yin', the Goddess of Mercy, is worshipped. The feet of the novice were set on the sign of the cross. The tips of the forefingers and thumbs were brought together to form a circle. The other fingers were folded backwards on each other towards the forefinger. Through this circle, or through a glass, the youth (it was generally young persons of both sexes who were initiated) looked, placing a circle against each eye, the eyes being closed. His (or her) hands were thus held, and the eyes kept closed during the whole ceremony. The performer went to the side of the youth, and, speaking close to his ear, said, "Ta t'ien, t'ien men kai," "Strike heaven, heaven's door opens," etc., repeating four lines of five syllables which rhymed pleasantly. After the words were said, the "teacher" breathed gently into the ear. He then went to the other side and repeated the same ceremony. From side to side he went till the spell worked and the youth fell back in a trance. He was then asked what spirit he was of, and replied, the God of War, or other deity. He was then known as the medium of that spirit. He stood erect, uttered unearthly yells, calling out, "Slay, slay! kill, kill! burn, burn! the foreigners." He went blindly knocking against walls or any obstacle in his way until exhausted, and then by a smart slap on the forehead

was recalled to his senses. In other words, the youth was hypnotised, and amongst an ignorant and superstitious populace was supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. It was this which gave the Boxer element such a hold on the people, and led to such portentous and disastrous results of awful wickedness and folly, which, with the encouragement in the highest quarters, well-nigh brought the empire to destruction.'

There were also other causes at work which helped forward this outburst of anti-foreign feeling.

The Chinese are strong in their attachment to, and reverence for, the past. The old ways hallowed by custom, the ways of their ancestors, are looked upon by them with superstitious reverence, and this feeling is enhanced by the worship at the tombs of their fathers, and their constant desire to appease the spirits of the dead in every act of life.

The new ways introduced by the hated foreign devil, who is responsible amongst other things for the introduction of the national curse of the opium habit, which is eating out the vital powers of the nation, have caused, and are causing, the bitterest spirit of animosity in the people generally.

The introduction of Christianity has also caused a ferment amongst the people, and the success of the Protestant form of it has been a source of intense uneasiness amongst the lazy, and mostly vicious, priesthood of the Buddhist, Taoist, and Confucianist forms of religion.

Roman Catholicism is also responsible for creating an antagonism which amounts almost to a passion of hatred amongst rulers and people alike, by their arrogant assumption of equal status with the higher officials, the prosecuting of lawsuits with all the force which

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they derive from the unscrupulous use of the protection bestowed on them by the French Government in the person of its representatives, the acquiring of property in all directions, and the use they make of the power and wealth which is thus created.

The condition of the country, too, was such as to cause much discontent amongst the labouring classes. Famine is never far off from the people of Shantung, especially amongst the inhabitants of those counties bordering on the Yellow River, that fruitful source of sorrow and misery. In Chihli, Shansi, and Shensi, the crops had failed, and the sharpest pangs of hunger assailed multitudes of the unfortunate peasantry. In Shensi so great was the distress, that human flesh was sold on the markets as a not uncommon article of diet.

These sufferings were made much of in the proclamations which were issued by the Empress-Dowager and her advisers, as the just anger of Heaven for allowing the foreigners to encroach on the sacred territory of China, and calling upon all patriotic citizens to rise in their wrath and expel them from their coasts. The treatment of the Chinese by foreigners in the treaty ports and elsewhere, the want of respect for their feelings and customs too often met with by them there, their exclusion from other countries by the jealous artisan class, and the cruel way in which many of their countrymen had been treated in these foreign lands,—all these things have helped to swell the tide of anti-foreign feeling which culminated in the disastrous outbreak, to portray which is the purpose of these pages, in so far as it affected missions and missionary interests in China.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST MARTYRS

THE story of the 'beginning of sorrows' is most pathetic. Mr. Brooks, a young man twenty-four years of age, had joined, two years previously, the S.P.G. Mission, working in the south-west of the province of Shantung. In the year 1894 he had entered St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and was accepted for work in North China in the spring of 1897. After arrival at his post he struggled sturdily with the Chinese language, and was making good progress. He had already begun his missionary labours, and was devout and earnest in his work. Mr. Brooks had been made a deacon of his Church.

Mr. Brooks had been spending Christmas with his sister, who had lately arrived in China as the bride of Rev. H. J. Brown of the same mission, stationed at T'ai ngan fu. Boxer troubles in the province had caused great anxiety ; but up to that time no foreigner had been attacked, and it was still believed to be a local, rather than a general, disturbance, and fully under the control of the authorities.

At Ping-Yin, the other station of the mission in Shantung, about fifty miles from T'ai ngan, Mr. Matthews was alone, and Mr. Brooks, who belonged to that station, was anxious to join his colleague, to be of assistance

months before he was called home, at St. Augustine's College, that he read names on the cloister walls, and also in the Chapel. Then he noticed on one of the reserved exclusively for the names of the names which belonged to the college. As he glanced at the names he noticed no name thereon, until he read some letters stood out upon the wall. In the light of subsequent events, this was a startling coincidence. It was a subject which Brooks frequently dwelt. He certainly felt a sentiment that he would die a violent death as a witness for the Faith.

On Friday, December 29, 1899, Mr. Brooks began his fateful journey. He rode a donkey, with a man as donkey driver with him. He passed through a long road, and the next day arrived at a villa near Chia-tien, within a comparatively short distance of his destination. Here he was set upon by a number of ruffians, pulled off his donkey, and left him in the village. He managed to escape from the clutches of the ruffians, but being an athlete, he ran for his life, and distanced his pursuers; but men on horseback were in pursuit, and, having overtaken him, they cut him down with their swords and spears, and then threw his body into a ravine on the side.



Character of Mr. Brooks

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of Christ, the first martyr who perished under the rule of Yü Hsien, who was then Governor of Shantung. Mr. Brooks's body was subsequently recovered by his colleague, Mr. Matthews, and with the red cross of martyrdom placed upon his breast, he was laid in the tomb at Ping-Yin till the dawn of the resurrection morn.

His colleague, the Rev. H. Matthews, thus writes of Mr. Brooks: 'He was very dear to me, and it was to no small extent due to his wish to be with me in the time of great anxiety that he laid down his life in martyrdom. I wrote most strongly to Brown to keep him back, but he felt it his duty to come, with this terrible result. What a New Year to him! It was on New Year's Day we heard of his death. He was a bright and happy fellow, very cheerful, and a most lovable companion. He himself is at rest, and I know that he was not unwilling to lay down his life in martyrdom.'

As a result of the trial which took place three months after the murder, in presence of Mr. C. W. Campbell, British Consul, who was commissioned to act as assessor, two men were executed, one was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and another for ten years, and a fifth to exile for two years. Besides this, a sum of 9000 taels (about £1500) was paid for erecting a memorial church at Ping-Yin; another memorial at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury; and the head men of the village where Mr. Brooks was captured were fined 500 taels (about £70) for the erection of a memorial tablet under a stone pavilion on the spot where the murder took place.

The death of Mr. Brooks, so sad in itself, so cruel a blow to the sorrowing relatives, was in the providence of God used as a means for the preservation of the lives

Shantung, and by this means was continuing, for the time at least, the encouragement of the Boxer movement the death of Mr. Brooks. This, if perse certainly have led to wholesale massacre and destruction of property in Shantung occurred in the province of Shansi, to afterwards transferred. That Yü Hsien was to continue the career which ended in calamity in Shansi, is a blot on the diplomatists which brings disgrace on the represented.

The succession in place of Yü Hsien of the Governor, Yuan Shih Kai, to the governorship was, indeed, the salvation of that province the interests of foreign missionaries and the were concerned. True, the evil effects of the previous governor could not be easily owing to the encouragement from Peking Boxer leaders in Shantung received, they were time to defy all the efforts of H. E. Yuan to under control; and thus much damage to foreigners and natives alike was the result. of Christian natives there was grievous especially in northern districts on the border province of Chih-li. Yet it may be safely but for the interposition of the restraining exercised by

the province of Shantung would have been, in all human probability, a scene of carnage and cruelty as bad perhaps as the ill-fated province of Shansi.

Those whose lot as missionaries in the interior of Shantung exposed them to peculiar peril, have every reason to thank God that in His over-ruling providence the death of Mr. Brooks was used as the means of their salvation. They have every reason also to remember him who at the cost of his life secured for them changes which are at the present time of very great value to the cause of missions in the province of Shantung.

Thus this young life, may we not say, so far from being wasted, was spent to the best account, and has been used of God in a marvellous way to further the interests of His Kingdom, a cause to which Mr. Brooks had freely dedicated it.

The second murderous outbreak occurred at Yung-ch'ing, and the following sketch of those who suffered there is from the pen of the Rev. Frank L. Norris.

'Harry Norman was the son of a working man who lived at Portland, near Weymouth, in the south of England. When his school days were over, he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and so learned the trade that was to be useful to him long afterwards in China. His naturally enthusiastic spirit was kindled into a great longing to help in mission work. He was at this time teaching in a National school at Dorchester, and when the wish of his heart was made known, the Dorset Missionary Studentship Association helped him to go to Warminster, where from 1888 to 1890 he was trained for missionary work at St. Boniface College.

'While at Warminster Norman attended lectures in

... by him, although he
instruments, and very scanty drugs.

'In the autumn of 1891 he came
in April 1892 he was ordained deacon
he worked for five years. He threw
work of the boys' school, and his re
well exemplified in the two following
of his boys hurt his leg in jumping
Mr. Norman was away. He was taken
Mission Hospital, where the injury w
such that the leg had to be taken of
the knee. The poor little fellow was
the operation—the one chance of saving
likely to have ended it. His father ca
country, with Mr. Norman, to take hi
we thought, to die. Norman himself
bed at once on his return, having been
seriously out of sorts. I urged him to
for the summer, as his doctor strongly
but I was rather surprised when, afte
suggestion for two or three days, he wa
verted to its immediate importance. A
four hours I was left in the dark as
Then, on the very day we were to sta
it. For there, in a cart ready to go
station, was the little one-legged scho
that Mr. Norman carried him in his
cart to the train, from the train to th
from it



Norman's Influence Over Boys 15

there. But he saved the boy's life, and he returned a bonny, healthy boy, on crutches made by Mr. Norman himself, and is now married and living happily at home.

'The other instance is equally characteristic. One of our older schoolboys was due to leave school. He was a dunce at his books, and not very popular, and disinclined for farm work after five or six years at school. Mr. Norman said he would make a good carpenter, and when we pointed out the failure of previous attempts to launch our schoolboys in that way, we were told we, and not they, were to blame for it. Honestly, I think we all felt the experiment had been tried and failed, and was not worth trying again. But then we were not Normans. He taught the boy, he made us give him little orders,—the table he made for me was a curiosity,—he apprenticed him (at his own expense) to a Peking carpenter, and when he was dissatisfied with the result, as we had been in former days, he sent the boy, at his own expense, to Chefoo, and apprenticed him there to one of the best carpenters in North China, Tong Hing, where he kept him for three years. The boy is now making twelve dollars a month, and has taught two other Christian boys his trade. He was Norman's head carpenter at Yung-ch'ing in building his church rooms and furnishing them, and we have found him very useful at Tientsin in the same capacity. But he owes his skill entirely to Norman's invincible perseverance.

'In 1897, Norman went to Yung-ch'ing, fifty miles south of Peking, to live; and in the autumn he was joined there by Charles Robinson. He at once began to inspire the school work there with fresh life. "Mr. Norman," wrote the Bishop a year later, "is indefatig-

train up a child in the way that he
when he is old he will not depart from
did not neglect other work for the school
through "the black clouds of political
he thought "affected our work very much
increased the roll of communicants by
cent. Between December 25, 1898, and
1899, he "celebrated the Holy Communion
communicated about one hundred and
and travelled about three hundred and
On July 6, 1899, he saw the completion
church, now in ruins, of which he wrote
boast of a church built entirely by natives
we can truly say that most of the Christians
much as we could expect, and some even
they gave us of their money to buy, the
beasts of burden to draw materials, and
could be spared from farming occupation
helped as labourers."

'Mr. Charles Robinson was also transferred to
Boniface College, Warminster, where he
1895 from Leeds. He was well known and
respected in his own parish at Wortley,
and two years' steady work at St. Boniface
made us hope that he would be a great help
in China.

'The first impression he produced was
extraordinarily methodical and



THE FIRST MARRIAGE

engaged to be married, and all through the dull grind of learning the language in its first stages, he thought and planned how he could make it easier and simpler for his intended wife.

'He came to meet me at Chefoo, on my return from England, in March 1900. His intended bride, Miss Rule, had left home with me, and had died at sea near Colombo. I had, of course, wired the news to Peking, but the Bishop had rightly encouraged Mr. Robinson to proceed to Chefoo to meet us, and so to hear as soon as possible the details of her death. What impressed me was his perfect self-control, due, if one was to judge by little indications, to an absolute conviction that God's ways are always best. He had had an almost prophetic intuition of what was coming. I remember his saying to me, as we walked up and down together, "After all, it is best as it is. I shall be freer when the trouble comes at Yung-ch'ing; I could not face it with her." In two months it had come, and I doubt not that she was among the first to welcome him on the other side.

'Trouble had threatened in that district for some little time, and Mr. Norman repeatedly urged the British Consul in Tientsin to make the Viceroy send troops to disperse the gathering Boxer bands. But no effective measures—if any—were taken, and things looked darker every day as the month of May wore on. Norman and Robinson were urged to escape; the former refused, and the latter expressed his determination to stick to his comrade.

'Norman's courage in remaining at his post was in my opinion entirely justified by the chance it offered of overawing the local Boxers, who at that time still feared the foreigners somewhat, and by the time it

afforded for some of the Christians to seek safety. Moreover, if the magistrate had done his duty, neither Norman nor Robinson would have lost their lives.

'Very early on June 1, the attack began on our Christians in two villages, distant half a mile and one and a half miles respectively from the city. By daylight the Boxers were at the doors of our own compound. The two or three Christians there were urged by Mr. Norman to save themselves, and he and Mr. Robinson did the technically correct thing in flying for refuge to the Magistrate's Yamen. But when the Boxers demanded their surrender, they were forced to leave the Yamen by a back way, and denied a promised asylum in the Confucian Temple, and compelled to escape as best they could. Charles Robinson was killed in a moment, inside the north gate of the city, and, later in the day, the magistrate, terrified for the consequences of his own cowardice, gathered the remains in a coffin. Norman had managed to get outside the city, but was almost immediately found and taken prisoner. For twenty-four terrible hours he lived to bear witness how a Christian could face death; and then was released from captivity and from life, and passed to his reward in heaven. His body was hurriedly buried under a tree, not far from the spot where he was murdered, and there it is to-day, with that of Charles Robinson and one of our native catechists alongside of it, in a portion of ground which will for long years to come be the Christian cemetery of the Yung-ch'ing Church. May their example help us to be more like them!'



CHAPTER III

THE MASSACRE AT PAO-TING-FU¹

PAO-TING-FU, the capital of the province of Chih-li, is situated about one hundred and twenty miles southwest of Peking. The district in the vicinity of Peking is known as the Metropolitan district, and, together with the capital of the empire, has a governmental system entirely separate from the provincial government of Chih-li, to which province it geographically belongs. Chih-li is governed by a Viceroy (for many years the Viceroy was the famous Li Hung Chang); and for convenience of administration the Viceroy resides in the city of Tientsin, as being the most important centre for trade. The presence of many foreign residents gives it also more importance than Pao-ting-fu, the proper provincial capital.

Though the Boxer Society had its origin in Shantung, its first outbreak on any large scale was in the villages about Pao-ting-fu, whence it ravaged along the railway known as the Lu Han line, the great trunk line route between Peking and Hankow, then in course of construction. The engineers, with their wives and families, were driven off, and had to force their way to Tientsin by desperate fighting, in which some lost their lives.

¹ For biographical details of the missionaries referred to in this chapter, see pp. 412-424.

20 **The Massacre of Pao-ting-fu**

All the stations on the new line were wrecked, and at Feng tai, the immense new workshops, built for the construction of the railway, were entirely destroyed. The Boxers, gaining courage from their efforts, swept all before them, and swarmed down on Pao-ting-fu.

For the story of the massacre we follow mainly the account of the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, of the American Presbyterian Mission, who belonged to the station of Pao-ting-fu, but, fortunately, happened to be absent when the final catastrophe came.

In the spring of 1900 there were some thirty-two of the Protestant missionary community, including women and children, resident in Pao-ting-fu. These were distributed in three compounds. Two of these, the American Board and the China Inland Missions, were situated south of the city, and distant from the city gate half a mile or more, and from each other less than a quarter of a mile; the third, the American Presbyterian Mission, was located north of the city about a mile. The Roman Catholics had a fine pile of buildings, including a handsome church, priests' residences, and schools.

On June 1, 1900, many of the Protestant missionaries were absent from their station, some being in the United States and others elsewhere in China. There were in all fifteen left at Pao-ting-fu, one being Mr. William Cooper, of the China Inland Mission, Shanghai, who was there on a visit. The remainder consisted of five men, five women, and four children. Belonging to the American Presbyterian Mission were Dr. G. Y. Taylor, Rev. F. E. S. Simcox, Mrs. Simcox, and three children, and Dr. C. V. R. and Mrs. Hodge. Of the American Board were Rev. H. T. Pitkin, Miss M. S. Morrill, and Miss A. A. Gould. Of the China Inland Mission were Mr. and Mrs. B. Bagnall and one child, and Mr. W. Cooper.



Murder of Pastor Meng

21

All communication by road was destroyed before June 8, 1900, but protection was promised by the authorities. The Boxers often said they had no ill-will to Protestant missionaries; still they grew more violent in the country round about, and the missionaries telegraphed frequently to Tientsin and Peking for military protection. This the Viceroy, Yü Lu, repeatedly promised, and some soldiers were sent as a guard, but were soon withdrawn. As the impending danger became more threatening, the city authorities suggested to the missionaries to come within the walls and occupy a rented house in the city. But the missionaries, fearing that if they abandoned the mission premises, these would be destroyed, decided to remain where they were. They were advised to put up the notice, in large characters, the words 'Protestant Mission,' and this was done.

About June 24 some of the servants and helpers fled, but others, with splendid fidelity, remained to the end, and perished with their foreign friends. About that time a ferocious edict was issued inciting the people to kill the foreigners and to destroy their property. This was all that was needed to encourage the Boxers to begin their operations.

On the afternoon of Thursday, June 28, 1900, while Pastor Meng, of the American Board Mission, was packing the books in the street chapel within the city, preparatory to removing everything and sealing up the premises, he was suddenly seized and bound, and carried off to a temple occupied by the Boxers. Mr. Pitkin sent his card to the Yamen to secure Meng's release, but in vain. After a night of suffering, he was beheaded, and his body thrown into a ditch behind the temple. His body was afterwards recovered, and received

of his, came in a body, and with expressed their inability to help him. narrowly escaped death at the hands later on. Dr. Taylor shed tears moment, then recovering himself, bad and, closing the dispensary door with self-control, he returned with peace to sustain the hearts of the younger men home. He never betrayed the slightest of these trying days, but, with amazement, diverted the ladies and strengthened his colleagues. They thought of fleeing and drew all their silver from the vaults, appears, however, that they could not who could be induced to risk the journey.

On the morning of June 27 an officer came to the Yamen to ask Dr. Taylor to give up the city dispensary, so that the furniture and be removed to a safe place, for fear of the Japanese. These he gave; and to the officer he should appeal to some of his friends for protection, Dr. Taylor answered with gentleness, 'gentry friends are only friends in the city will do nothing for me now. My only friend is President Wu-ru-sun, and he can with difficulty save his own life.' President Wu had in fact been in disguise from the city that very morning.

The dispensary furniture



Missionaries Burned Alive

23

returned, however, on the following day to the mission compound, and there met their death. One escaped southward with a little boy, a son of a relative who had been entrusted to his care ; he had a son of his own also with him. He found that he could not save the two boys, and after a mental conflict he concluded to leave his own son with friends, and endeavour to escape with the son of his relative. He was able to escape, and in due time arrived at his relative's house, and delivered up his charge safe and sound in his own home.

On June 30, a mob of Boxers and rabble from the streets bent on pillage came by a circuitous route to the Presbyterian Mission compound. They piled stubble against the outer gate, fired it, and soon reduced it to ashes. Then they looted the hospital, chapel, and Mr. Miller's house, and also the houses of Mrs. Lowrie and Dr. Hodge, setting fire to each before the contents were entirely removed.

The natives in the compound—two faithful gatekeepers, some servants, and two old women and some children—were either killed or driven to leap into the well ; while two of the foreigners with a rifle and shotgun held the crowd at bay from the windows of the house of Mr. Simcox, where they had all fled for refuge. The leading Boxer was killed by the shot, but finally the crowd succeeded in firing the building itself, and all the inmates perished in the flames. Mr Simcox was seen walking to and fro, hand in hand with his two little sons, as the flames enveloped them. Dr. Taylor had remonstrated with the crowd from the window of his own room, pleading the deeds of kindness which they all had done so many times for the people ; but it was unavailing, and he also perished in the flames of his house. Thus this noble party

24 **The Massacre of Pao-ting-fu**

passed from their funeral pyre to the reward laid up for those who suffer for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

Dr. Taylor's faithful medical assistant had received travelling expenses from his master, so as to be able to flee for his life, but had nevertheless remained to the last. He was seized and killed, and his body, still writhing in death agonies, was buried in a shallow grave.

The report of this foul massacre soon reached the ears of the other missionaries, so they had a little time to prepare for the worst. Mr. Pitkin prayed with a Chinese school teacher who was with him, then he wrote some letters, which were buried in an outhouse behind his residence. His last words to the faithful Chinaman who was with him were, 'Tell the mother of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that when he is twenty-five years of age he should come to China as a missionary.' The Chinaman, at Mr. Pitkin's request, then leaped over the wall, and managed finally to escape.

Next morning, in the middle of pouring rain, the compound was attacked. Soon the gate was burst open, and the crowd, aided by Imperial soldiery, rushed in and surrounded the chapel, where Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill, and Miss Gould had fled. Through the window Mr. Pitkin fired on the mob till his ammunition was exhausted, then Mr. Pitkin and the two ladies leaped through a near window of the church into the schoolyard, and took refuge in a small room there. They were soon found, and Mr. Pitkin's head was severed from his body by a sword stroke. The ladies were rudely seized by the brutal mob. Miss Gould became powerless with excitement, and fell motionless to the ground. Her hands and feet were



Murders Outside the Walls 25

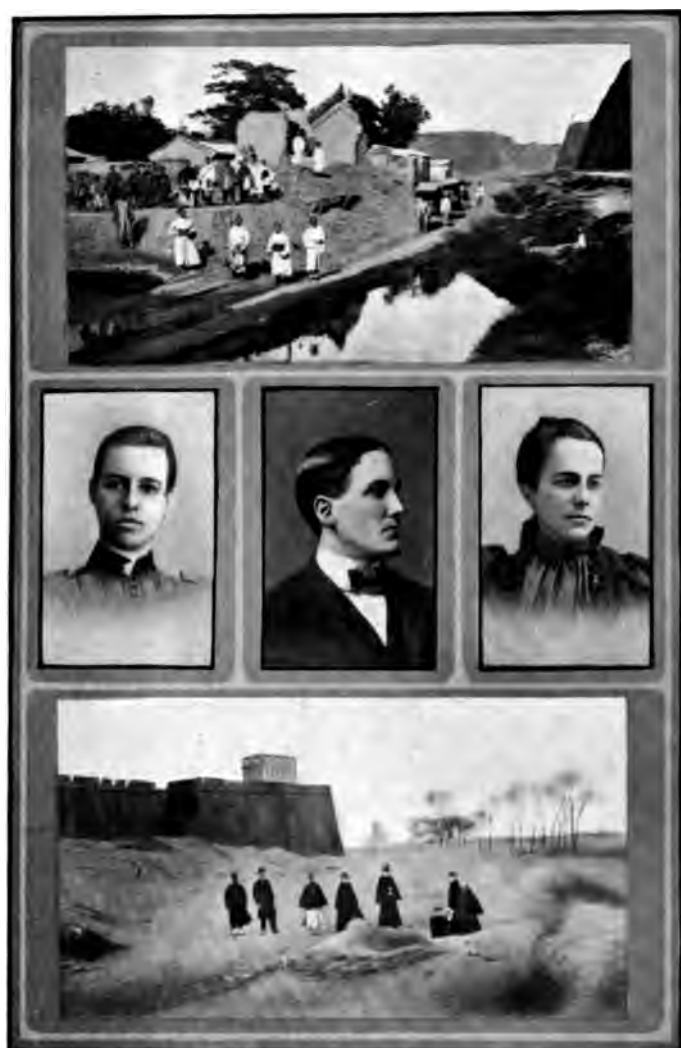
bound, and by means of a pole she was carried to a temple which was the headquarters of the Boxers. Miss Morrill exhorted the people as she walked along to the temple, and even gave some silver to a poor creature in the crowd. They were detained in the temple some time, and while there Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their little daughter Gladys, with Mr. W. Cooper, were also brought to the same place.

It seems that this latter party, hearing and seeing what was going on in the neighbouring mission compound not half a mile away, had made a hasty collection of money and valuables and fled to the Imperial military camp near their house, hoping that the soldiers would at least permit them to pass on towards Tientsin. The colonel in charge, named Wang Ch'an Kuei, instead of helping them, deprived the party of all the money and valuables they had, and then handed them over to the provincial judge, who in turn delivered them to the Boxers.

The Boxers, after detaining the whole party till the afternoon in the temple, finally led them outside the city to the south-east corner of the city wall. They were led in a line by the Boxers, by means of a rope passed round and tied to the uplifted hands of Mr. Bagnall, and thence fastened round his neck. Each member of the party was similarly tied, and attached to the one in front, except little Gladys Bagnall, who was allowed to walk freely at the side. Guns were fired and demonstrations made until they reached a large mound, said to have been the grave of a Boxer previously killed in one of the many attacks on the native Christians. There they were all beheaded, except little Gladys, who was thrust through with a sword. They were all buried in one grave.

... became exposed
regard to this subject, Dr. Edwards
dated February 23, 1901, as follows:
we recovered the remains of
placed them in coffins; we found
of one headless body, which was
some garments on it as that of Miss
also part of another body. In the same
heads, six foreign and one Chinese;
recognised by some distinguishing
little Gladys Bagnall had been beheaded
before or after death we could not
and Mr. Cooper had both been tied
the head with a rope which passed
tight was it that when removed it left
mark on the skull. Most of the coffins
only a skull. We had a short informant
the city.'

Mr. Pitkin's body was buried with
of native Christians who were killed at
Pao-ting-fu city has since been punished
offences by the soldiers of the allies
judge, the military commandant, and
refused aid to Mr. Cooper's party, having
The gate towers, the city wall towers
of the wall have been blown up, and
destroyed, and the gentry have been fined
thousand taels (about £17,000 or \$85,000).



PAO TING FU MARTYRS.

RUINS OF TEMPLE WHERE THE MISSIONARIES WERE IMPRISONED.

A. A. GOULD.

H. T. PITKIN.

M. S. MORRILL.

SCENE OF MARTYRDOM OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

[To face p. 26.]

Memorial Services

27

Pao-ting-fu over the newly reopened Lu-han railway line. The train passed through a breach in the Peking city wall, and thence southwards to the Lu K'ou bridge, without going near Feng t'ai, the former junction. All the railway stations along the line, except one or two near T'ao teng fu, had been destroyed in the recent troubles.

The object of this visit to Pao-ting-fu was to attend the memorial service for the Protestant missionaries who were killed there last year. Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and Dr. A. Peck, of the American Board Mission, had made all necessary arrangements to this end. The provincial and city officials had also exerted themselves to make everything as comfortable as possible for the visitors. They had fitted up rooms at their own expense provided with furniture sufficient for all the party needing accommodation. On the night of their arrival they sent red cards with four sheep, forty four, two hundred years and five hundred eggs, besides furnishing a quantity of fire-wood stores.

The first service was on Saturday March 23, in the ruins of the Presbyterian compound which had been utterly destroyed by the Boxers. A pavilion had been erected in the usual manner of Chinese funerals and under it the company, which included some Chinese officials, were shortly assembled and where an interesting and impressive ceremony was held. In this case, mostly in the English language. As the remains of the bodies were found in some places having perished in the flames of the burning where they had assembled, there was a rather compared, and these were of course in some degree more than the

The Massacre at Pao-ting-fu

At the service each of the Chinese officials came and saluted the memorial tablets and inscriptions which the mat pavilion was decorated. The number of native Christians belonging to the Presbyterian mission who suffered martyrdom about the same time, so far as known, about thirty. Many of them, having died at a distance from the city, the removal of their bodies was impossible.

The following day — Sunday, March 24 — the funeral for the martyrs of the American Board and Foreign Missions were held in a large Chinese hall at no great distance from the place formerly occupied by the mission; the mission compounds themselves were in ruins, and only a few of the walls remaining. Chinese officials, observing that at the service on the previous day a large company assembled, provided still more ample accommodation in the way of mat-sheds for the people who might come on this occasion.

Of the mat-sheds were twenty-six coffins, containing the remains of the foreign martyrs of the China Inland and American Board Missions, and the bodies of the Chinese who had perished about the same



Memorial Services

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transported to the graves, and the long and imposing procession, headed by screens, banners, and mottoes, passed through the entire length of the south suburb to the south gate, and then by a devious route to the cemetery, and was witnessed in respectful silence by thousands of spectators.

Without previous intention, the day in each of these funeral services turned out to be exactly nine months after the massacres. The contrast between the tumultuous rioting of that terrible occasion and the Sabbath stillness of this, was among the most striking contrasts of this extraordinary experience. A few simple words at the graves concluded the public ceremonies.

At a late hour the eighteen foreigners interested, who included representatives of four missions, met at the residence of Mr. Lowrie for a private memorial service, where tearful tributes and testimonies were offered to the memories and work of those who had fallen, several of them on the very threshold of life's task, and others after decades of Christian service.

CHAPTER IV

THE T'AI-YUEN-FU TRAGEDY ¹

the capital of the province of Shan-si, on the northern border of a fertile plain, 3000 feet above the sea; this plain, which extends for a thousand square miles, owes its existence to the filling up of a lake, the waters which formerly ran in it having gradually cut their way to the river Fan to drain the surplus. The city is not large in extent nor of great importance commercially, and within the city walls there is but a little space. The inhabitants have been intelligent and, in the matter of banking, successful. They are, as a rule, mild in manner, and have hitherto treated every foreign traveller casually passing through, with respect, but with indifference, but seldom with interest. Their most conspicuous vice, which is common to the people of Shan-si generally, is opium smoking.

Missionary enterprise began in that city at the time of the great famine which raged in the province, and is said to have cut short the slow process of starvation, millions of

For details of missionaries referred to in this chapter, see



Relief Work in 1877

31

men, women, and children. Whole villages were depopulated, and became a prey to the ravages of wolves, who battered on the bodies of the dead and dying people. Cannibalism was of frequent occurrence, and even the corpses of some were exhumed and eaten. Relief work was undertaken by Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries alike, and was begun as early as the summer of 1877.

'At the beginning of their labours,' writes the Secretary of the Central Committee in Shanghai, the late Rev. W. Muirhead, D.D., 'the distributors were received with a degree of prejudice and suspicion which utterly frustrated any attempt to prosecute the work. They were supposed to have sinister objects in view, and not only was their charity refused, but they were even in imminent danger of their lives. After a time, however, they bore down the ill-will and aspersions of the people of all classes, changing their sentiments and feelings of doubt and distrust into those of the deepest gratitude and respect. They gained the zealous co-operation of Li Hung Chang, who was then Governor of Chih-li, and the active countenance and help of the rulers and gentry of other provinces. Amongst others who distinguished themselves in the work of distribution may be mentioned Rev. David Hill, late of Hankow; Professor F. H. James, who was killed at the siege in Peking; and the Rev. Timothy Richard, D.D., now of Shanghai.

Thus did the hand of charity open the hearts of the people, and thus was begun a work which has been nobly carried on by later workers, who have laboured long, and passed from us, with little to encourage and much to depress, but with a persistence and enthusiasm which, in later years, had begun to tell in a marked

The T'ai-yuen-fu Tragedy

and there was promise of a harvest of in-
into the Christian Church which the recent
of anti-foreign hatred only served to render
aspiduous.

uen-fu is the centre of the missionary work
d in the province by the Shao-yang or North
ssion, the English Baptists, and the British and
Bible Society. The China Inland Mission,
ork lies mainly in the southern part of the
had also frequent communication with, and
n, its capital city.

at the end of April 1900, the then notorious
n reached T'ai-yuen-fu. He had previously
ernor of Shantung, but had been removed in
1899, owing to the representations of some
egations in Peking. He had been received,
by the Empress-Dowager with special marks
, and, in recognition of his services, was
to the governorship of Shan-si. As soon as
at the capital of his province, and even on
thither, the Boxer movement sprang into
istence.



Death of Miss Coombs

33

Miss M. Clark from Ho-chau, and, on June 26, Dr. Millar Wilson arrived in the provincial capital. These were all members of the China Inland Mission, and unwittingly, as it seems, were all gathered to their doom, which fell upon them with startling suddenness. On June 27, without any previous warning, a mob assembled in front of the Schofield Memorial Hospital, which was then in charge of Dr. Lovitt. On the compound at the time were Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt and child, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, and Miss Coombs. In a short time the mob began to loot the premises, and proceeded to set the buildings on fire. Those within the buildings, with the exception of Miss Coombs, forced their way through the crowd, and finally succeeded in reaching Mr. Farthing's house in safety. Miss Coombs had returned to the buildings in order to help a little Chinese girl to escape who was a patient in the hospital. When leaving the building, she was struck on the head with a piece of iron, knocked down, and, when she rose, was pushed back into the burning house, where she finally perished. Her charred remains were, however, recovered on the following day, and buried in the courtyard.

In the meantime the other missionaries had made every effort to secure protection for those in such peril, and to repress the rioters. After some time soldiers were sent to the scene of destruction and bloodshed, but it was only to look on idly while the mob proceeded with their deadly business. The missionaries subsequently made other efforts to rouse the authorities to a sense of their duty and their need of protection; but it became increasingly evident that no help was to be expected, and in the end it proved that their massacre was intended, and that all was done of settled purpose.

The T'ai-yuen-fu Tragedy

Tuesday, July 3, three officials came from the
or and said, 'If you ask for protection, you must
house in the Chu-tu-h'siang. The house has
arts, and you can occupy two, and the Roman
s the other two.' This house was near the
of the city, and had been used as the head-
of the Railway Bureau. The missionaries, not
many misgivings, finally consented to go, and
there on Friday, July 6. Some faithful Chinese
accompanied them, and for a day or two they were
some degree of comfort and comparative quiet.
Meanwhile, other events were transpiring which
ords helped to explain why these doomed ones
owed this respite from the fate which, alas! too
awaited them. About eighty miles east from
en-fu is the county town of Shao-yang, and in
n, which has a market and is on the main road
ng, were stationed Rev. T. W. Pigott, B.A., with
and child. In the household was a gentleman
Mr. J. Robinson, engaged as tutor to Master
ey Pigott, and Miss Duval as governess, and
children of Rev. S. B. Atwater, of Feng-chou-fu.



Flight from Shao-yang

35

If Mr. Pigott wished to leave, he would escort him in any direction to the boundaries of his jurisdiction, but could do no more.

Mr. Pigott, on receipt of this, called together his household to discuss the situation, but before anything was decided a letter arrived from T'ai-yuen-fu which increased the alarm. It was written by Mr. Stokes, who belonged to the same mission, and was sent from Mr. Farthing's house, whither he and the others had fled. It described the burning of the hospital and other mission buildings, and the murder of Miss Coombs, on June 27. On receiving this, immediate preparations were made for flight. On the premises at the time was a Christian woman who had been residing there as a patient. Her husband, also a Christian, had that very day come to take his wife home, and they invited Mr. Pigott and his household to go with them to their village, a small one of ten families, situated in an isolated position. This invitation was accepted, and they started off the same day about four o'clock. The ladies and children of the party rode on animals, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson travelling on foot. It was quite dark when they reached the village of Pei-liang-shan, where they occupied for the night the cave-dwelling of the Christian native who had invited them there.

The next morning they were surprised to find that several hundreds of people came, as they said, to see the foreigners. All day the country people crowded the little yard in front of the house which the foreigners occupied, and a continuous stream of people went to and fro in and out of the place. Some were overheard discussing the doings of the Boxers and the destruction of mission premises in other places.

36 The T'ai-yuen-fu Tragedy

That night rain fell heavily, so that the next day was comparatively free from crowds; but two native Christians arrived from Shao-yang, who described what had happened there after the party had left. The assistant in the dispensary had cleared out all the drugs and instruments which were left there, besides stores, and had taken them, as he said, for safety to his own house. Later, a renegade Christian had led the crowd in breaking into the mission premises, looting their property, and destroying much that they could not carry away, even doors and windows.

On July 2, a man came to tell them that only a few miles off some native Christians had been killed. This news was soon spread about, and then crowds began to gather, and commenced to pillage, not only the goods of the foreigners, but also of the Christian natives who had so kindly befriended them. Seeing that no effort of his could restrain the mob, Mr. Pigott finally decided to return to Shao-yang and seek the protection of the mandarin, whom he believed was willing to be friendly, and might be able to protect them. Just as the party left the village they all knelt in prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott prayed in the Chinese, and the others in the English, language, and then they continued their sad journey.

On reaching the river just outside the city of Shao-yang, they had some difficulty in crossing it, owing to the recent heavy rains. On reaching the other side, they were, as a consequence, more or less wet and muddy. Some of the people of the city recognised them, and ran, shouting 'The foreign devils have come back.' They, however, finally eluded these rowdies, and about midnight got to the Yamen, where they were ultimately placed in a guard-house.



Missionaries Imprisoned

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In a day or two they were all conveyed on their way to T'ai-yuen-fu in a large country cart without any covering over it, and Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson were handcuffed. They had an escort of about fifty soldiers, who protected them in several places from the attacks of the Boxers. On the journey it is stated that Mrs. Pigott fed her husband, as he was handcuffed, with the common Chinese food, which can be purchased along the road from itinerant vendors. Mr. Robinson, however, managed to take the food himself. Whilst they were watering the animals by the roadside, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson occupied the time in preaching to the people who gathered round. The people were much astonished at this, and said, 'They are going to be killed for preaching, and yet go on doing so.' Thus did these faithful servants of Christ witness a good confession before many witnesses, and were not ashamed of their chains. May we not hope that their testimony may yet be used of God in the salvation of many?

When about three miles from T'ai-yuen-fu they were met by an escort of two hundred horse and foot soldiers, and by these they were brought into the city on the evening of July 8. They asked to be taken to where the other foreigners were, but they were told by the soldiers that they had all gone to the Yamen, and so Mr. Pigott and his party were lodged in the district prison.

On Monday, July 9, 1900, an order came from the Governor to the party confined in the house on the Chu-tu-h'siang, that they were to be brought to his Yamen, in order to be sent off under escort to the coast. One can well imagine with what alacrity all got themselves ready in anticipation of their journey to a place of safety. On arrival at the Yamen, however, they

were speedily undeceived. They were all ranged in line outside the Yamen entrance in the open space next to the street. The whole number of men, women, and children were then stripped to the waist like common criminals, and were made to wait in this degrading condition till the Governor came out to inspect them. On his arrival, he asked of what nationality they were, and some one replied, 'Ta ying Kuo' ('Great heroic nation': the official title for England). At this the Governor laughed scornfully, and at once gave the order for the murder of the prisoners.

The first to suffer martyrdom was Mr. Farthing of the English Baptist Mission. His wife clung to him, but he gently put her aside, and, going in front of the soldiers, knelt down without uttering a word, and then received the death-blow. He was speedily followed by Messrs. Hoddle and Beynon, and Drs. Lovitt and Wilson, all of whom were beheaded by the executioner with one blow. Then the Governor, Yü Hsien, getting impatient, ordered his bodyguard to assist in the massacre. Messrs. Stokes and Simpson were next killed, one or two after several blows from the knives of the executioners. When the men were all despatched, the ladies were taken. Mrs. Farthing had hold of the hands of her children, who clung to her, but the soldiers roughly parted them, and with one blow beheaded their mother. The children were beheaded by the executioners in turn at a single blow, but the soldiers, being unskilled, required several blows to finish their victims.

Mrs. Lovitt was wearing her spectacles, and held the hand of her little boy even when she was killed. She said to the people, 'We all came to China to bring you the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ. We



TAI YUEN FU MARTYRS.

E. A. COOMBS.

A. E. LOVITT.

MRS. LOVITT.

A. HODDLE.

MRS. STOKES.

G. W. STOKES.

MRS. SIMPSON.

J. SIMPSON.

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The Massacre

39

have done you no harm, but only sought your good ; why do you treat us so?' A soldier took off her spectacles before beheading her, which was done in two blows.

When the Protestants belonging to T'ai-yuen-fu were beheaded, the Roman Catholics were led forward. The Bishop, an old man with a large white beard, asked the Governor why he did this wicked deed. For an answer, the Governor drew his sword across the face of the Bishop, causing the blood to flow down his beard, and he was then speedily massacred. The priests and nuns quickly followed him in death.

Then Mr. Pigott and his party were led out of the county jail, which was close by. Mr. Pigott preached to the people till the very last. Mr. Robinson suffered death very calmly. Mrs. Pigott held the hand of her son even when she was beheaded, and he was killed immediately after her. Miss Duval and the two Atwater girls were then despatched, finishing the ghastly tragedy, so far as the Europeans were concerned, although on that day and subsequently many native Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, were massacred. All the bystanders were surprised at the firmness and quietness of the foreigners in the hour of death. None of them made any noise except three of the children.

Forty-six Europeans—thirty-four Protestants and twelve Roman Catholics—suffered martyrdom at this time, besides Miss E. Coombs, who died on June 27. The bodies were all left where they fell till the next morning, as it was evening before the work was finished. During the night, they were stripped of their clothing and robbed of their rings and watches. The next day, the remains were removed to a place inside the South Gate, and were finally (some months afterwards) interred

40 The T'ai-yuen-fu Tragedy

in a cemetery which was situated about two miles from the city, on the top of a hill. This was specially prepared for their interment by the then Governor of the province. After the massacre, all the houses of the foreigners and the Roman Catholic Cathedral were looted and destroyed.

The following is the martyr roll:—

MISSION.		PROTESTANTS.	
English Baptist.	{	Rev. G. B. Farthing, Mrs. Farthing, Ruth, Guy, and Baby	5
T'ai-yuen-fu.		Miss E. M. Stewart, governess, do.	1
		Rev. S. F. Whitehouse, Mrs. Whitehouse	2
North China.	{	Mr. T. W. Pigott, Mrs. Pigott, and their son Wellesley	3
Shao-yang.		Miss Duval, Mr. J. Robinson, Ernestine Atwater, Mary Atwater. (The two girls belonged to the A.B.C.F.M., Fen-chou-fu.)	4
T'ai-yuen-fu.	{	Dr. A. E. Lovitt, Mrs. Lovitt and Baby Jack	3
		Mr. G. W. Stokes, Mrs. Stokes, Mr. J. Simpson, Mrs. Simpson	4
		Miss E. A. Coombs (killed on June 27)	1
Independent.	{	Mr. A. Hoddle (formerly of the Shao-yang Mission	1
China Inland.	{	Dr. W. Millar Wilson, Mrs. Millar Wilson, and Baby Alexander	3
P'ing-yang.			
Do. Ho-chau.		Miss J. Stevens, Miss M. Clarke	2
B. & F. Bible Society.	{	Mr. W. F. Beynon, Mrs. Beynon, Daisy, Kenneth, and Norman Beynon	5
T'ai-yuen-fu.			
			34
ROMAN CATHOLICS.			
		Two bishops, two priests, seven Sisters of Mercy, and one lay brother	12
			46

The heads of the six missionaries of the American Board at T'ai-ku were sent to the Governor in T'ai-yuen-fu. This made the full tale of fifty-one (not counting Miss Coombs), for which it was afterwards



Horror at the News

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found Yü Hsien had claimed a reward from the Empress-Dowager in Peking.

Mr. Fei-chi-hao, a school teacher employed by the American Board at Fen-cheu-fu, was the first to bring authentic news of this frightful massacre to his mission in Tientsin, in September. His escape and journey thither, which is detailed later, is a tale of almost incredible hardship and suffering, heroically borne in order to accomplish this service.

When the news was telegraphed to England, it created a profound impression. Queen Victoria herself instructed Lord Salisbury to write, on September 20, 1900, to the Emperor of China, that—'It is reported that a number of missionaries have been killed, some by the direct orders of the Governor of Shansi, and that the fate of a still larger number, including children, is unknown. The Queen has been deeply moved by the dreadful accounts which have reached her. Until the Emperor has shown in some signal manner his disapproval of these shocking acts committed in the proximity of His Imperial Majesty's Court, and has issued stringent orders for the rescue of those sufferers who may still have survived, Lord Salisbury cannot advise Her Majesty to reply to the Emperor's message.'

Some reparation was made for the awful tragedy enacted at that time. The infamous Yü Hsien was beheaded by command of the Emperor. The new Governor of Shan-si received a party of missionaries with every mark of respect, and a profoundly impressive service was held over the tombs of the sacred dead.

The place where the martyrs were imprisoned has been razed to the ground, and a monument erected, and the place made into a public garden. The tablet erected by the people to Yü Hsien has been taken down, and

The T'ai-yuen-fu Tragedy

by one to the memory of the martyrs. In
to this, at the suggestion of Rev. T. Richard,
o had the honour of being publicly invited
se a settlement of the matter, so far as
t missions were concerned, a fine has been
the province amounting to 500,000 taels
(or \$375,000, gold). This sum is to be used
ational purposes throughout the province, so
gnorance and superstition which was the root
his terrible tragedy may be removed for ever.



HOUSE IN T'AI YUEN FU WHERE THE MISSIONARIES LIVED A FEW
DAYS BEFORE THE MASSACRE.

STARTING OF THE MEMORIAL PROCESSION.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT T'AI YUEN FU.

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CHAPTER V

'IN DEATHS OF'¹

THERE are two stations of the English Baptist Mission in the province of Shan-si, one in T'ai-yuen-fu, and the other in Hsin-chou, which is situated about forty-five miles north of that city. The station of Hsin-chou was opened by Mr. Dixon in 1885.

There the work had prospered, and with the addition to the staff of Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach, and later of Mr. Ennals and Miss Renaut, of the B.Z.M., there seemed every reason for encouragement and the prospect of definite extension. A new mission-house was, in 1900, in process of building, and was almost finished when the troubles began, which ended so disastrously.

On June 29, 1900, a messenger who had been sent to T'ai-yuen-fu with the mail for the coast, returned without having delivered his letters. He brought the news of the burning of the hospital in T'ai-yuen-fu and the death of Miss Coombs, which had happened only two days before. There were stationed at Hsin-chou at the time, Rev. H. Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, Rev. W. A. McCurrach and Mrs. McCurrach, Miss B. Renaut and Rev. S. W. Ennals; and belonging to the same mission from T'ai-yuen-fu were Rev. T. J. Underwood and Mrs.

¹ For biographical details of missionaries mentioned in this chapter, see pp. 443-451.

'In Deaths Oft'

ed, who were on a visit to Hsin-chou at the
ring the news brought by the messenger, the
es immediately decided to fly for their lives.
two horses, two carts, and a mule litter to
n, and, as soon as they could be got ready,
the city, quietly and without molestation.
thed a place called Hsia-ho-peï, about ten
where they stopped for rest and refreshment
imals and themselves. The party remained
ome hours, but, on the arrival of a messenger
n-chou with the news that the party of
es were wanted by the magistrate of that
y hastened their flight. They succeeded in
ne same evening, a place called Liu-chia-shan,
ne native Christians were living, and took
the house of one of them, named Ngan-wan-
man's house was situated at the head of a
lley, with high steep hills on either hand,
ing rooms were hollowed out of the hillside.
be made impregnable by a sufficient and
ioned force contending against undisciplined



Murders near Hsin-Chou

45

missionaries were known to have some firearms with them for defence, and so were avoided by the cowardly enemies who sought to molest them.

This state of things lasted for nearly a week, but on July 25, 1900, a military official arrived with some soldiers from Hsin-chou, and opened up communication with the party, and tried to capture them. His men were at first repulsed, but, seeing that resistance was useless, the missionaries surrendered themselves, were brought back to Hsin-chou, saw the magistrate, and after the interview were placed in the common jail. There they remained for a fortnight, and their condition may be imagined, but not adequately described. The Chinese call a prison 'the tiger's mouth,' and it well earns the appellation, for the rapacity of the jailers and the filth and wretchedness of the dens in which the prisoners are forced to live make life in them almost intolerable, especially during the heat of summer.

On August 9, after the arrival of a deputy and ten soldiers from T'ai-yuen-fu with special instructions from the Governor, the missionaries were informed that they were to be escorted to the coast. This apparently joyful news was confirmed by the appearance of four carts such as are ordinarily used in travelling, and the eight foreigners gladly exchanged the loathsome prison for the prospect of life and liberty in the near future, and arranged themselves two in each cart, as is the usual custom in China. They started, but when the inner gate of the city was reached, they were met, evidently by previous arrangement, by a number of Boxers. The carts were stopped, the occupants were dragged out, stripped naked, their heads cut off, and their bodies taken to the banks of a small river near by, and thrown down, to be abused in the most shameful way

'In Deaths Oft'

missionaries there, and their nearest neighbours
y-five miles away. They had to endure many
s, but the work made splendid progress. The
urch increased steadily in spite of much
n, and a band of native evangelists under the
of Mr. Dixon carried the Gospel to the
ing towns and villages.

September 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon returned
and with their four children; but for him it
ort stay. Leaving his wife and children behind,
onths later he was back again at his lonely
When he was very weary he would come to
n-fu, and remain with his friends for a few
He was a welcome guest, and with the
always a favourite, and this relaxation seemed
ew life into the tired but heroic missionary.

1898 he returned once more to England, after
rs' separation from his family. The winter
Mr. McCurrach had joined him in his solitude,
e was every prospect of an enlargement of the

The premises which were then rented were
e incommensurate and in a most confined and





Mr. Dixon's Diary

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the blow fell which forced them suddenly to flee from their station to the mountains.

Mr. Dixon and some of his companions left diaries of this terrible time, which have since been recovered, and are of the deepest interest and very stimulating to faith and hope. The following extracts are from Mr. Dixon's own diary:—

'Rumours of plans to destroy all foreigners and native Christians had been persistent, and the appointment of Yü Hsien Governor of Shan-si seemed the finishing touch. The outburst of Boxers at Pao-ting-fu cut us off from all communication with the coast (about June 4 or 5).

'*Friday, June 29.*—Last night had letter from G. B. Farthing saying very bad rumours about, but could not say if there was any real foundation for them. This morning, five o'clock, our letter-carrier from T'ai-Yuen came in saying that Dr. Edwards's premises were burnt down by a mob on night of June 27, and at least one lady (Miss Coombs) was burnt. That he could not get at Mr. Farthing—that troops and Boxers were searching everywhere for the missionaries—all the city gates being guarded to prevent their escape.

'After short consultation, we (Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach, Mr. Ennals, Miss Renaut, and Mr. and Mrs. Underwood) decided to escape outside the city of Hsin-chou before the news could be generally known—so hurriedly secured carts and made good our escape out of the west gate, having arranged to inform the official after our start, that he might protect our property. Made our way toward T'ai-Yuen, and there branched off south-west toward Chuan Mo Chen. Spent the afternoon waiting at a Christian's home. Sudden alarm of soldiers pursuing us made us start

'In Deaths Off'

at 6.45 p.m., and after an hour's toilsome march, up into a deep gully; dismissed our two carts, our baggage in a hole, whilst we waited in the arrival of some Christians with donkeys.

At last they came, and we started up a wide river- out midnight. Three ladies on horses, we men them; Mr. Ennals and Miss Renaut on donkeys. A full march through alternate water and deep dry. Could not keep up or in touch with our guides. Carry no light, neither dared we call out. Lost our bearings, got some mile or more out of our way. At last hit the entrance up a narrow pass, and found our guides. Then a terrible climb over a rough path: Nixon very ill.

Arrived near village at daybreak, Saturday. Would not go in, for fear of bringing trouble on the village. Stayed away up a glen, and lay out all day. Rained all night, and we had to sit sopped through in a rocky bed until near midnight. Then Christians came to our sights, and with infinite trouble took us and our gear into the village about two miles off (over most of the ground).



Mr. Dixon's Diary

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and get news of the missionaries there. Monday and Tuesday brought one and another Christian with bad news of T'ai Chou and Ku Hsien. Wednesday, our cook and boy returned from T'ai-Yuen with news that all the missionaries were prisoners in Mr. Farthing's house, and were expecting execution at any moment. Thursday, sent off cook with a small note concealed in his hat-string to try and go to Pao-ting-fu, Peking, or Tien-tsin, asking for the utmost efforts to be made to save T'ai-Yuen friends and ourselves. Friday and Saturday, all quiet living in village.

'*Sunday, July 8.*—Had open-air service. Monday, all quiet apparently. Tuesday, getting anxious at non-return of our messenger from Hsin-chou city. The past four days have had men digging a small cave up in the heart of the mountains—difficulty is the impossibility of concealing the dug-out earth.

'*Wednesday, July 11.*—Villager carried home from his daughter's home fifteen li off, having been beaten almost to death for *poisoning the wells by order of the foreigner*: the Boxers who beat him threaten to invade the village on Friday.

'*11 p.m.*—News received of rioting in Hsin-chou—official threatened for letting us escape—our houses probably all looted. A hundred Boxers setting out to destroy Catholic villages, and to come up and kill us. Every village has its forty to sixty Boxers—so by the time they get here they will number a thousand. Decide to advise the villagers to scatter and abandon their village, and we ourselves pack up a little bedding and the few stores we have, and go into hiding in our cave in the mountains.

'*Thursday, July 12.*—Had a most trying climb last night, but all got safely to the cave—a mere hole in a bank—room enough for all to lie down. Water a mile

us—as they were all under *especial pr*
Yuen magistrate, having been move
Farthing's house to a house near the

' *Friday, July 13.*—Had a quiet :
out of doors, but have to keep strictly
the day—and no talking allowed. Vi
cannot get food. Must economise ou
A messenger left yesterday to try and
for help—but all seems hopeless, as ou
at least one outsider. But God is ke
stayed upon Him—our lives are His
killed, don't forget to recompense the
they have given their all for us. Liu C

' *Saturday, July 14.*—Ink in pen :
or two of the villagers came in during
their village is deserted and has been p
chia-chuan men, *i.e.* men from the b
below them. An offer was made la
of the villagers and an outsider to take
more secluded spot, where there is an o
come to an end of our ordinary rough
and having no prospect of getting an
had a special prayer-meeting to as
guidance. This cave is horribly dar
bedding is sopping wet, and we dare
the sunshine, as it might be seen from c
around—so we should welcome a cha
the prayer-meeting the three



Mr. Dixon's Diary

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but it was indeed welcome, and the whole seemed God's answer to our prayers. We are to move on Sunday night.

'*Sunday, July 15.*—A burning hot day. All quiet hiding in the cave. Two more villagers came, bringing a few very coarse dumplings. It's awfully good of them, as they have nothing themselves. We are much worse off than Mafeking at its worst; and we have no Baden Powell! Comforted greatly by God; and by the thought of the prayers of the congregations at home. At night packed up our wet bedding for removal—waited till 1.30 a.m., but no one came. Rain coming on, had to unpack and hide again in the cave.

'*Monday, July 16.*—Heavy rain all the morning, mountains enveloped in mist. No one been near (2 p.m.). How long can we hold out? Only few biscuits, sardines, etc., and milk. Sad to see wasting of the ladies' faces. Mrs. Dixon almost gone this morning. Cannot get any information as to outside events. Villagers dare not be seen in any village around. Either gone clean away or hiding in the mountains. Two of our evangelists turned up on Friday, and one undertook to try and carry letter to any Russian or other troops that he might find up in the north of Kalgan, or possibly Peking. They told us, "Tien-tsin taken by foreign troops 20th of 5th moon (June 17), and Peking invested but action delayed owing to foreigners being inside the city." That is our only news. Surely if Peking be taken, relief ought to reach us ere long. Every village has its band of Boxers drilling, and our position grows more and more desperate, humanly speaking. But God is our refuge and strength.

'*Tuesday, July 17.*—Last night God sent us more food and a man to carry us some water. But they say some

of the villagers, Erh Yu tzu and his brother and Hsia Kuei tzu, are plotting to betray us, or to prevent food reaching us, so as to starve us to death. Rumours came this afternoon of Boxers coming up from T'ai-yuen-fu to hunt us to death. We are still in God's hands.

'Wednesday, July 18.—Last night heard firing in Ten hsi Kou village, just below us, and much shouting. This morning at 6.15 a.m. a man from Lui erh Kou came to our cave (he is related to An jung ch'ang), and said he himself had seen thirty or forty Boxers go past his village toward Fu chia chuan last night, and that the commotion we heard was caused by them. That at Fu chia chuan probably a hundred were gathered. He offered to lead us to a cave about a mile away, and just above Lui erh Kou. We prayed for guidance, and decided to abandon all the bedding we could not carry, to bury all milk we could not carry, and after a hurried march exposed to view on the mountain-side we have arrived at said cave. God knows all about it, and we trust Him to save us, but we are willing to die if that be God's will. Give the bearer of this book and letters a handsome reward, if delivered into the hands of friends. Love, warmest love, to our children.

'Thursday, July 19.—Yesterday found small tunnel running from this cave into another small cave, the roof of which had fallen badly. By dint of hard work two of us levelled the rubbish, and all crept in for the night; very tight quarters, and bedding scarce. A good hiding-place; but a death-trap if betrayed, as a mob could smoke us to death. Am staying on until further guidance. Last night four people from two villages brought us some coarse food in exchange for silver, but supply very scanty and unpalatable. They say all roads blocked against any supplies being sent to us or bought



Mr. Dixon's Diary

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for us. 'Tis famine time, and local supplies are exhausted; but God has supplied us day by day with something. Boxers in villages below been fighting amongst themselves, so the elders have disbanded them. The band of Boxers that came through on Tuesday night had been pursuing one of our Christians, but failed to overtake him. Heavy slaughter amongst the Catholics around T'ai-Yuen. Military reported to be coming to block all paths whilst Boxers from T'ai-Yuen come in to kill us.

'*Friday, July 20.*—A quiet day. Mrs. Dixon very ill. Recovered remainder of bedding left in first cave. Wednesday night, Mr. Ennals and I went across with two Chinese to the first cave and brought back our buried stores. At night the man brought some oatmeal strings, but wanted *silver, silver*.

'*Saturday, July 21, 7 a.m.*—About 11 last night the man came with some boiled millet. He said that he had seen some thirty or forty Boxers at a village two miles away, and at another three Boxers from T'ai-Yuen were drilling the people, all bent on finding and attacking us. As we do not mean to fight, we can only run for our lives, and so had once more to pack up and march by night back to our first cave on the other side of the watershed. On the march Mrs. Dixon fell three or four times from utter exhaustion, and had finally to be carried in unconscious. The utter uncertainty of our position and lack of all news from the outside makes us dependent on mere local rumours brought to us by an opium-smoker, as the Christians have all had to run for their lives. But we believe God is guarding and guiding us day by day. Were it not for this trust in God we should be in utter despair. To see the ladies, and especially my dear wife in her weakness, have to tramp over these rough mountain paths by night, and lie hiding all day

on wet bedding, damp or dusty caves, without proper food, and of course without water to wash ourselves, makes me think some very bitter thoughts against the Governor of the province, who has promoted this terrible persecution. But "vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord."

'Have omitted to say that some four days before we left Hsin-chou, the magistrate had definitely refused us protection; this was the consequence of a secret despatch received from the Governor on or about June 23 or 24. O Lord, may relief come soon! Chao gone east twenty-two days, Cook gone east seventeen days, Ho gone east ten days, and Wen gone north eight days. God grant some of them may have got through the Governor's troops, which are guarding the passes into Chih-li, so that no news of his doings shall leak out. Our love to our children and all friends.

'*Saturday, July 21, 4 p.m.*—About 9 a.m. heard shouting of "Pastor," "Pastor," then silence; then saw one, two, three, four men on top of mountain evidently watching our cave mouth; this went on till about 2.45 p.m., when suddenly an attack was commenced by men over the cave hurling immense stones at the small mouth of the cave. After a few moments of this, fearing we should be blocked in, McCurrach and I dashed out, and amid a hail of huge stones commenced firing with a revolver and a gun at the more prominent leaders. One man with a yellow cap was most persistent, so I gave him a charge of No. 1 shot, and then they began to run up the hill, the wounded man rolling over and over down the hill-side into the gully below us. Then gradually the crowd streamed away over the ridge down to a village below, and left us the field. On examining the ridge above the cave where they had first gathered, we found one of our Hsin-chou Church members with a terrible gash in his



'We are at our Wit's End' 57

head and his throat cut. It was evident he had been dead some hours, and as his hands were bound behind him with a leading rope, it is evident they had caught him on the mountains and had led him captive to see the attack, and that the dear fellow had shouted to warn us, and had been killed on the spot.

'That warning probably saved us. The wounded man had only a scalp wound, and will, I trust, soon be able to go off, as we have no means of dressing him here. He seems to be a captain of Boxers.

'May God guide our steps, for we are at our wits' end. Thank Him for the nerve He gave us men (Mr. Underwood fired his revolver, Mr. Ennals has none), and also for His grace to the women, who joined in prayer while we went out. Thank Him above all that we drove them off without killing any of them. They numbered probably fifty to sixty. We may not live to add more to this account. But we are still in God's hands, and hoping for possible rescue. Our warmest love to our children and to their guardians.

'9 *p.m.*—Our wounded prisoner says the band came from Hsin-chou south suburb, sent by Yang lao yeh, who is attached to Hsü-Kuei-feng, the newly arrived magistrate, with instructions to kill us all. He after said that Hsü-kuei-feng himself sent them. The prisoner's name is Chang-yui-hsiang, of south suburb. Their leader's name is Chang Hsien, of south suburb. The man they killed was Chang Chih Kuo of Hsia-ho-pien. They killed him simply because he was a Christian.'

With this entry the diary abruptly ends, and the remainder of the terrible story is given in the description at the beginning of this chapter.

From the last letters which Mr. McCurrach wrote to

'In Deaths Off'

er, we take the following extract. The first is
y 3, 1900:—

are now in very great danger of losing our lives.
ent Governor hates foreigners, and his desire is
r all of us. He has sent word to all the officials
us foreigners protection, in event of trouble.

had hoped to flee the country by North Man-
out alas! persecution broke out in the north
did in our district, and as there is fighting at
there is absolutely no means of escape. We
t home until Friday night. June 29, about 6

our special messenger ran all night to inform us

T'ai-yueu-fu missionaries had been attacked,
Edwards's premises burned to the ground. We,
g this news by our postman, all decided to flee
ls.

is a sad time for China. If all missionaries are
l, it will move the Church in a remarkable way.
od's way of evangelising China, then surely we
be ready to die for the Gospel's sake. None
nt to die, but we all want to say, "Thy will be
We have been here for four days; we hear that
ars are out seeking for us; if that be so, we may



Mr. McCurrach's Letters 59

mother. If we die, I trust it is together, and then we shall enter heaven together and together receive our crowns.

'Wednesday night.— Messenger to-day from T'ai-yuen-fu. Mr. Farthing and twenty-five more are prisoners in T'ai-yuen-fu awaiting their death. Governor sentenced them to death. Thus far they are not killed; we hope and pray for deliverance. God keeps us happy and cheerful, and we are ready to die if it be His will. If we hear of soldiers coming, we are going to do a bolt to another place.

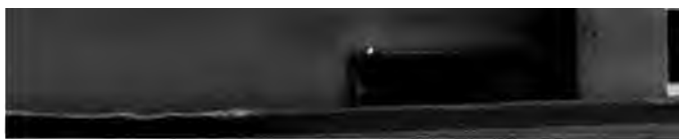
'Men are busy digging a cave. We are justified in fleeing, since our Saviour said, "If they persecute you in one city, flee to another." May God deliver and save us and all our friends! May He comfort your hearts, is the prayer of your loving son and daughter.'

The second letter is dated Friday, July 13, 1900:—

'Our place of hiding is known to some, but it is our last hope. Yesterday we learned that all missionaries, ladies, and children at T'ai-yuen-fu were beheaded, twenty-six in all, besides Frenchmen. This is sad, sad news; our hope has practically almost gone. This is a most awful wave of persecution that has broken out. May God help the natives! One of my evangelists, the Fan Shih man, and an enquirer, were burned to death. We hear of other murders too. This must be God's way of purifying the Church and making sure of its final success. We have some provisions which can keep body and soul together for a few days, if we are spared so long. My heart goes out to you, knowing how terribly you will feel for us. May God comfort you, and if I go before you all, then I will await your arrival. I could write on, but my heart is too full. I have given the main points, and now I can only say—Good-bye,

... where he had been stationed, and his short life in China. From this document the following extracts :—

'July 4, 1900.—The last two nights have been sleeping in the straw-house with meals. To-day three boxes came up and down below where we stayed to rest. Two contained stores and one clothes. I am unable to say much in a letter under these circumstances; we one and all, however, have been calm, trusting in God. I do not regret I am going and although my life will have been short I may have fulfilled the Master's will. My work will be done! I pray earnestly for His direction. I feel we shall have it, but after all we may be better by passing through a deeper persecution. If we flee far into the mountains we can get away, but if we keep coming back to this, that the Lord is with us, we are safe in His keeping. We sent a brother, Wang-fu, or wherever he could find the Lord, to try and bring us help. We are adding to the account in a book which is to be sent to the Lord when we are all killed. It is dreadful writing like this, but I know that if the trumpet call comes, I will follow my Lord, not in my strength, but in His strength, giving strength to the faint. Good-bye, may the Lord take all the future in His hands and us all to meet in Jesus' presence.



Mr. Ennals' Diary

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north stations, Fan Shih, the mission place, and two Christians are burnt, the one being the evangelist. At Tai-chou the mission place is burnt, and other members' buildings at both these places. At Kuo Hsien the mission place has been looted. At Ch'i ts'un the mission place has been looted. At Chao Mon Chung one Christian, taken by his heels and dragged round the place, was killed. Truly the persecution is dreadful. We hear that Tien-tsin is burnt to the ground; and Peking, the Chinese have surrounded it.

'Where is our deliverance coming? My help cometh from the Lord, and truly in Him is our help. We have trusted in Him, and not one good thing of all that the Lord has promised has ever or can ever fail us. May the Lord preserve our friends and us, extending us speedy deliverance; if not, then we shall meet around the throne. The Lord watch between us. Mizpah.

'*July 7.*—On the night the Tung Chia Hsiang was burnt, Mr. Farthing saw the Governor himself, but he said he was too busy to attend to that business, and when the other four officials went to intercede, he cursed them. Yet we trust the Lord will bring the devices of the wicked to nought. We rejoice that our times are in God's hands. The Lord is my light and my salvation; of whom shall I be afraid? Trust in the Lord at all times. Oh the peace that Jesus gives! We want to know this more and more day by day, that if He shall call we shall gladly answer, Here am I, Lord, come to do Thy will. To-morrow is Sunday; may the Lord be with you and all of us here, and if we meet no more on earth we shall in heaven sing His praises.

'*July 8.*—Another day has passed, and we are once more drawing near to sunset. Our hearts are full of praise to the Lord for all His goodness. We are just



'In Deaths Oft'

...e waiting, waiting on the Lord for deliverance for
... friends and ourselves if it is His will.

'These days of quiet have helped us to see the
...viour's face, and if He calls us to go, or if during this
...ek and other weeks we are to pass through severe
...ls, we trust we may be more prepared. We strive to
...at heart "that One above in perfect wisdom, perfect
...e is working for the best." I know this, that I would
...wish that the Lord should lead us by any other
...h than that which we have come ; and if we are to
...still more refined for His service, we will praise Him
...t He has accounted us worthy to suffer for His name.
...e Lord be with you all and keep you safe now and
...ever. "He is our Peace."

'*July 18.*—I fear this may be my last to you. We
...r there are a hundred Boxers in the village below,
...he last night, 6 o'clock. We moved to this cave,
...rned by a stranger. "The angel of His presence
...nt before them." We are half a mile from other place,
...arge cave and dry. The Lord alone can save us. If
...wants us to glorify Him by death, think of us as
...aring the martyr's crown in the Master's presence.

3rd July 1900

'Dear Father + all loved ones,

We do not know today whether we shall soon be in glory; if we are we are ready - do not grieve; you will see fr. a piece of diary all about it. My love to all. God has + is being good to us. The people in this village are splendid + say we shall not be taken by the soldiers.

Love

. Blessie.

him in house behind, battered him abt badly + cut the side of his throat. He was one of the earliest converts, one of many others who have shown themselves willing to lay down their lives for us. He is in glory, we may be able to thank him in a day or two. Mr D. has examined the wounded man, taken fr. him his arms, native medicine wrapped in various papers with his little ^{his name, + saying} ^{capt}; he is Captain of 100 men, quite a youth abt 20; we are going to wash his wounds, + if too weak to be sent off, will drag him up so as to be able to keep the women fr. him. We cannot hear outside news but rescue may come abt, the Khins here all fled so do not know how news can come Love to all at home + all dear friends. I will fear no evil for Thou art with me. A Denis C. Renaud.

I. LETTER IN THE DIARY FROM MISS RENAULT. II. THE LAST ENTRY IN THE DIARY.

[To face p. 63.]

'July 18.—This is our twentieth day. Rescue can soon come. God grant it may! But we have often said we would rather walk with God in the dark than alone in the light, and now we can prove to God our sincerity. He is making us willing. Oh, may He give you all grace to say His will is best! In prayer for you all. Love to all dear friends.

'July 21.—The man who conducted us here came last night to tell us that the Boxers were in his village, and advised our return to a former one. At 2.45 an attack was made from ground above, great stones and boulders being hurled in at mouth. The attack was sharp and fearful, but, praise God, is over for the present—most likely only to be renewed. Alas! one of our native Christians has given his life for his friends. Chang Chih Kuo had come to warn us, and was captured as he came. They tied his hands behind him and battered him about badly and cut the side of his throat. He was one of the earliest converts. He is in glory. . . . We may be able to thank him in a day or two. . . . One of the Boxers was wounded—a real Boxer—we are going to wash his wounds. The Christians have all fled, so we do not know how news can come. Moving seems out of the question. We are praying for guidance, and do not expect another attack for a day or two. To-day we are sitting out in the valley, which after so much close confinement is beautiful, but the beauty of it seems mockery—the groans of the wounded man, and the great sharp boulders lying about, make us lift our hearts to God, and pray. Psalm lxx.'

Here the record ends.

When the diary from which all the extracts given in this chapter are taken was recovered, the following

touching letter| was found with it, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Baptist Zenana Mission :—

' July 13, 1900.

'DEAR MISS ANGUS,—You will know our circumstances from the diary in which this is enclosed. Give my love to the Committee. We have food enough for a few days and water for two; the nearest is a mile of difficult climb, but the gentlemen will try for it, if we are left so long. We have heard almost certain tidings of the execution of all our friends at T'ai-Yuen—all Mrs. Farthing's dear children and many others—and they were taken to the Yamen under pretence of protection, and two days afterwards massacred. Chao Hsien Sheng has been gone fifteen days towards the coast seeking help, our cook about eight, and to-day another evangelist to Kalgan. We are not building on assistance. God is helping us. He has given us wonderful strength and surefootedness for hard climbing. China's Christians are splendid. Lui Chia Shan villagers have risked their lives for us, and now have had to flee from their village without food and money. All our servants are faithful.—With love to you all, Yours sincerely,

'BESSIE RENAUT.'



CHAPTER VI

'DESTITUTE, AFFLICTED, TORMENTED'¹

BEFORE the events narrated in the last chapter had begun, others of a like nature, in different parts of the province of Shan-si, had been perpetrated.

I. HSIAO-I-HSIEN

Hsiao-I-Hsien, a county town about seventy-five miles south-west of T'ai-yuen-fu, was the scene of a most brutal massacre. It is one of the stations of the China Inland Mission in that district, and was occupied at the time by Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell. The narrative of the events which happened there is largely that of a Chinese Christian teacher, named Wang Ying-Kuei, who nearly shared the fate of his foreign friends.

The first intimation of trouble was the arrival, on June 27, 1900, of the letter messenger, who brought the news that, on the day previous, the station of Ping Yao had been looted, and that Mr. Saunders, who was in charge of it, had fled northward towards T'ai-yuen-fu. The ladies thereupon sent a messenger to Fenchou-fu, which is about ten miles to the west, asking for information. The messenger returned on June 28,

¹ For biographical details of missionaries mentioned in this chapter, see pp. 451-478.

Destitute, Afflicted, Tormented'

news that the missionaries there, had also been

This news the messenger had carelessly told the people, with the result that a great crowd followed the messenger to the door of the mission premises.

The ladies were reading the letter which they had received, the Chinese who surrounded them asked to be admitted. But the ladies would not tell them; they said, 'Let us have some prayer.'

While they were praying, the crowd began beating the door and making a great disturbance. The ladies then went to open the door leading on to the chapel, but could not, as the pile of brickbats which had been thrown down against it prevented them from drawing it open.

They then said, 'We cannot open the door; this is God's method of protecting us.' Then the missionaries and the faithful Chinese Christians who were present went to an inner courtyard, and there sang hymns together. The crowd being unable to force the house door, attacked the door of the chapel, which was soon burst open. The ladies with some of the Chinese then went outside, and Miss Whitchurch addressed the crowd, asking the people what harm they



Ladies Murdered while Praying 67

ears, and his underlings joined in kicking him. The mandarin then came into the chapel and asked the ladies why they did not go away. They replied that they did not wish to go.

On leaving he told them to shut the chapel door, but as it had been broken by the crowd, this was impossible. He told the local constable to guard the door, and then left. The constable informed the ladies that he could not defend the door himself, but if they wished he would hire three men to help him, and to this they consented. The crowd, however, soon became unmanageable again, and the constable and the hired men all fled. The rioters then smashed the gate of the courtyard leading to the house. The ladies remained standing in the chapel, hoping to be able to speak to the crowd. The crowd were, however, now in no mood for listening to anything they might say. They were soon assailed with brickbats, and they then retired to the inner courtyard and united in prayer.

Then the mandarin came again, and said to the ladies, 'If you do not go, I cannot protect you'; and they replied 'We have nowhere to go to.' 'Well, then,' he said, 'I cannot protect you.' The native Christians dared to remonstrate with him, but without effect. He forced all the Chinese Christians to flee except their cook, named Yao, who remained with them to prepare their food. That night they were free from molestation, but early the following morning, June 29, the crowd reassembled, and began at once their cruel work. They forced their way into the house where the ladies were. They took up the ornaments in the room and other things, asked what they were, and then flung them violently at the helpless women. They were thus slowly battered to death while they remained kneeling in prayer. Their bodies were then

Orphan, Afflicted, Tormented'

exposed, and defiled. All their goods were piled in the courtyard, and gradually disappeared. Magistrates sent two cheap coffins, such as are used for pauper criminals, and their poor battered bodies were placed in those, and finally laid in the chapel. One of the last undertakings Searrell had been to superintend the construction of this baptistery, which, with her great love for the poor, she had bordered with flower-beds. It was unwittingly 'against their burial.' There these poor women lie 'Until He come.'

II. T'AI KU HSIEN

Twenty miles south of T'ai-yuen-fu is the county of T'ai Ku. Here were stationed, during the year 1900, six missionaries of the American Board (M.): Rev. Dwight H. Clapp and Mrs. Clapp, Francis W. Davis, Rev. George L. Williams, Miss Bird, and Miss Mary L. Partridge. Although Miss Bird had been murdered on June 29 at Hsiao-I, the larger party massacred at T'ai-yuen-fu on July 9.



THE T'AI KU HSIEN MARTYRS.

R. BIRD.
MRS. CLAPP.
G. L. WILLIAMS.

M. L. PARTRIDGE.
D. H. CLAPP.
F. W. DAVIS.

[To face p. 68.]





The Murders at T'ai Ku Hsien 69

seems that then the missionaries had given up all hope of being saved, though they appear to have quietly carried on their work as far as possible till the very last. This they continued till July 31, 1900, when the Chinese with them numbered eight, all the others having one by one gradually disappeared. These eight nobly waited till the end came, and some died in their company.

On July 31, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a cry was heard of 'Kill, kill!' and the yells of the approaching mob gradually grew louder. The missionaries and some Chinese retired to the flat roof of one of their premises, and determined to make a stand. They saw approaching a band of some three hundred Boxers and soldiers, evidently sent by Yü Hsien to attack them. The friendly official had been removed only two days before. The mob soon set fire to the buildings facing the street, and broke in the front gate of the compound. An elder of the native Church, named Liu, and a most valued helper, was calmly sitting in a chair in the courtyard, when the soldiers set upon him, and killed him. The three gentlemen fired on the mob from the roof, and killed some of their assailants, but their ammunition soon gave out, and they were easily overpowered and beheaded. The heads of them all were sent in a basket to T'ai-yuen-fu to the Governor. Their bodies were thrown into the flames of the burning houses, and were speedily reduced to ashes.

Thus these faithful missionaries, who had evidently determined not to forsake their converts in the hour of their trial, passed to their reward.

Destitute, Afflicted, Tormented'

III. FEN-CHOU-FU

Fen-chou-fu is situated fifty miles south-west of T'ai-
and about ten miles from Hsiao-I, the station
esses Whitchurch and Searrell were murdered.
gn residents in Fen-chou-fu were amongst the
ts of Yü Hsien's diabolical designs. The
and the district magistrates had both been
the missionaries, and up to August 13, 1900,
been able to protect them.

At that day the prefect died, and the Governor sent
n, who was in full sympathy with his murderous
two days after his arrival, this man demanded
al magistrate why the foreigners had not been
t, saying that in all other places they had been
fly for their lives. The magistrate replied
se Americans were peaceable and kindly
people, and that he had no occasion to send
y. The prefect insisted that they should go
o days, so that the local magistrate had no
t to comply. The prefect then arrested the

as these arrangements had been made, the houses of the missionaries were placed under official seal.

The missionaries requested that they might be permitted to sell their houses to secure some money for their journey, but the official replied that all their property had been confiscated by Imperial decree, and so could not be sold, but that a small property belonging to the Mission at one of their out-stations might be sold. This was accordingly done, and for property worth two thousand taels of silver the official gave them one hundred and fifty taels.

One of the native assistants named Mr. Fei, who had nobly stood by the missionaries through all this trying and perilous time, accompanied them on horseback. He was soon, however, obliged to dismount and go on the cart. They left the city, in full sight of thousands of spectators, on August 15, 1900. The party of foreigners consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Atwater and two little girls, Celia and Bertha, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Price and their daughter Florence,—all of these belonged to the American Board Mission; there were also Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lundgren, of the China Inland Mission, stationed at Ku-hui, and Miss Annie Eldred, of the China Inland Mission, from P'ing-yang-fu. These friends of the C.I.M. were staying with the missionaries in Fenchou-fu by invitation. On one cart were Mr. and Mrs. Atwater and two children, Mrs. Lundgren, and Mr. Fei; on the second cart were Mr. and Mrs. Price and daughter, Miss Eldred, and Mr. Lundgren, with two Chinese Christians and the baggage.

They went together some miles, and as they thought they were escaping from death they became quite cheerful, one lady saying, 'What a turnout there was to escort us!' and another adding, 'What fine new

Destitute, Afflicted, Tormented'

the soldiers wore!' and the children were kept by the Chinese teacher, Mr. Fei. When they reached K'ai-chih, a market town thirty-seven miles east of Fen-chou-fu on the way to Tien-tsin, the soldiers said to Mr. Fei, 'Escape for your life. We are about to kill the foreigners.' On this he finally escaped to tell, with intense feeling and minuteness of detail, all that befell those whom he had seen, and from whom he had found it so hard

as the doomed party were entering the village, they were met by an official named Lu, and on his word as a signal, his attendants and the soldiers seized the helpless missionaries and despatched them with swords and bayonets, then stripped them of their clothing, and left their bodies by the roadside. At the instigation of the villagers, the bodies were buried by the soldiers in a pit near by. At Suatwater, during that awful month of suspense and dread, when the end came, wrote to her family thus:—

... We have tried to get away to the hills, but the plans have failed. Our things are being stolen right and



Yo-Yang and Ho-tsin

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My married life, ten precious years, has been so very full of happiness. We will die together, my dear husband and I. I used to dread separation. If we escape now, it will be a miracle. I send my love to you all, and the dear friends who remember me.—Your loving sister,
'LIZZIE.'

This letter was written on August 3, just twelve days before the end. Thus the whole family, including four children, perished: Ernestine and Mary in the massacre at T'ai-yuen-fu, and the two youngest, Bertha and Celia, in the party from Fen-chou-fu.

IV. YO-YANG AND HO-TSIN

Time and space would fail to recount all the tales of martyrdom and perilous adventures in escaping for their lives which befell missionaries in various parts of China. But an endeavour must be made to commemorate the other martyrs who fell during the troubles of the year 1900.

Mr. David Barratt, one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission connected with Yo-yang station, near Lu-ch'eng - fu, Shan - si, died of sickness and privation at T'ang-ch'eng. He was a bright, active Christian from Australia, full of enthusiasm for the work, earnest and eager in preaching the word of life. He had the opportunity to do this for only about two years before his death. He reached his station in December 1898. Mr. Alfred Woodroffe was Mr. Barratt's colleague in Yo-yang. He also died of privation and suffering amongst the mountains of Shan-si. He had only joined the Mission in 1897, and had been trained for three years by Dr. Guinness, at Harley and Cliff Colleges. By his death at the

ute, Afflicted, Tormented'

venty-eight a promising career was cut

om Ho-tsin, in South Shan-si, near the
-si, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. M'Connell
nd Mrs. J. Young, with Miss E. Burton
ing, were all barbarously murdered by
liers at Tseng-kia-uan, a ferry on the
on July 16, 1900. They supposed the
me to escort them, but they had been
to murder the party. This company
e missionary workers whose records are

M'Connell came originally from the
, and was engaged as a home mission-
Scotland, when he offered for work in
rived in China in 1890, opened the
sin, married Miss Isabella Gray of the
in December 1894. Miss Gray came
n 1892. These two had much trial to
y attained the martyr's crown. Their
child, Kenneth, died with them.

Young came from Glasgow to China in
able to acquire the Chinese language



THE YOYANG AND HO TSIN MARTYRS.

A. KING.

D. BARRATT.

MR. AND MRS. MCCONNELL.

A. WOODROFFE.

E. BURTON.

J. YOUNG.

MRS. YOUNG.

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K'u-wu and Ta-ning

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V. K'U-WU

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay, with their daughter Jennie, left their station of K'u-wu, near P'ing-yang-fu, South Shan-si, in company with Mr. Graham M'Kie, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way, on July 4, 1900. The three latter, having by agreement separated from Mr. and Mrs. Kay, were finally rescued. Mr. and Mrs. Kay, after escaping to the mountains and wandering about for nearly two months, were murdered by a band of Boxers on August 30, 1900. They left three children, who were being educated in the China Inland Mission school in Chefoo. Mr. Duncan Kay and his wife were esteemed as amongst the best workers in the Mission; both were exceptionally good speakers of the Chinese language. Mr. Kay had been sent from the Yang-tze valley owing to ill-health. As an evangelist and as a teacher he stood high, and as an eager, anxious worker for Christ he had few equals. He joined the Mission in 1884, and was thus an experienced worker. Mrs. Kay was as successful amongst the women and girls as her husband was amongst the men and boys in the land of their adoption.

VI. TA-NING

Miss F. E. Nathan, Miss M. R. Nathan, and Miss M. Heaysman were working together in the station of Ta-ning, in Shan-si, near the Yellow River, on the borders of Shen-si. These three appear to have been murdered at that place, along with the faithful Christian natives, on August 13, 1900. They had, like others, wandered about amongst the hills, being sheltered by native Christians. They finally took refuge in a cave, but

Destitute, Afflicted, Tormented'

covered, brought back to Ta-ning, and murdered
the west gate of that city.

F. E. Nathan sailed for China in September
1895, after some time passed in study at Yang-chau,
and up work in Ta-ning in 1896. She had the
most sympathy for the women much at heart, and was a
kind and earnest worker. Miss M. R. Nathan joined
her in Ta-ning in 1899. She had had a good
and college education, and was successful as
a teacher before leaving for China. She was studying
the Chinese language, and helping as far as possible
the work, when called upon to lay down her life.

Mary Heaysman went with her parents to
China when she was ten years of age. When
thirteen years of age, after some preliminary training
at the Wesleyan College, Adelaide, she sailed for China in 1897.
She worked for some time with Miss Chapman at
Ta-ning under Mr. Duncan Kay's direction, and just
before the outbreak of the troubles had been sent
to join the Misses Nathan at Ta-ning. Her last letter
to her friends was headed, 'There shall be showers
of rain.'

Ta-tung-fu Murders

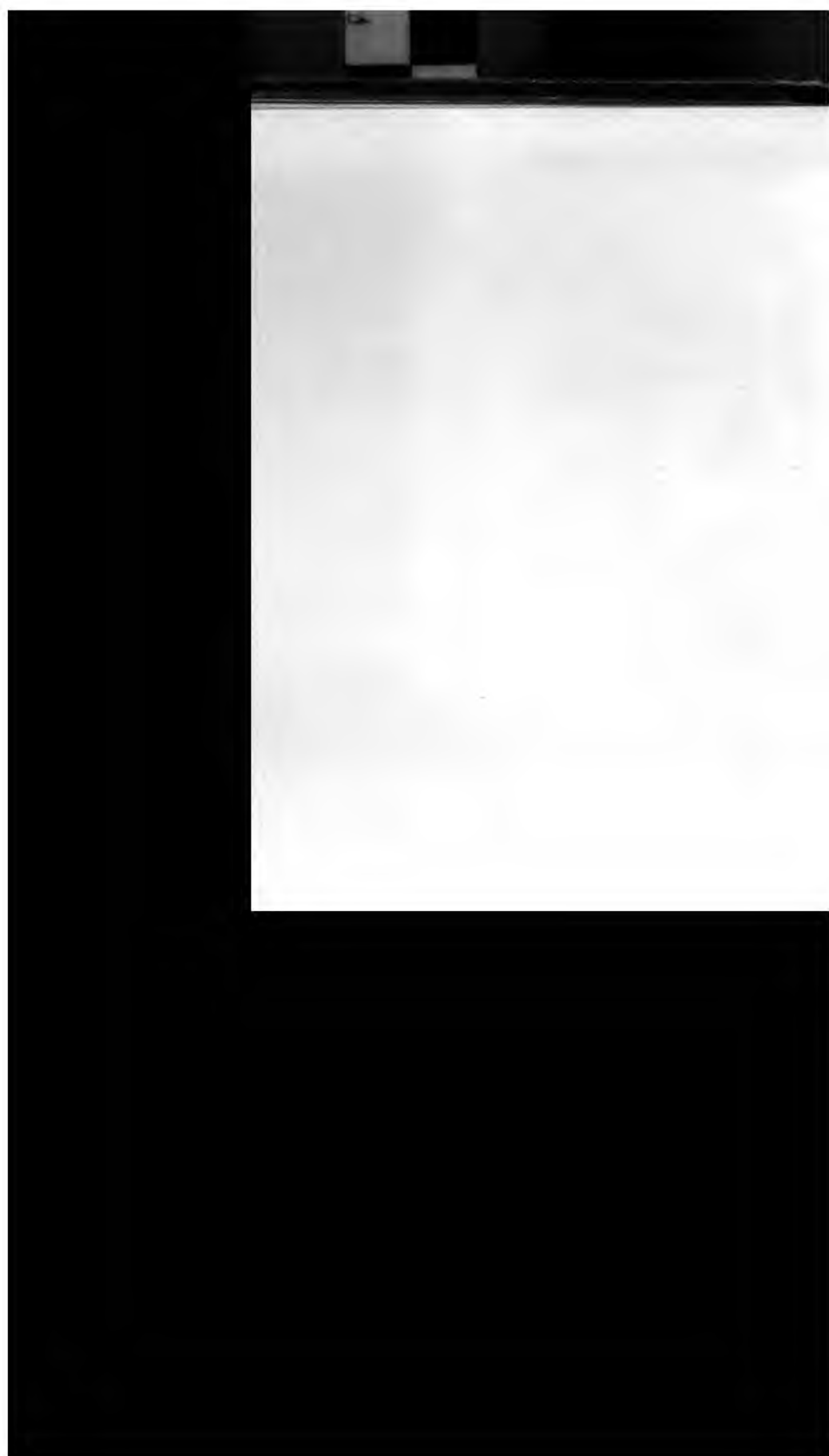
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Mr. Peat from Hamilton, Mrs. Peat, whose maiden name was Helen Mackenzie, from Oidiquhill, Banffshire. Mr. Peat, who was formerly engaged in an architect's office, joined the China Inland Mission in 1887. His station was originally P'ing-yao, but after his marriage in 1891 he was stationed at Si-chau. Mrs. Peat, before coming to China, had been an earnest worker in connection with the Carrubbers Close Mission in Edinburgh. She had worked in Gan-ren, in Kiang-si, for about a year before she married Mr. Peat, and then went to Shan-si. 'She loved the Chinese, and was full of enthusiasm, tact, and common sense.' Their two children, Margaretta, aged seven years, and Mary, three years, were with their parents at the time of their death, and suffered the same fate.

Miss Edith L. Dobson was trained as a hospital nurse before coming to China, where she arrived in 1894, spending two years in the Sanatorium at Chefoo as nurse and assistant to Dr. Douthwaite. She joined the Si-chau Mission station in 1896, and her services were much valued, both as worker amongst the Chinese, and as a nurse to her fellow-missionaries when sick. Miss Emma Georgina Hurn had only arrived in China in 1898, and was thus a little more than two years a worker in that land. She was born in Peckham Rye, London, in 1868; converted in 1890; and had been a valued worker in connection with the Y.W.C.A. movement before coming to China. Her life in China was marked by a prayerful and earnest spirit.

VIII. THE TA-TUNG-FU MASSACRE

On June 14, 1900, the Boxer movement made its first appearance in Ta-tung-fu, in North Shan-si. Here





The So-ping-fu Murders

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IX. SO-PING-FU

Ten associate members of the China Inland Mission, belonging to the Swedish Holiness Union, were murdered in June 1900, near So-ping-fu, in North Shan-si. With them also were Mr. and Mrs. O. Forsberg and their child, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg and a child. These all belonged to the Christian and Missionary Alliance Mission, and came from the neighbouring stations of H'un-yun and Tso-yün, also in the province of Shan-si. The ten members of the Swedish Holiness Union were: Mr. N. Carlsson, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Persson, Mr. G. E. Karlberg, Mr. O. A. L. Larsson, Mr. E. Petterson, Miss M. Hedlund, Miss A. Johansson, Miss J. Lundell, and Miss J. Engvall.

A conference of the missionaries of the Swedish Holiness Union had been arranged for June 24 at So-ping-fu, this being the day upon which the Convention of the mother Church in Sweden fell. The Boxer troubles had been so serious in the neighbouring stations that the missionaries decided to go to Kalgan, and escape northwards if possible. But before they could get away the mob burst in upon them, and they hurriedly escaped to the Yamen, where the official was friendly. The mob burned the mission premises on June 26, and went to the Yamen, and insisted on the missionaries being delivered to them to be killed. The magistrate, in order to pacify them, told the mob that he had orders to send the missionaries bound to Peking, and in order to give colour to his statement had five of the party put into fetters, and this seemed to satisfy the mob for the time being. Early on the morning of June 27, they were taken outside the city in carts, where, however, the crowd was waiting for them,

80 'Destitute, Afflicted, Tormented'

and they were immediately torn from the carts and stoned to death; the child of Mr. and Mrs. Forsberg was, indeed, torn asunder by the violence of the mob. Messrs. Carlsson and Persson managed to flee, but were pursued, overtaken, and killed. The corpses of these two were burned, but all the others were buried in a field close by, their heads having been previously cut off and hung up on the city wall. H'un-yun and Tso-yün were looted and afterwards destroyed by fire.

X. THE CHICAGO MISSION AMONG THE MONGOLS

The Scandinavian Alliance Mission of Chicago established a mission for work amongst the Mongols in 1896. The members of the Mission were: Mr. D. W. Stenberg, Mr. C. J. Suber, Mr. N. J. Friedstrom, Miss Clara Anderson, Miss Hilda Anderson, and Miss Hanna Lund. These workers were most earnest in the prosecution of the rough pioneering work they had undertaken. For the greater part of the year, and sometimes for the whole year, they lived in tents in the open plains of Mongolia, living on native food, and without a settled home. After several years of this life, they had purchased, with funds specially contributed in the United States, a large tract of land in Mongolia, and were founding a farm colony. It had seemed to these workers impossible to accomplish anything except by settled work. It was hoped that some of the Mongols would be induced to settle at least for a time, and place themselves under Christian instruction; at any rate the colony would have furnished a base for wider operations, and its working provide an object lesson of great value in such a country.

In May 1900, Mr. Stenberg wrote:—



Murders at Dallat Hosso

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'The ladies have just been out on a seven weeks' journey; it is hot now, and difficult to travel. They were, although tired and worn out by the journey, glad to have performed it, and felt confident of the future. They are living in tents, which is not convenient, being hot in summer and cold in winter, and easily overturned by the strong winds. At present we have to bear with very evil reports: "Any one who eats or drinks with us will die." "Any one who believes our doctrine will lose his soul, and any one who follows us will be snatched away to some foreign country." The fight is severe. We expect a breaking out . . . but we know God is on our side, and after this hour of darkness shall dawn the day of salvation for the Mongols.'

The whole band, except Mr. Friedstrom, were murdered by Boxers, Mr. Stenberg and the three ladies on September 1, 1900, and Mr. Suber ten or twelve days later. Mr. Friedstrom escaped. He was followed by the Boxers, but he was able to frighten them off by firing a gun which he carried. He fired into the air, and did not kill any one. This party were murdered at Dallat Hosso, in the Ortos district, near the Yellow River.

Mr. C. J. Suber was born in Sweden in 1872. He graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary in 1896, and went to Mongolia as a missionary in the same year. Mr. D. W. Stenberg was born in Jonköping, Sweden, in 1872. He went to America and studied in the Chicago Theological Seminary. He went to Mongolia with the party in 1896, and became their leader. One said of him, 'There is nothing bad about him, he is pure gold.' He was a favourite with all. Early in 1898, Mr. Friedstrom, Miss Hilda and Miss Clara Anderson and Miss Hanna Lund arrived in

Destitute, Afflicted, Tormented'

from the United States. One who knew
s, 'There could not be found any braver souls;
e fully consecrated to the Lord's service.'

II. THE SWEDISH-MONGOLIAN MISSION

established under the presidency of Prince
te of Sweden in 1899. Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg,
herly belonged to the Christian and Missionary
having returned to Sweden because of
difficulties, were chosen to become the leaders
new work. They came back to China, accom-
y Mr. Wahlstedt, in the autumn of 1899, full
t hopes for the future. They first settled in
and devoted themselves to the study of the
an language. When the Boxer troubles began,
re on a visit to the Swedish missionaries in
a-ch'eng, in Shan-si. Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg
Wahlstedt managed to escape to Ta-shih-t'ai,
lred miles north-west of Kuei-hua-ch'eng, where,
they were ruthlessly murdered by Manchu



Hardships at Kuei-hua-ch'eng 83

Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg and one child. The remainder were: Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olson and three children; Mr. and Mrs. C. Noven and two children; Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson and two children; Mr. and Mrs. O. Bingmark and two children; Mr. and Mrs. M. Nystrom and one child; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lundberg and two children; Miss K. Hall, Miss K. Orn, Miss A. Gustasson, Miss Emelie Erickson, and Mr. A. E. Palm,—in all seventeen adults and twelve children.

The headquarters of the work in Mongolia were at Kuei-hua-ch'eng, in Shan-si, outside the Great Wall. Their work was in the towns and villages of the neighbourhood, and amongst the Chinese who had settled in the great plains of Mongolia. They were under the direction of Mr. Emil Olson, as superintendent, helped by his faithful wife, who is described 'as a tower of strength in every time of perplexity or trial.'

Mr. C. L. Lundberg, in a letter dated August 16, 1900, describes some of the sufferings which he and his companions passed through before the final end, in which he himself suffered martyrdom with the last survivors of the party. He writes as follows:—

'In Kuei-hua-ch'eng, where we were stationed, the people began to treat us badly, so we left, intending to reach Urga and Russia; but on the second day we were at different times and gradually robbed of all we possessed. The robbers stripped us even of some of the clothes we were wearing, so that we were both hungry and cold. In our vicinity lived four Catholic priests, who invited us to come to them; and we went. We have now been here eight days, but even here it is very dangerous, as Boxers and soldiers intend coming to destroy it. All stations we know of belonging to our Mission are destroyed, but of the missionaries we

Destitute, Afflicted, Tormented'

thing. Those of us here are Mr. and Mrs. E. and three children, Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson and three children, one only a few days old, Miss Emelie, myself and wife and two children. Our way out is cut off. If we are not able to escape, tell us we live and die for the Lord. . . . I do not want to come to China; the Lord has called me, and His will is sufficient. The way He chooses is best for us. His will be done. Excuse my writing; my hands are shivering.'

On August 22 he writes: 'The soldiers have arrived, and they will attack our place. The Catholics are preparing to defend themselves, but it is vain. We do not like to have weapons in our hands; if it be the Lord's will, let them take our lives.'

The messenger who brought the letter stated that the whole place was burned, and the missionaries perished. Mr. Olson and Mr. Lundberg indeed were pursued, caught and beheaded.



CHAPTER VII

FLIGHT ACROSS THE DESERT

AFTER reading the harrowing details of suffering contained in the preceding chapter, it is a relief to read of the escape of a party of missionaries of the American Board, who, with ten Swedish missionaries, finally succeeded in crossing the Desert of Gobi, and found safety in Russia. The account here given is taken from the London *Daily News* of September 25, 1900. It runs as follows:—

‘A party of American missionaries who escaped from the Boxers near the Great Wall in June last have just reached England, *via* Siberia, after a long and painful flight through the Gobi Desert. The refugees, who are now in good health, belong to the American Board Mission, and one of the number, the Rev. Mark Williams, has worked in China for thirty-four years. The remainder are: Rev. W. P. and Mrs. Sprague, Rev. J. H. Roberts, and Miss V. C. Murdock, M.D. To Reuter’s representative the Rev. Mark Williams gave the following account of the experiences of the party:—

“On May 25,” he said, “I went down to Tungchow, near Peking, from the Great Wall to attend a Conference of the American Board, and then heard of the murder of native Christians. Following on these reports came news of the Boxer attacks on the railway,

and of the murder of two S.P.G. missionaries. On June 5, Rev. J. H. Roberts and I proceeded to Peking, and on our arrival in the capital rumours were current of a massacre at Pao-ting-fu. The following day, accompanied by Miss Murdock, M.D., we set out to return to our station at Kalgan, on the Great Wall, one hundred and forty miles distant. On nearing our residence, we were astonished to see hundreds of people collected round our buildings. Though shouting loudly and hissing vigorously, they allowed us to pass into our compound. Once inside our house, we held a hasty conference to decide upon our future action, and resolved to remain until matters became more threatening. As soon as darkness set in, we heard a great din, and crowds of people came to the gate, shouting and yelling, and endeavoured to batter it down with stones. Mr. Sprague, Mr. Roberts, and myself hastily seized our guns in readiness to fire if the gate were broken open. We discharged a few shots in the air, and warned the crowd that if they did not disperse we should fire upon them.

“Later in the evening the mob cleared, but we now saw that it would be useless to remain. At midnight we sent the girls of our boarding school off to a Christian near by for safety, and we decided to put ourselves in the hands of the magistrate of the city. We hurriedly collected a few necessities, and at three in the morning locked up the station and started for the Yamen, two miles distant. After some delay we were admitted. The same afternoon, the magistrate informed us that we must leave immediately, as he had just received a wire from Peking that our premises at T’ung-chou had been destroyed, that many Christians had been murdered, and that the missionaries were being escorted to the capital by American soldiers. The magistrate advised



Narrow Escapes from Death 87

us to go to an inn, but we knew that this would not be safe, so, after allowing us to draw our riches from the native bank, he sent fifty soldiers to escort us out of the great gate into Mongolia. He feared not only for us but also for his own Yamen if he sheltered us. At this time we had no idea of the terrible journey that awaited us—we had no notion of having to escape across Siberia; our only idea was to remain at a place of safety and return after the crisis.

“At Tautai an old friendly Mongol chief lived, but on his advice the party continued the journey, and two days later reached Harausa. Here the official was unfriendly, and ordered us to leave at once, a Boxer army being only ten miles distant.

“Fortunately,” continued the narrator, “there was in readiness a caravan, ordered for Mr. Campbell, the British Vice-Consul at Shanghai, in charge of Mr. Larson, a Swedish missionary, and we availed ourselves of it, and prepared to start for the desert wastes ahead of us. On June 23 we started. In addition to our own party, we were joined by three Swedish missionary families, who had barely escaped with their lives, and a few days later we were joined by four other Swedes, who had had terrible experiences. A lady member of the party had been horribly treated, and she had been almost clubbed to death. One of the men missionaries, too, presented a frightful spectacle, and was covered with blood and dust. Our caravan now included twenty camels, nineteen horses, and six camel carts for the ladies and children. Our fears on entering the desert were not allayed by the threats that we should not be allowed to get water from the wells, and at some of the places we touched soldiers were sent to draw the water, so that we should not poison the wells. For eight days

Flight Across the Desert

There was nothing to be seen but sand. We were scorched by it. The heat was intense, and the air was that of an oven. We all suffered greatly, and the desert had no grass or water. Day marching was impossible, so we ineffectually tried to snatch some rest at nighttime, first of all drawing up our caravan into a loose formation, and keeping the necessary look-outs. We were completely isolated, and the telegraph line which crossed the desert had been cut behind us. There were no merchants, who, like ourselves, were fugitives, and no power to prevent orders being sent for our pursuit.

After thirty-eight days of terrible anxiety, we reached the Mongol city of Urga, on the other side of the desert. We presented a sorry spectacle, the want of sleep and the mental strain having told heavily on all of us. Shortly before our arrival on July 30, we had telegraphed to the Russian Consul-General at Urga, asking for protection. He was most kind and friendly, and made for our use fourteen rooms of the Consulate. As soon as we got into Urga we encountered a terrific storm with vivid lightning, and every one of us was



In Safety at Kiakhta

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Russian frontier town of Kiakhta. The second day out of Urga we passed the force of Cossacks the Consul-General had spoken of, and cheered them heartily. We were now crossing a forest and mountainous country, and every day we were becoming more weary and ill-fitted to travel.

“In about a fortnight, on August 13, we reached Kiakhta. There we remained until August 27, awaiting advices from home. Meanwhile, the American Minister at St. Petersburg was arranging with the authorities for us to travel without hindrance on the Siberian railway. Having sold our caravan, we proceeded by tarantass, our object being to reach Lake Baikal, and strike the railway at its terminus at Irkutsk. We travelled all day over a beautiful country, sometimes at an altitude of eight thousand feet, and stopped at the Government posthouses at night. On September 2 we reached Irkutsk, where we joined the train, and reached St. Petersburg sixteen days later.”¹

¹ For descriptions full of attraction and power of the regions referred to in this chapter, see *Among the Mongols*, by the late James Gilmour.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MASSACRE AT CHU-CHOU-FU

the edict of the Empress-Dowager, ordering the execution of all foreigners, was issued in July and found its way—as it did to others—to the Governor of the province of Chekiang, Liu-shu-T'ang. He hesitated at first to issue it, and desired to consult the Viceroy at Nanking, Liu-K'un-i, as to his course; had he done so, in all human probability the massacre now to be related would not have occurred, as it is well known that H. E. Liu-K'un-i had the power to withhold the edict from circulation. Unfortunately, the Governor of Chekiang was prevailed upon by the provincial judge, Yung Chuan, a Manchu,



Murder of a Magistrate

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Mission who were stationed there. These were: Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Thompson and their two boys, Edwin and Sydney, with Miss J. Desmond, Miss Edith S. Sherwood, and Miss M. Etta Manchester.

Notwithstanding the disturbed state of the city and the surrounding country, the missionaries decided to remain where they were, and they were encouraged to do so by the friendly assurances of the county magistrate, named Wu. These assurances were given in all sincerity, and the consequences to the magistrate himself were disastrous, for, incited by the gentry and high officials, and by the proclamation made by the Viceroy in the name of the Emperor, the brutal soldiery, on July 21, 1900, turned upon this magistrate, seized him and all his family and servants, dragged them into the presence of the prefect and other high officials, and there murdered them to the number of thirty-one persons; the unfortunate magistrate's wife and grandmother were the only persons who managed to escape.

On the morning of the same day Mr. Thompson's house was attacked by a mob, who began looting and plundering, and were encouraged to do so by the military official who should have protected them. Mr. Thompson tried to expostulate with the rioters, but, finding all his efforts useless, he and his household made their way by desperate efforts to the Taotai's Yamen, as being possibly the place where protection might be afforded. In this, however, they were cruelly deceived, for, having passed the outer gate and getting to the second gateway, they found the door closed against them, and, on knocking for admittance, were told by an attendant, 'We cannot be troubled about your affairs now.'

the Massacre at Chu-chou-fu

with all their hopes blasted they turned away, heart, to face the cruel mob awaiting them. Taking their cue from the officials, at once upon Mr. Thompson, dragged him out in the open before the Yamen gate, and stabbed him to death with spears and tridents, his body being covered with wounds. One of the children was then killed in the street, and the mother pleaded in vain for the life of her child. The response of the mob was to dash upon the hard stones, and stab him to death with spears and tridents, and then she herself and Miss Desmond were murdered. The gentry of the city and the officials who were directly responsible for these dastardly crimes then sent public criers through the city, who, beating a gong, gave warning that if any one of the foreigners or native Christians was found he would be killed as well as those found in their

residences of Miss Sherwood and Miss Mansfield were situated in the north of the city, some distance from where the Thompsons resided. It was about midnight when the mob came rushing into the



CHU' CHOU' FU MARTYRS.

MRS. THOMPSON.

D. B. THOMPSON.

J. DESMOND.

E. SHERWOOD.

E. MANCHESTER.

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Murders at Ch'ang-shan

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Catholic chapel, where they were stabbed to death, and their dead bodies dragged up and flung into the chapel itself.

These crimes, black as they are, did not finish the ghastly tale of murders in this city and neighbourhood. Ch'ang-shan, a city about thirty miles from Chu-chou, had within it some other missionaries of the China Inland Mission, these were: Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ward and child, and Miss E. A. Thirgood. The neighbourhood of Ch'ang-shan had been very unsettled for some time, and the magistrate, fearing for the safety of the foreigners, with whom he was on friendly terms, advised them to leave, promising an escort for their protection. Mr. Ward thought there was no necessity for him to leave, but decided to send away the ladies and the child, and made arrangements for them to start on July 21, promising, if any serious danger of an attack on the city occurred, to follow them on foot. The ladies and child went by water, and got to within ten miles of Chu-chou the same evening, where they anchored. An angry red glare in the sky in the direction of Ch'ang-shan led them to suppose that the rebels had arrived and were burning that city, and they therefore got the boatmen to proceed, which they did, and arrived at Chu-chou at daybreak on July 22.

Mrs. Ward, finding that she and her party could not enter the city on account of the confusion there, asked the boatmen to proceed down the river, but they refused unless they were paid two hundred dollars to do so, an amount utterly beyond the means of the fugitives. She said, however, that the amount would be paid in Hang-chou on their arrival there; the boatmen refused, having evidently no intention of proceeding further, and taking their effects out of the boat, threw them on the bank, and

the Massacre at Chu-chou-fu

the ladies and child to land, which they had no
to do.

Waiting on the banks some time, a passing
offered to take them to Hang-chou for thirty
and to this they gladly assented, and began
their goods on board the boat. While this was
going on, however, the brutal soldiery who had lately
Mr. Thompson's party arrived, and behaved
in a most and threatening manner, demanding money.
One took off her wedding ring and offered it to
the soldiers, only to have it snatched from her hand
and thrust in her face, with the words, 'We want
not your gold rings.'

They stabbed her in the arm, and with a push
threw her side. The crowd then seemed to fade
from sight, and all she saw was her babe needing to
be nursed in her breast, and drawing the helpless infant
to her bosom. The fiends then
seized the mother and child together, and with the next
moment severed the mother's head from her shoulders, and
threw their sufferings together.

Mr. Thompson seeing all this, knew there was no

evangelist and a servant. They avoided the main roads, fearing to fall into the hands of the banditti, and travelled on all night. Nothing unusual happened until the following afternoon, when they arrived at a small village named San-mo-kia, about five miles out of Chu-chou. Here a crowd surrounded them, on the cry being raised that 'a foreign devil was coming.' One of the mob rushed up to Mr. Ward, and asked in insulting tones where he was going. He answered, to Chu-chou, at which the crowd laughed, and shouted out that 'all the foreigners there are killed,' and then surrounded them more closely, hemming them so that escape was almost impossible. Mr. Ward, however, pushed his way to the side of the road, and ran along a field path, but found it only led to a pond, and so had to return. The crowd then set upon and beat Mr. Ward and his servant to death with sticks and clubs, and left the evangelist on the ground, also supposing him to be dead. He was not, however, even insensible, but saw all that was going on, and in the night crawled to a place of safety, and afterwards recovered to tell the tale here related.

Mr. A. Wright, of the China Inland Mission, from whose careful and accurate report the foregoing facts have been for the most part collected, visited Chu-chou-fu some nine months after these events. He received a special passport from the Governor of the province, through Consul-General Warren, and left Hang-chou about the beginning of April 1901. As he was under official protection, each county magistrate through whose jurisdiction he passed provided an escort of soldiers, and about sixty miles from Chu-chou a native gunboat with soldiers on board met and escorted the party for the remainder of the journey. About five miles from Chu-chou, twenty-two of the principal gentry of the city

The Massacre at Chu-chou-fu

Wright, and with much knocking of heads on the ground, expressed their sorrow for what had been done in the city during the troubles of last year. A mile from the city the officials made their appearance and joined the procession, and brought Mr. Wright with much honor to a large Yamen especially prepared for his reception.

Accompanied by the county magistrate, the scenes of the massacre were visited, and with his assistance all the details were shown to the remains of the martyrs. It was found, however, that the bodies of three of those killed were missing.

The following terms were agreed upon with the Taotai, in compensation for the dastardly deeds of 1900:—
A public monument to the martyrs to be erected in a prominent position in the city.

A piece of land in the city to be given free of cost, to be used as a cemetery for the burial of those who were killed and for others.

When all is ready, the remains of the martyrs are to be conveyed to their resting-place in a public manner, and the officials and gentry and prominent citizens to



Atonement for Murders

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punishment of those who were responsible for the deeds done by their authority ; nor is it so regarded. This is simply reinstating the mission work carried on in the city in a manner which will adequately impress the inhabitants with a sense of its importance, and the sacredness of the lives of those who were slain at their hands, and the necessity of adequately protecting those who may go there to carry on the work.

CHAPTER IX

THE SIEGE IN PEKING

ative of the siege of the Legations in Peking
the most marvellous which the annals of war
duced. If we look at it from the standpoint
ldier, and consider the overwhelming force of
gers and the smallness of the numbers and
of the besieged; the length of time which
before the relieving column arrived; the
of non-combatants who required protection,
inadequacy of the supplies of provisions by
which all the besieged had to be sustained
d health; as also the scarcity of the supplies



The Crisis at Peking

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decision then arrived at to remain within the Legation walls, and to defend themselves there, rather than to trust to the promises of protection and safe escort to the coast made by the Chinese Government.

Or we may view it from the standpoint of the besieged non-combatant, whether merchant, missionary, or one of the staff of the Legations or Customs, or as a Chinese Christian. Three thousand souls, including the foreigners and natives, had to be supplied with food and shelter. If we consider how the supplies were obtained, and the needed house accommodation provided; how the non-combatants, foreigners and natives alike, were found to be as necessary as the soldier for the adequate protection, safety, and comfort of all,—we have here the material for one of the most stirring incidents in the history of war.

It is not, however, from any of these standpoints exclusively that we here deal with the narrative of the siege. It is rather from that of the devout believer in Divine Providence, who loves to trace the finger of God in the affairs of men. Men, some of whom possibly were without thought of God at all, were yet controlled and guided by an invisible power outside themselves, which, on the one hand, upheld and sustained, and on the other, diverted and restrained, we may reverently and truthfully say,

‘beyond all knowledge and all thought.’

The intense anxiety which prevailed throughout Christendom concerning the fate of the besieged, and the earnest and prevailing prayers of God’s people throughout the world in their behalf, had a potency and an influence on the result ‘undreamt of in the philosophy’ of those who have neither the spiritual

The Siege in Peking

ee nor the heart to understand the ways of
ngst the children of men.

ents which led up to the siege in Peking were
se. The murder of Mr. Brooks, which occurred
ovince of Shantung, on December 30, 1899,
parently without significance, was the beginning
isastrous events which followed. Negotiations
ed on which resulted in the removal of Yü
n the Governorship of Shantung, only, alas!
r him, with all the signs of approval of his
om those in authority in the capital, to the
f Shan-si.

boxer Society, under the guidance of Yü Hsien,
e direct instigation of the Empress-Dowager
dvisers, spread rapidly from the province of
into Chih-li, and as early as March 1900 their
ns and violence were causing serious concern
ous Legations in Peking. Efforts were made
satisfactory edicts for the suppression of these
n societies, but such efforts obtained only
romises. Owing to the increase of disturb-



Murders in Peking

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Christians, was the beginning of a long series of outrages which terminated in the attempted destruction of all the foreigners in Peking.

On May 28, the news reached Peking of the burning by the Boxers of the station at Feng-t'ai, on the Peking and Tien-tsin railway, and the flight of the Belgian engineers working on the line, nine of whom were killed. On May 31, the guards for the various Legations arrived in Peking. They numbered three hundred and forty marines, drawn from the various war vessels which at that time had arrived at Taku, or were anchored at the bar outside that port. Later, these were increased by eighty-five German and Austrian sailors, making a total of four hundred and twenty-five men of all nationalities sent for the defence of their representatives in the capital.

On June 4, the day after the last of the troops had arrived, the connection between Peking and Tien-tsin by rail was destroyed. On June 8, Chinese troops, under the command of General Tung-fu-hsiang, began pouring into Peking, and Boxers followed soon after, and burning, looting of property, and even murder became common. On June 9 the grand stand at the race-course, six miles from Peking, was destroyed by fire. On June 11, Mr. Sugiyama, the Japanese Secretary of Legation, was killed by Tartar cavalry, near one of the gates of Peking; and on June 13 many of the Chinese Christians in Peking, and native servants in the employ of foreigners, were murdered.

On June 17, after six hours' engagement, the forts at Taku were stormed and taken from the Chinese by the allied fleets. Seven days previously, Admiral Seymour's force had left Tien-tsin with the intention of relieving Peking, but were eventually obliged to turn back to prevent being cut off from their base, and only managed

The Siege in Peking

good their escape after severe fighting and of life. On June 19 the news of the taking of Taku reached the Chinese authorities at the Tsung-li Yamen immediately sent word to the legations that all foreigners must leave the city within twenty-four hours. At a meeting of the chiefs of the legations, it was decided by a majority to leave the city the next day, and all the foreigners in Peking acted to that effect.

About eight o'clock on the morning of June 20, 1900, Herr Ketteler, the head of the German Legation, and his secretary, Mr. Cordes, left their headquarters to go to the Chinese authorities at the Tsung-li Yamen. They took with them an interpreter and some German soldiers.

When the party arrived at the Chinese outpost opposite the Austrian Legation, a number of Chinese soldiers came forward and offered to escort the German Minister wherever he might wish to go. Herr Ketteler thereupon ordered his own escort to return, and he went forward, accompanied by Mr. Cordes, towards the Tsung-li Yamen with the Chinese troops. They were about to enter the Yamen when suddenly Mr. Cordes



Plot to destroy Foreigners 103

We may here pause to review the events, which show how marked was the intervention of Providence in preserving the lives of the foreigners living in Peking at that time. It is now well known that it was the intention of the Empress-Dowager and her advisers to annihilate the foreigners and to destroy all their works. A day had been fixed in which, all over the empire, there was to be a simultaneous rising against and massacre of all who were not Chinese, and also of all those Chinese who had adopted the religion of the hated foreigner or any of his ways. Risings, however, took place before the full arrangements had been made. These forced the hands of the authorities, and made concerted action impossible.

Again, patriotic and far-seeing statesmen, like the two great Viceroys on the Yang-tze, Liu-K'un-i and Chang Chih Tung, and the Governor of Shantung, Yuan Shih K'ai, refused to execute the orders they received for the extermination of foreigners within their jurisdiction. Owing to these brave men, who thus risked their own lives and others, the lives of multitudes of helpless and unsuspecting foreigners were saved.

The Legations in Peking were entirely in the dark regarding these deadly intentions of the Chinese Government. No one suspected for a moment that the authorities could be so utterly blind and foolish as to think themselves capable of defying all the Powers of Europe at one time. Consequently the Legation authorities implicitly believed the representations made to them, and trustingly confided in the promises of protection which were constantly reiterated. At any time in May, or early in June, had the Chinese reactionaries so determined, the whole foreign community in Peking might have been easily and utterly destroyed. What

The Siege in Peking

their hands? Apparently the indecision of the Chinese, who all through the siege seems to have been the result of the restraining forces which prevented them from being pushed to extremities.

Had the arrival of the marines who were sent to the various Legations been delayed by the twenty-eight hours, it seems impossible to suppose that the foreign community could have been saved. Had the Chinese soldiery from destroying the Legations earlier, and by so doing preventing the use of the troops on whom so much depended? We may suppose that in this case also, what some may call a fortunate accident occurred; while others reasonably would say that in the providence of God the hand of the destroyer was stayed till the troops

arrived. A striking circumstance, on which it afterwards depended the salvation of the foreign community in Peking, was the death of Baron von Kettner. The day previously it had been decided by a vote of the Legation authorities in the capital that the Legation should be evacuated, and that a safe escort to the coast, which had been



Desire to save Converts

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a delusion, and nothing more was heard or said of the decision so recently made to retire from Peking. Instead of this, all the foreigners began to make immediate preparations for seeking the shelter afforded by the stout walls of the British Legation. The time of the opening fire of the besiegers (4 p.m.) seemed almost purposely delayed to allow all the foreigners to assemble within the lines of the allied forces.

Another circumstance seems worthy of attention. Twelve days before the siege actually began, some American missionaries took refuge in the large premises of the Methodist Mission. These missionaries, seventy in number, elaborated a system of defence, and of general organisation in the shape of committees, for a variety of purposes. Sentries were placed, fortifications improvised, the Chinese Christians who fled to them for protection, or were already on the premises, were, in so far as they were suitable, drilled and armed, so that, when all the foreigners were assembled within the Legation walls, it only became necessary to enlarge the committees already formed, and adjust them to wider purposes, in order to secure admirable and efficient service of a most invaluable kind. It seemed certain that all these things had been working together for the good of those who were about to be besieged.

When the missionaries came to the Legations, they naturally desired to bring their native Christian converts with them ; but they were met by a non possumus from the authorities, which might have been expected when the facts were soberly considered. When the foreigners were all assembled they numbered nearly a thousand souls, and this number might have been deemed sufficient responsibility for those who had to make provision for their protection and the food supplies. But when it

The Siege in Peking

ly proposed to bring in an addition of over two Christian natives, the answer 'Impossible' was without hesitation.

Nevertheless the impossible was attempted, and accomplished. Mr. James, one of the professors of Peking University, accompanied by Dr. Morrison, correspondent of the London *Times*, went to work with energy and persistence that overcame all obstacles, worthy of the highest praise. They interviewed authorities, and finally secured the palace of Prince Hsiao, which was on the other side of a dry moat just outside one of the gates of the British Legation, and behind its ample walls and buildings the native Christians were safely lodged, and carefully provided for. Just as the task was successfully accomplished, Mr. James died of a heart attack, though the work given him to do was not yet finished before he was taken away. Not only in the details, but in the circumstances which have been related regarding the siege, the hand of God is to be clearly seen.

All native Christians had been rendered safe, and the same with as many of their belongings as they



Providential Food Supplies 107

had distinguished himself in Africa and elsewhere as a military officer in Her Majesty's service. Surely it was not accident that provided a commander in every way so suitable as Sir Claude Macdonald proved himself to be. ✓

The first necessity for a besieged fortress is a plentiful supply of water, and it was found that within the Legation walls were eight wells of good water, capable of providing supply for all the ordinary necessities of the besieged, and even the extraordinary demands made upon them when the fires kindled by the enemy had to be subdued.

As regards food supplies, there had been no time or even thought of making provision for a siege. No one, indeed, imagined that a long siege was beginning, nor that the foreign troops, whom they naturally presumed to be already on the way from Tien-tsin, would have any great difficulty in reaching them within a few days, or a week or two at most. In this condition of unpreparedness, and with a community, including the Chinese Christians, of over three thousand persons, it seemed that it could only be a question of a comparatively short time before the siege would be terminated by starvation, involving unconditional surrender, and then indiscriminate massacre.

But here again all such gloomy prognostications were banished in a most remarkable manner. Within the lines of the allied forces were all the shops in Peking dealing in foreign goods and stores, and some large Chinese merchant stores were also included. In one of these stores an enterprising Chinaman had only a few days previously laid in a stock of grain and food-stuffs, which he no doubt anticipated would sell at high prices during these troublous times. As soon as the siege

The Siege in Peking

These shops were left in haste by the owners and their contents were without hesitation turned to the necessities of the besieged. This store contained seventy tons of wheat of that crop, besides stacks of rice, Indian corn, and other grains. These were afterwards found, being carefully stored and distributed, to be sufficient for the support of the Legation during the whole time the Legation was besieged.

Further, a far larger number of ponies were in the city at that time, in the possession of foreigners, than is usually the case. They were there in training for the coming horse races, which were about to be held. These ponies required fodder, and in the grain shop referred to was a large quantity of millet and a huge pile of straw, which was preserved in the most surprising way, although houses on each side of it were burned. This fodder proved to be of great use to the animals, which were thus kept in condition, and rendered very material help in hauling, carrying corn, and other heavy work, while alive, and when killed added their quota to the food supplies.



IN THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING.
 "FORT COCKBURN" WITH
 F. H. JAMES. THE NORDENFELDT RAPID-FIRE GUN.
 THE MISSIONARIES IN THE LEGATION.





Sand-bag Fortifications

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Mission in Peking, had shown considerable aptitude for planning and raising defensive works in the compound of the Mission, which they had held for twelve days before coming into the Legation. This aptitude was immediately proved on a larger scale, since Sir Claude Macdonald appointed Mr. Gamewell chief of the staff on fortifications. With a skill and an enterprise which commanded respect, and excited surprise even amongst military men, Mr. Gamewell set himself to strengthen the walls, on which the safety of the whole community absolutely depended.

The foreign stores were overhauled, immense quantities of cloth of all kinds procured, and all the women, both foreign and Chinese, who were not otherwise engaged, were set to work making sand-bags of a convenient size. These were speedily filled, and by the help of the Chinese Christians, who acted as coolies, soon began to line the walls, and to give to them a solid backing of earthworks. In all, some fifty thousand of these bags were made, filled, and placed in position. The work of making the bags provided an outlet for the activities of the women, and the filling and placing gave work to the other non-combatants. This, no doubt, had an excellent effect in steadying the nerves of all, and so rendering their position more endurable than it would otherwise have proved to human beings who were unaccustomed to the shrieking of shell, and the sharp ping-ping of the bullets which fell in showers by night and day.

It soon became evident that every hand and brain would be needed for defence. Without the abundant supply of labour which the Chinese Christians provided, the heavy coolie work of raising fortifications and sinking mines and countermines could not possibly

The Siege in Peking

accomplished by the small force of fighting men were called upon continually to resist the enemy, and whose whole time and strength were devoted to make these efforts effectual. Thus it was proved that the good hand of God was with those who insisted on saving the Chinese people when human wisdom and prudence would have withheld their consent.

Further evidence of the restraining and guiding hand of God in connection with this siege, was in the aimless and fruitless efforts of the besiegers to compass the destruction of the besieged. If the Chinese had made a sudden attack while the foreigners were assembling in the Legation walls, and when as yet nothing had been done towards organised resistance, the attack doubtless have proved fatal. The attack commenced almost at the exact moment *after all* had broken the lines of the allied forces, and had to be content to settle down in their quarters. Thus their attack from the first was effectual.

Chinese troops had for a time the control of the city. This was close to the Legation grounds,



Bad Chinese Tactics

III

if nothing special had come between them to cause a rupture, or anything more than strained relations, which a little give and take on both sides might easily remove. But it was noted that, after the receipt of such communications, the attack the following night was fiercer than ever. At another time, a present of flour and melons was sent to the besieged, as if the two sides were on the most friendly terms. These facts show that the counsels of the enemy were divergent, and while one party were prepared to push matters to an extremity, there were others who wished to leave at least for themselves some way of escape from the inevitable day of retribution which they rightly believed would certainly come. This was a factor in the final deliverance of the beleaguered foreigners.

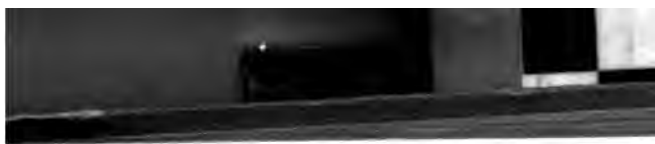
Again, no heavy guns were brought to bear on the Legation defences, and, strange as it may seem, the fire of the Chinese artillerymen was invariably too high. Thus the greater part of the shot and shell cleared the buildings at which they were directed, and fell harmlessly on the other side. This fact accounts for the strange circumstance that, although a deadly fusilade was kept up almost incessantly for nearly two months, so little damage was done, and so few lives were lost.

When the Chinese soldiery found that they could make little or no impression by direct attack, they set fire to buildings in the vicinity of the British Legation, in the hope that the flames would spread until the buildings in which the foreigners were living might also take fire and be destroyed. These fires, however, never had the desired effect. It seemed as if God had said, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther,' for when the flames, fanned by a strong wind, were at their height and threatening inevitable destruction, the direction of the



The Siege in Peking

only changed, and the fires burnt out harm-
fact, these fires were a distinct advantage
eged, as they cleared the cover under which
had been able to come to close quarters and
their shot with more deadly effect. One of
ings thus destroyed was the famous Han-Lin
here were stored treasures of literature of
e value to the literati of China, and all those
n the history and writings of the Chinese.
r most singular circumstance was the fact that
s attempted underneath the walls of the Lega-
st in two places. But these mines were never
after the siege was over it was discovered
ead of one of these had almost described a
if it had been fired might possibly have been
erous to the Chinese soldiery than it would
to those whose hurt was intended.
st the besieged were a large number of women
en. The children were allowed to play in
sheltered courtyards. Not one of these chil-
ed any harm from the shot and shell, and
ady was hurt, and that just when the siege



Health of the Besieged

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Notwithstanding the crowded and inconvenient manner in which the besieged had to live, and the insanitary condition of their surroundings; the almost tropical heat which makes Peking during the months of July and August a most undesirable place of residence; yet the sickness was comparatively small and the deaths few.

Amongst the refugees protected by the Legation walls were a number of skilled physicians of both sexes, some of whom, laying aside professional etiquette, served as nurses. These organised a field hospital, second to none in efficiency, and in the devotion with which all risks were cheerfully taken, and all hardships uncomplainingly borne. The result was that any who were wounded had immediate attention, and the highest skill and care bestowed upon them, and so the casualties were attended with comparatively little loss of life, and the amount of suffering was reduced to a minimum.

No praise would be too high to bestow upon the brave troops of so many nationalities on whom the burden of the defence mainly rested. Although it was apparently impossible to weld all these different units of many nations into a compact and harmonious fighting force, yet the feat was accomplished, and the coolness and courage of civilian and soldier alike, in the face of what appeared overwhelming odds, was worthy to be ranked amongst those deeds of heroism which make us think more worthily of humanity.

As the siege dragged on its course, and every day the besieged looked and longed in vain for relief which never seemed to come, they made efforts to discover what was going on in the great world outside. Several messengers were sent who went out and did not return. One came back with good news, which afterwards turned

The Siege in Peking

false. Amongst the crowd of Chinese who were brought in for shelter was a lad who was penniless and homeless in the terrible days of the siege. He was picked up and succoured by a good Samaritan, and in return for the kindness he volunteered to take a message to Tien-tsin. His offer was accepted; he was let down from the wall at night, and after many adventures safely reached the city, and the precious news of the safety of the relief force was communicated to an anxious world. Having accomplished his mission, he also performed the much more difficult one of a return in safety to the besieged city, and brought authentic tidings of the relief force sent for his aid.

But the delay had hindered the relieving force from making good its way of some eighty miles from Tien-tsin to the city in a much shorter time? The bombardment of the city itself was one cause of detention, and when the relieving force cleared the country of their enemies between the city and Tien-tsin, they had still to address themselves to the task of reducing the native city of Tien-tsin, whose garrison consisted of a fighting force of Chinese, and from



Arrival of Relief

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Chinese soldiery evacuated the place, leaving it entirely at the mercy of the attacking force. Had the decision been made to fall back, the Chinese soldiery, gaining courage, would no doubt have returned and reoccupied their defences, and the relief of Peking might have been indefinitely delayed.

The relieving column, after much discouraging delay, began their forward movement, and crept slowly on as fast as the enormous difficulties which hampered every step would allow them. Eventually, after desperate resistance from the Chinese force opposing them, they got within sight of Peking. The British column, from private information, advanced towards a quarter of the city where their attack was not expected, and entered almost unmolested. They made their way by a somewhat circuitous route to the Legation gate, and were the first to enter the Legation grounds. They had thus the honour of being foremost in making the connection, a distinction keenly coveted, and it seemed certainly fitting that the British Legation should be relieved by British troops. The joy with which the dusky Indian troops were received was enhanced by the fact that the stores of ammunition and strength of the besieged were perilously near exhaustion, and it was felt that the relieving force had arrived, as they did on August 14, not a day too soon.

Thus we may trace the good hand of God in almost every detail of this wonderful siege, and we can fully sympathise with the besieged missionaries who sent the text which was telegraphed on their release :—

‘Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped (Ps. cxxiv. 7).

‘To God be the glory ; great things He hath done.’

CHAPTER X

MARVELLOUS ESCAPES

troubles began in the province of Shan-si on the arrival of Yü Hsien as Governor in the provincial capital, the Rev. A. R. Saunders, his wife and four children, were living, with others of their family, at P'ing-yao, one of the stations of the China Great Wall Railway, about sixty miles south of T'ai-yuen-fu. The family had lived in peace and quietness for thirteen years, without molestation from the people, and on good terms with the officials. Boxer placards had appeared in the neighborhood, and caused trouble in one of the out-stations of the P'ing-yao district, involving the destruction of property and serious injury to the elder of the native



The Saunders Party

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where Mr. Saunders resided were attacked by a mob and looted, and the Mission chapel, furniture, doors and windows, and books on sale were destroyed by fire. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders had barely time to snatch their sleeping children from their beds and make good their escape to the Yamen, where they believed they would be safe and receive protection. On arrival, however, they were told that the Governor's orders were that, as China was at war with foreign nations, no protection was to be given to foreigners, and that, therefore, they must immediately seek safety in flight.

They decided to go to T'ai-yuen-fu, and applied for and secured an escort from the magistrate to take them there in safety. They got without accident within seven miles of the capital, on June 27; but there they met a Christian native, who informed them of the burning of the Schofield Memorial Hospital in T'ai-yuen-fu, on the previous day, and advised them to fly for their lives elsewhere. They decided, therefore, to go to the city of Lu-ch'eng, another station of their Mission, situated one hundred and thirty miles from P'ing-yao, in a south-easterly direction. This they reached after much difficulty, having been attacked by the Boxers in one of the villages they passed through, and escaping only by paying a considerable sum for the privilege. This they had also to do in several places on the way.

The party arrived at Lu-ch'eng on Thursday, July 5; and on Saturday, July 7, that station was also rioted. The previous night, after seeking in vain from the magistrate the usual safe escort to take them to the coast, the Saunders party, with the addition of the missionaries living in Lu-ch'eng, started on a long and perilous journey of nearly seven hundred miles to Hankow. This journey cannot be better described than

Marvellous Escapes

ount given by Mr. Saunders, which appeared in the *Times* on September 29, 1900:—

arty when we started from Lu-ch'eng Hsien posed as under:—Mr. Alexander R. and Mrs. and four children from P'ing-yao; Miss (f P'ing-yang-fu) from P'ing-yao; Mr. Alfred om P'ing-yao; Mr. E. J. and Mrs. Cooper and n from Lu-ch'eng Hsien; Misses Huston and Lu-ch'eng Hsien. In all fourteen persons; six children. The youngest of the children en months, and the eldest seven and a half We had to leave secretly at midnight, and all night, carrying on our backs the younger dren. Our baggage was carried on two ne of which we never saw again after leaving

after daylight on Sunday morning we reached where we hired donkeys on which the ladies en were to ride four miles; but when we had t half that distance we were met by a band of hundred men, who had come out from the t ahead of us, and who robbed us of all we



Beaten and Stoned

· 119

Although we were now almost naked, without shoes or stockings, the people would not believe that we had no silver secreted about us, and we were beaten most unmercifully, in the hope that such treatment would bring confession as to where the silver was secreted. The people of one village would follow us to the boundary of the next, stoning us and throwing hard lumps of clay, beating us on the back and head with sticks and bricks, and this was kept up almost incessantly from village to village for the whole of those three days. In one village, Mr. E. J. Cooper was dragged to the outside of the village by a rope, and left by the roadside as dead. If we sat down anywhere to rest a little while, we were stoned and beaten all the more, and the only rest we got was under cover of darkness, when we retired to some lonely spot, and slept on the hard ground outside. Even then we were disturbed once, at midnight, by a gang of men who came out from a village to seek us, and, finding us asleep in an open field, compelled us to move on.

'The first two days we had nothing to eat, and no one would give us even water to drink, and we were compelled to drink of any water we came to, and sometimes it was only a dirty stagnant pool. Towards evening of the second day, we were stoned into a large market town, and, sitting down on the side of the main street, we told the people that we could not go farther till we had something to eat. They did their best to get us out of the town, but we refused to go on. At last they gave us some bread and water, and then escorted us safely out of the town. When we had gone about two miles, a man, altogether unknown to us, came up, and, after some conversation, he took about three dozen eggs (hard boiled) out of a bag he carried, and gave them to

Marvellous Escapes

en at this unfriendly time in China God raised
to succour us.

he next city, Chang-tsz, the magistrate had
already heard of us, for on arrival at dusk we
outside the city by some of his underlings,
us that we could not go into the city, but the
e would give us carts, and have us escorted to
dary of his district. We told them that we
go on till we had had a few hours' sleep and
ed. After a while, they brought us some bread
, and after partaking of this we went to sleep
adside near the city wall; but even there we
free from molestation, stones being thrown at
he city wall. About midnight the carts and
t came, and we were hurried on to the
of that county, from which place we had to
e next city, Kao-Ping, fifteen miles farther on.
money was given us by the magistrate at
, with which to buy food, but we had not gone
a mile when we were robbed of it, and were
out either food or money.

we trudged on with sore and weary feet for a



Stripped and Mobbed

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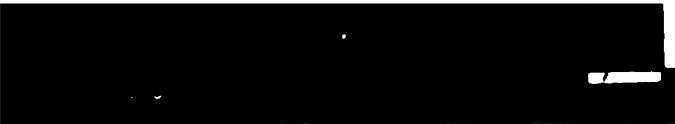
At first we suspected treachery, but they led us right on, out of the other end of the village, and sent us on the road again. We afterwards learned that on the next day they were to have a rain procession, and did not want us to be passing through the village the same day, lest we might bring ill luck. At this stage of our journey we were again stripped of the few garments we had, and I was left on the road completely naked, but fortunately I was supplied with a garment at once. Mrs. E. J. Cooper's death at a later date was largely due to the exposure caused by the loss of her upper garments at this time.

'On Thursday, July 12, we reached Kao-ping north suburb about noon, and, being extremely hot, we could walk no more on our blistered bare feet on the burning sand, so we lay down under a tree till it became cooler. About 4 p.m. we went to the Yamen, followed by a howling mob that completely filled the large courtyard. After explaining the object of our visit, a quantity of bread was thrown down to us as we sat on the ground in the courtyard, and a bucket of cold water was brought with which to quench our thirst. I insisted that we should be properly escorted to the next city, not to the boundary district only; and this they promised to do, but, like most officials' promises in China, these were made only to be broken. We were supplied with carts, and hurried on that same night without any rest, and were as before left by the escort at the boundary. It was then about 11 p.m. of Thursday, July 12, and we walked on to find a quiet spot to rest.

'Early next morning, Mr. Cooper and I went on to a village a mile distant, to hire a cart in which Miss Rice, who could walk no farther, and the children could

Marvellous Escapes

we had in our possession seven hundred cash—
shillings, and, leaving two hundred of these
Mr. Jennings, we took the remaining five
to pay for the cart. Passing through the
the farther end, where the inn was, we were
by some men, one of whom gave me a sharp
a stick and snatched the money from me, the
ove us on with sticks out of the village, and
us quite from the rest of the party. After we
the party, it began to rain, and Mr. Jennings
adies decided to move on to a little empty hut
adside, fifty yards distant, and there await our
th the cart. Misses Huston and Rice said
d go more slowly, and join them as soon as
Just as the ladies had settled into this hut, a
f men came up, and, beating them with sticks
s, drove them on through the village in the
we had gone, and they came up with us a few
her on. Misses Huston and Rice were now
d, and it being impossible for us to go back to
, we deemed it best to push on to Tse-chau,
st city, twenty miles off, and ask the official



'Kill the Foreign Devils'

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Syndicate have been planning to open mines and railroads, and the people seemed infuriated with one of the Syndicate agents. They said that taking these observations had ruined the *'feng-shui* (luck), and so caused the drought this year. Unfortunately, they thought I was this person, and I should certainly have been killed, had I not been able to prove in each village we passed through that I was not the person they took me to be. As we walked along, crowds followed us, and sometimes most of us were lying on the ground with men pounding us with sticks and bricks. In the villages they howled at us, "Kill the foreign devils!"

'I always had to single out a few grey-haired men and address them as follows:—"These men think that I am the man who was here last year on mining business, but I can prove that I am not. 1st. He could not speak Chinese, and I can, and you understand me. 2nd. His hair was cut short, and I have a queue, and a queue the length of mine could not grow in a year, as you all know." The people were convinced, and a queue saved my life. In one village, they had bound my hands together, intending to tie me up to a tree and beat me to death. Even the little children were not spared, and sore and swollen were our bodies when we arrived that night at Tse-chau. They refused us admittance, so we slept in the gateway. Next day, I sought to see the official, but we were denied, and not even allowed to enter the city, so stayed in the gateway till noon. We heard the Roman Catholic cathedral there had been destroyed two days before, and the soldiers were guarding the city gates to prevent the escape of the priests. The enmity of officials and people alike seemed to be chiefly against the Roman Catholics and the mining and railroad engineers, and we had all along

Marvellous Escapes

to prove that we were neither, but, being missionaries, were allowed to escape with and advised to make all haste to Hankow. Our children with us was usually enough to prove we were not Roman Catholic priests.

Tse-chau we got a road pass, as we supposed us to an escort from city to city all the way to Hankow; but we afterwards learned it was a mistake, and that we were to be conducted as common

At noon on Saturday, July 14, we left on with common wooden pack-saddles, and the ladies endured riding those animals for two days. The suffering at Huai-ch'ing in Honan, is indescribable. They were nursed at Hankow for the sores caused at

We reached Huai-ch'ing, and were treated well by the officials there, and at our next place, Wu-chi. There were many of the better people who had much sympathy with us, but dared not say too much, fearing the anti-foreign officials. We now suffered eight days' cruel treatment in and the sole cause was—a vicious Governor and the rabble on defenceless foreigners. We had



'I would have had you Killed' 125

official document we had got at Tse-chau was not a proper one. So we had to return to Wu-ch'i. There we found Miss Huston, who had been brought on by the Tse-chau magistrate, and who was very badly wounded in the head, the brain being exposed. The Wu-ch'i magistrate told us he could do no more than to escort us to the south bank of the Yellow River, and leave us there to make our own way to Chen-chou, where we could ask assistance at the Yamen. We went again in carts to the north bank of the Yellow River, and there our escort left us and returned with the carts, leaving us in hopeless condition, with the river to cross and no passport. We remained on the bank of the river two days and one night, with but very little hope of getting across unless we got an official pass; but at last, on Sunday afternoon, July 22, the man in charge of the ferry told us to get into a courier boat, and we crossed, being put on shore about one hundred yards below the proper landing-stage.

'We walked thirteen miles to Chen-chou, and went direct to the Yamen to plead our cause. The magistrate himself came out to meet us, and he proved to be very anti-foreign. He stamped his feet as he spoke to me, and said, "Fortunately for you, an edict has come to-day, ordering that all foreigners be sent under escort to Hankow, and I can send you on. Had you come here yesterday, I would have had you all killed." He had the necessary document written, and we were sent on by cart, but as common criminals, lodged every night in the common jails, with only a division of wooden bars between us and the chained criminals of China. This treatment continued for six days, till we reached Chioh-shan, where we were taken to a temple, and the mandarin's wife sent sweetmeats for the children.

Marvellous Escapes

in-yang Chao, the border city of Honan, which
ed on Monday, July 30, we were treated well,
es were given us. There we stopped three
ause soldiers were passing through *en route* for
nd it was feared that if we met them on the
ble might arise. It was here, too, that we
Mr. and Mrs. Glover, their two children, and
es, who had fled from Lu-an Fu the day before
u-ch'eng, and we learned from them that they
similar treatment to ourselves. Now we had
the Hupeh province, ruled over by Chang
g, and we were treated well by all the officials,
ad of travelling, as before, in carts, we had
irs. We found, too, that the native Christians
avour with the officials, and the rest of our
o Hankow was done in comparative comfort,
at our Mission House on Tuesday morning,
t, in all forty-nine days since we left P'ing-yao.
ddition to Miss Rice, whose death I have
ferred to, four others of our party died on the
o of our own children died from fatigue and
were buried in Honan. Mrs. Cooper and



The Glover Party

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We feel, also, that great credit is due to the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, who persistently telegraphed to the Governor of Honan that safe conduct should be given to foreigners passing through that province.'

The foregoing account of the escape of the Saunders party would not be complete without some description of the adventures and trials of the Glover party, which left Lu-an, in Shan-si, six days before the party from Lu-ch'eng, but which eventually was overtaken by them in Sin-yang, on the borders of Honan, and both parties travelled in company the remainder of the way to Hankow.

On June 6, 1900, the Mission compound of the China Inland Mission at Lu-an was attacked at midnight by an idolatrous procession, which had been to the temple to pray for rain. The attack did not result in serious damage, but was sufficient to show the temper of the people, and the necessity there was for immediate flight. Mr. and Mrs. Glover left Lu-an on June 9, intending to go to the coast *via* Tien-tsin, and they reached another station of the Mission at Shun-teh, in the province of Chih-li. Here they stopped eleven days; but as the Boxers were getting more openly violent, they dared not show themselves, and could not proceed, so eventually they decided to return to Lu-an, and if necessary make their way through Honan to Hankow. Ten miles from Shun-teh, at a place called I-ch'eng, they 'were stoned, captured, and given over to death,' but they were delivered, like Paul of old, in a most miraculous way, and in a manner for which they could not account except by attributing it to God's restraining hand on mob violence. After a series of dangers and trials, they succeeded in reaching Lu-an,

Marvellous Escapes

They found Miss Gates, who had decided to remain at the station when the Glovers left, just on the point of making her escape to the mountains.

And Mrs. Glover got back to Lu-an on July 3. The next day word came from Lu-ch'eng of the whereabouts of the Saunders party in full flight from the city.

Mr. Glover immediately called on the Governor of the city, and he was refused an audience. The same night word came privately that the Governor had a message for him, if he would send a trustworthy person to receive it. This was done; and he was told of the Empress-Dowager's secret intention to withdraw all protection from foreigners, and that a flight was decided on.

July 6, the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Glover and two children, and Miss Gates, started for Hankow. They hired mule litters, in which they were to be conveyed to Chau-kia-keo, where they expected to secure boats to take them on the remainder of their journey. This design was successful in the good providence of God, for had they remained at Chau-kia-keo, it seems, they would certainly



Robbed and Maltreated

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given signal the whole mass fell upon the litters, and struggled and fought like wild beasts over the baggage. Mr. Glover with one of the children had cleared out of his mule-litter in time, but Mrs. Glover and the other child seemed almost buried under a frantic mass of struggling humanity, from which it seemed impossible that they should come out alive. However, in a short time they emerged, apparently calm and uninjured, and Miss Gates, too, seemed miraculously preserved.

After the mob had seized and carried off all the baggage, the party found themselves alone and untouched, so they wandered back to the village to wait for the faithful Chinese helpers who stood by them in this perilous journey. To go back seemed impossible, so they determined to continue the journey on foot. They had not gone far when a crowd of evil men from the villages round began to follow them. At the next village they sat down on the doorstep of a little food shop, while the mob hemmed them in and refused to let them pass. Suddenly the suspense was ended by the crowd seizing them and tearing the clothes off their bodies. Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates had their upper garments stripped off, the children had only their combinations left, and Mr. Glover was stripped almost naked, but again no further harm was done to them. Mr. Glover had a pair of pants given him and a tattered beggar's coat, and in this plight they travelled on to the next village.

The villagers surrounded them and seemed ready to attack them. They were told to go a certain road, where it was evidently intended to fall upon them; but instead of going on this road they took a side path, and, strange as it may seem, the crowd suddenly came to a dead halt, and they presently found themselves

Marvellous Escapes

... torrent bed alone, and night came on and
... n shone brightly. They walked on for some
... and saw four men with mattocks waiting for
... These men told them to come to a temple near
... e they would find shelter for the night. On
... using they became abusive, and snatched the
... arments from Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates,
... them stripped to the waist. Mr. Glover,
... they did not touch, evidently considering his
... s not worth taking. As they were making off
... women's garments, Mr. Glover remonstrated
... n, and they suddenly threw down the garments
... taken, and made off. As soon as they had
... e wanderers fled, and got to a hollow in the
... ere they lay down, and, despite the cold, fell
... p, as they were utterly exhausted.

... on as the sun got hot, they began to move again,
... hirst was unbearable and the heat intolerable.
... me down from the hillside, and found a muddy
... which tasted as sweet as the purest water, and
... n lay down under the shade of some trees



Plots for their Murder

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method of procedure, as they were almost certain to perish of hunger if they went on by themselves, and the cart was shelter from the heat, and progress in the desired direction. They got in the cart, and proceeded to a place called Wang-fang, where formerly Mr. Glover had often preached. Here the people became very excited, and swarmed into the inn yard where they were, and it was soon evident that they were again in the hands of the Boxers. From their talk, it seemed evident they meant to kill them, but the official and Yamen runners who had brought them to the place, though in sympathy with the people, yet did not wish to be compromised, so they in whispers decided to drive off before the refugees could get into the cart; but Miss Gates overhearing the plot, the whole party got on to the cart and refused to move. The people and official people were furious at this frustration of their plan, but were obliged to take them on. The crowd ran along, hooting and bellowing, and followed them a considerable distance.

Arrived at Tui-ch'eng, they were taken to the inn, which had a large courtyard, and put into a room, where their escort wished to lock them in. Soon a heathen procession filled the inn yard, and, getting restless, finally broke into the room which the party were occupying. The landlord, fearing a riot and destruction of his property, told them to leave; but on Mr. Glover refusing, he was seized and dragged out amongst the crowd. Mrs. Glover, Miss Gates, and the children followed, determined, if they were to die, to die *together*. They were surrounded by a crowd of several thousands, and Mrs. Glover seeing that their only hope seemed to be in the official who was escorting them, seized his hand; Miss Gates then seized the other, and the others joined on. In this way they moved

Marvellous Escapes

town, and by and by, to their intense relief, me, and they proceeded on their journey. After a large four miles off, the official again tried to get the slip, but Mr. Glover seized the animal's head and pulled the cart till they all got in again; but when going on, they were driven back to Tui-ching left all night in the street near the gate, in company with a number of beggars. They had nothing to eat or cover them, had no food and no sleep. The morning broke on Monday, July 9, they found themselves for hours without food or water, till a kindly official by gave them some water to drink, and, as Mr. Glover pathetically says—'The Lord remember me of water.' After a long time, the official gave them with some bread, and two small trolley carts, for coal hauling in these mountainous regions. Then they got, and were bumped about on them for several miles—a journey of seven or eight hours under a burning sun.

At Kao-p'ing, they were more kindly treated by the officials. Mr. Glover exchanged his beggar's rags for some more decent clothing, and money was



'Lodged in a Filthy Jail' 133

on their weary way. Some money was given the soldiers to buy some straw hats such as coolies wear, but the soldiers kept the money and did not buy the hats, so they had to proceed bareheaded under a fierce, blazing sun.

At Lan-chen, on the Shan-si border, they were set down outside a small official's place, and were told they could be escorted no farther. However, they were taken to an inn, where the night was spent in great discomfort, and plottings were heard to kill them, and an attempt made to poison them with sulphur fumes. After two days' waiting, they got an escort and cart sent, and proceeded without serious mishap till they reached Huai-king, another large prefectural city.

Here the magistrate treated them kindly, and provided good food, and heard sympathetically their piteous tale. They had some clothing and money given them, and next day he sent them on in covered carts to Wu-ch'i. From Wu-ch'i, for three days they had to travel on barrows, without head covering; in some places treated well, in others lodged as common prisoners in the filthy jail. After arrival at Sin-yang, the official treated them with the utmost kindness, and here they remained eight days resting, as the official did not think the roads safe for travel, as so many soldiers were passing on the roads. Here new clothing was provided, and everything was done for their comfort as far as possible. Five days after they arrived there, the Saunders party joined them, and together they made their way to Hankow; but on the way the cup of bitter sorrow was made more full by the death of Mr. Saunders's little boy, and then Mrs. Cooper died, and Miss Huston followed, and finally, Mrs. Glover, after giving birth to a daughter in Hankow, was some time after, with her baby, taken to rest in the eternal home above.

CHAPTER XI

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE

December of 1900 messengers arrived at the
giving tidings that at Ping-yang-fu in Shan-si,
ionaries still survived the terrible massacres
been perpetrated in that province. These sur-
e: Mrs. P. A. Ogren, Miss M. E. Way, Miss
oman, and Mr. Graham M'Kie, all of the China
ssion. They had, it appears, been for months
among the mountains, and had escaped
hich had befallen so many of their fellow-
es. The M'Kie party finally returned to their
ad, owing to the instructions received from
ey had been forwarded to the prefectural city of

Hsiliang's cavalry, direct from T'ai-yuen-fu, with twice as many foot-soldiers. These were escorting three mule litters containing the last of the poor salvage saved from the deplorable wreck of foreign life in Shan-si. It is not often that these northern conveyances are seen so far south, and they created as much interest amongst the natives as amongst the foreigners. As they stood on the road after the animals had been taken out, a wondering group of coolies surrounded them. "Ah ya! what a chair, it could seat six; I would like to see the men who carry it." "That is a horse chair; you know nothing; men don't carry it." "Are horses permitted to carry chairs now?" When they awoke to this new fact, the party gave a general sigh, as much as to say, "Whatever now, in these days of multiplying carriages and rickshaws, will become of the poor chair coolies, since horses have taken to carrying chairs?"

'Our interest, however, was in the occupants of these curious conveyances. There was Mrs. Ogren with her two babies, Miss Way, Miss Chapman, and Mr. Graham M'Kie. They had at last been forwarded to the British Consul by the Shan-si authorities.'

The following account, written by Miss Way, will put the reader in possession of the facts regarding the wanderings and adventures of Mr. M'Kie's party, and the subsequent account by Mrs. Ogren will detail what happened to her and her husband before the party finally came together.

Miss M. E. Way writes as follows:—

'*Wednesday, July 4, 1900.*—We were compelled to leave. Miss Chapman and I escaped out of the city dressed in men's clothing. A few native Christians met us just outside the city gate; Mr. M'Kie followed behind, and somehow missed us. After some considerable time

A Wonderful Deliverance

ed in finding us. We walked thirty li (ten miles) to Niu-tsuen, and about two in the Miss Chapman and I were shown into a mud room. Mr. M'Kie into an old loft belonging to one of the Christians. We laid our weary heads down, and our straw hats under our heads for pillows, until 10 a.m., when an old woman brought us food and water. She was very excited, and said the Boxers had just called and enquired about Christians, and wanting to know if they were Christians.

They said "No," but the Boxers did not believe us, and took the old father to a temple almost immediately. He worshipped idols, and they let him off with a fine of 16,000 cash (about £1 or \$5, gold). He was sorry he should deny Christ, but he came back saying, saying that he only denied Christ outwardly, that down in his heart he loved Christ, and that if he did not worshipped the idols the Boxers would not have taken him to his home and found us.

We were forced to leave that night at dusk; we walked twenty li (twenty English miles) up into the Yellow Mountains. We got there at break of day, and were met by an old man who was mending a temple:



Flight at Midnight

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with rats and vermin. Our faithful boy handed food to us three times a day; he stayed in an old cave at the side. We promised this thief thirty taels to keep us secretly for three months. At the end of six weeks we had twenty-five taels sent to us by one of the Christians, also a letter telling us of a good way to get to Hankow. The village people seemed to have suspicions that we were hiding in this loft, so we thought it best to start for Hankow. We intended walking all night and hiding during the day. We succeeded in getting an escort of six—three Christians and three outsiders, two of them being thieves; one of them showed us a knife that had killed eight people.

‘On August 18 we started off at midnight, and seemed to be full of joy thinking that we would reach Hankow safely. My message from the Word when we started out was, “The God of peace shall be with you.” We tramped up one very steep mountain, up to our necks in wet scrub, there having been a terrible thunderstorm the night before, so the walking was very difficult. We had a donkey with us belonging to our boy; while climbing up the mountain he caught hold of the donkey’s tail, I caught hold of his hand, Mr. M’Kie of mine, and Miss Chapman of Mr. M’Kie’s.

‘In this way we got to the top of the mountain about break of day, when we came to two caves—a lower and an upper one. We had a rug each and a change of clothing, so we took off our wet clothing and laid ourselves to rest. At the bottom of this cave was a human skeleton. The old thief came up to look, and said, “This is a fine place, I’ll know where to come to again.” About half an hour after, we heard a tremendous noise, as if the men were killing one another. Then there was profound silence for about half an hour. Mr.

A Wonderful Deliverance

en said he would go to the lower cave and see if he did not bring us food. I said, "Don't go; it is death to show yourself in open daylight." He did not find the men had gone; we knew not what to do, as we were simply lost on the mountains. We thought that the thieves had killed or bound the Christians. We then left our few things in the cave, scrambled up to the top of another high mountain, taking off our outer garments to drag one up. We then went down the other side on our hands and feet, and were very much bruised when we reached the bottom. Some natives were watching us, but they had never seen any one attempt to get up in a place.

The natives gave us a drink and a cucumber. They seemed a little friendly. We offered them 100 (about £15 or \$75, gold) if they would escort us to the village, but they laughed, and said we would not get them to undertake that. They told us that the next village was seven miles away, so we walked on. The sun was very hot; we had large straw hats, but we could not see through them. We got to the village

last in our thought that all six could be bound. We went on a little way, and I was so tired that I dropped down. Mr. M'Kie pleaded with them to let us rest, and then we would go on to where they wanted us to go; but they would not hear of this, and hurried us off. But one man brought us a drink; how we enjoyed it! We never seemed to feel hungry, but we felt the pain of thirst very much. We walked on a little farther, when I dropped down again and almost fainted. They then saw that we could not go on, and so they all sat round us with their large knives and weapons. I had no fear. I realised that Jesus "went all the way to Calvary—all the way to Calvary, He went for me; all the way to Calvary, He went for me." I just leaned my head over and commended my dear ones to God; so sure was I that the next few minutes I should enter the presence of the King.

'One man whispered in Mr. M'Kie's ear, "Brother, you have a few friends here, but they dare not help you." The people then calmed down, and Mr. M'Kie asked the headman if he could read; he said "Yes." Then he took out an old passport and showed it. After a little while, the man handed it back and released us, and told us that we could sleep in an old temple. This was indeed a wonderful deliverance! We then went to the temple, and the people brought us some black bread and water. We did not get any rest, as the people crowded round us till midnight, then left us with two wicked men.

'With great difficulty we got away from these men about three in the morning, and then scrambled up some hills and one high mountain. It was then daylight; we could find no place of shelter, so we were in the broiling sun the whole day, lying flat the whole time, in case we

A Wonderful Deliverance

seen. When night came we were very thirsty ;
not have a headache from the sun, although our
feet were blistered. We walked and walked till we
were tired, and at last found a little creek by a bed of
maize. Here we quenched our thirst and lay down in
the bed of maize to sleep. We had nothing but what
we had up in. We started out on July 4 with thin
clothing, and had the same on in October. We
lay very well in this bed of maize ; the ground was
soft as the maize had been watered. The weather
was a change, and we shivered very much.
At five the next morning a man passed by with
a gun and a dog ; we lay flat down, so that he should
not see us. We then had a little prayer together. I
said that the Lord would take us to heaven soon.
We then went to go to the nearest house and beg for
food. This we did, but they refused to give us anything ;
an old woman gave us a bit of bread about four
days ; this we received gratefully, then had a
rest in the little creek, and went on to a small village.
We drank all sorts of water and ate anything we
could get. Still our God kept us in health. "And the

a man came running after us. He seemed to be in a great rage; we thought he was a Boxer; we waited calmly for him to come up. I looked to Jesus and said, "Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy child through sunshine or through tempest wild." He soon came up to us, and then calmed down and began talking about the six men who were still bound in the temple. We asked to be taken to them, as we thought it would be best if we all died together; we heard that probably they would be beheaded. This man showed us the way; we got there about noon. This time the people did not greet us with knives; they gave us some drink and some bread. We sat down amongst the scrub; the people talked to us and gathered around us, then left us, telling us to leave the place, as it meant danger for them. They said they had been offered one hundred taels to deliver us up to the Boxers. Mr. M'Kie said, "There is no hope for us." I said, "Yes, a glorious hope—a glorious hope, if we go to heaven, and also if we are spared"; but we never thought we would be spared.

'During this time we heard terrible rumours about the native Christians and missionaries, which afterwards turned out to be true. As the sun was setting a man came up to us; he thought we had silver, and was just about to search Miss Chapman, when we looked up and saw our faithful boy. We almost cried with joy. We had previously arranged to try and walk back to Kuh-wu, which was impossible without some one to lead us. Our boy said they were released from the temple, and the others had gone home as fast as they could, and begged him not to come and look for us, as they were sure we should get into the Boxers' hands. He did not listen to them, but decided to look for us; so one of the thieves said, "I won't let you go alone."

A Wonderful Deliverance

‘The two of them led us over the mountains. We walked all night, and hid during the day behind some rocks on the top of a very steep mountain; we had a little bread with us. About 4 p.m. a terrible thunderstorm came, and we were drenched. We wandered over the mountains looking for a place of shelter, but did not find one. The boy suggested that we should go to a cave at the back of his house about twenty miles distant; this we consented to do, so on we went through the dense scrub; it thundering, lightning, and raining the whole time. All that was left of my shoes was a piece of the heel tied at the back of my ankle; my clothes were hanging in rags, through being caught in the scrub, having just to pull them away in haste. About 9 p.m. we came to a clump of trees; the men told us that we must stay there for the night. We refused to do so, as there was no place to sit down, it was all pools of water; and if we could keep walking it would keep us warm, as we had no clothing to change.

‘The boy then said he would try and find the way; we went a little farther, and we heard a big stone fall. We called out to our boy; the reply was a deep groan; with great difficulty we got to him, and thought he was dead. We sat there the whole night, our feet resting in a creek of water. It was so dark and the scrub so dense that we were simply helpless. After about an hour we found that his foot was seriously injured, but none of his limbs broken; he seemed in great pain. At break of day he said he would try and walk to the cave and tell some one to come to us with food before it was dark. We had big sticks to help us in walking; he took one of these sticks, and the thief went with him. We prayed that God would give us a fine day, and the sun came out bright and beautiful, and

dried our clothes on us. It was so nice to feel dry and warm.

'We were all day without food, and about 4 p.m. two thieves brought us bread, and then led us to the cave. On arrival they gave us a drink of boiling water and some hot bread; then showed us into the cave. It was such a terrible-looking place that we said we would not go in; we would rather sleep on the mountains. But our boy was in the cave, and told us to come in. We went in, and after a while lay down to sleep. We were so wet and dirty! During all these wanderings we had not washed our faces or combed our hair. About midnight we were aroused by three men at the top of the cave crying, "Sah! sah! sah!" (Kill! kill! kill!); we thought our last moment had come.

'Our boy rushed to the top of the cave, and kept them talking till daylight. They were about to kill the thief who had led us over the mountains; we afterwards found they were discussing who should take us over the mountains and kill us. The next night our boy told us we must leave, as it was too dangerous to be there, and said, "There is nothing to do now but to go on to my home; you are welcome to share the bit of food we have; my relations have gone away to hide, but I will get my wife to come back." We were delighted with this thought, and started off with our boy at dusk. We got to Niu-tsuen, the place where we started from when we left Kuh-wu. There was a very deep gully a mile or two away from the village, and several caves. Our boy's foot was so painful that he could not walk on to his home, and so we were compelled to go to the caves, as we thought just to await death. We felt sorry that this faithful boy was now kept from leading us; but it was God's wonderful

A Wonderful Deliverance

A few days afterwards we heard that the man had gone to his home and destroyed it ; his wife had gone away to hide, and thus escaped the enemy, and if his foot had not been injured, we would have killed there.

We remained in these caves six weeks. We were attacked three times, but the Lord turned the people off kindly. An inquirer came at midnight and brought us bread and water. Sometimes the bread was hard. We used to take it in turns to sit up all night and watch for the wolves ; during these hours I felt the presence of the Lord precious and loved to sing inwardly all the hymns I could think of. My favourite ones I sang in a whisper every day : " See Him face to face," " Loved with an ever-loving," and " Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy people." We had no Bible ; how we missed the precious Word of God ! I prayed day by day that God would send us a Bible, and when I got to P'ing-yang-fu I had my own returned. We have proved our God true in prayer. Hallelujah !

One night an inquirer came to us, and told us there



MR. MCKIE AND PARTY IN PING YANG FU. MRS. GLOVER.
 MR. AND MRS. D. KAY AND DAUGHTER.
 MRS. COOPER. M. E. HUSTON. P. A. OGREN.



get back a strong proclamation was out for our protection and the scattering of the Boxers. They then had to escape for their own lives !

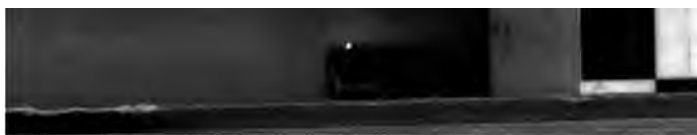
'How we praised God for this wonderful answer to prayer ! "Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you." We then prayed that God would send us clothes, as we were so cold, it now being October. At midnight four Christians came to see us ; two from Hong-tong, and two from P'ing-yang-fu. They brought us some silver, and one of them took off his thick coat and gave it to Mr. M'Kie. They told us all about the death of dear Mr. and Mrs. Kay, and told us that we were the only foreigners in the whole of the province. After prayer they went away (just before daylight), and our boy walked to Kuh-wu and brought us some wadded clothes. God answered our prayers concerning our boy ; his foot was almost healed. Next night he brought us these clothes. How glad we were to cast off our rags ! The inquirer brought us a Chinese comb, and we succeeded in getting all the knots out of our hair. Several times we thought of asking this inquirer if he would shave our heads.

'Our boy was very much upset, as he found that nearly every one knew where we were ; he said it was very dangerous, and asked one of our friends to take us into his loft. After a great deal of persuasion he consented, and we went about 2 a.m. In the room below the loft were two little girls with smallpox, and one died. How marvellously God kept us in health ! We slept on wet ground time after time, and in the pouring rain, yet we did not have a cold nor even a headache, or dysentery from impure water.

'While in this loft we thought of a plan to get to Hankow secretly, by dressing up as soldiers ; others

suggested that we should go in coffins; but still we waited, and Christians came to us and told us that the mandarin was sending soldiers to look for us, as they wanted to protect us. Meanwhile we heard that wicked men with knives and weapons had been looking everywhere in these caves for us, so we were just delivered in time. We then agreed that we would give ourselves up—come what might. We were so worn out that we just longed to go to our heavenly home. I felt the influence of the prayers of God's children very much. I often felt quite lifted up, and the thought would come, some one is praying for us, and I looked for wonderful answers. I kept the day and date all along; they called me the almanac. Sometimes I would think, What day is to-day? "Why, Saturday." The Melbourne C.I.M. meets at 4 p.m., Adelaide 7 p.m., Shanghai 7.30 p.m. I reckoned up to the time and in spirit met with them, and often pleaded with God that He would pour out upon His children the spirit of prayer. God gave us wonderful peace; our rest of soul never seemed to be disturbed; though we heard of the terrible tortures and sufferings of our brothers and sisters, still we never felt nervous. My nerves to-day are stronger than ever, and I would not wish to feel better in health. I am hoping not to go home, but to have a rest, and then return to Shan-si.

'*Sunday, October 31.*—At midday the Kuh-wu mandarin sent carts and soldiers to take us to Kuh-wu. How rejoiced we were that we could be out in the open daylight! We did enjoy that ride, and arrived just as it was getting dark. The mandarin had hired a house, as the chapel and mission-house were destroyed. They were very kind to us, and brought us nice food, and offered to do anything for us if we would stay; but we heard that



Arrival at Hankow

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Mrs. Ogren was alone in Ping-yang-fu, and we felt that we must join her. The city people were very friendly, and begged us to stay ; the next day we had a skirt each presented to us. How delighted we were ! Then the Hsien mandarin arrived from P'ing-yang with a party of soldiers to take us, and we joined Mrs. Ogren on October 24. She was alone at Ping-yang when Mr. Ogren died. Her little boy was almost at death's door with starvation. The mandarin bought a cow, and this little one has been saved. Mrs. Ogren had a little girl given to her December 8. We started for Hankow January 6, with a hundred foot-soldiers, sixteen horse-soldiers, and a mandarin from T'ai-yuen-fu. It was a very difficult journey, in the depth of winter. We had to stay in the inns several days on account of the snow. We arrived at Hankow February 18, and never shall I forget the warm welcome we received ; it was almost too much for us to bear.'

and soon the rumour went over all the country. A man who had promised to bring rain for which service he should get several taels, if he failed he should be killed. When no rain came, the people grew more and more angry.

'Now came our worst danger. At the end of June, two men arrived, reporting that they had no goods, but their language seemed to be a Shantung or Chinese dialect. One of them paid a fellow thirty cash to show where foreigners lived. Other similar mysteries were arriving. The awe-struck whisper went that Boxers had come. People feared then that they wore buttons which kindled fires, and girls to recruit the "Red-Lantern Society." Transformation of stories in other parts of the country. Stories went abroad that ships had come loaded with boxes. In these boxes, said the people, had managed to peep through the holes on the side of each, were foreign soldiers. On arrival of these foreign troops, said the people, "as Boxers were called," had been sent to heaven.

'In a few days black posters were out all over the country, were drilling their recruits. During the Boxer movement...

from foreign shells; but our mails had now stopped, and we had no means of learning the real state of affairs. But when we saw how the Boxers everywhere won great numbers of followers, we did not think they could be fleeing in defeat.

'The people very quickly turned from fearing to trusting the Boxers. As soon as they came, the crowds of famine sufferers who had before threatened us ceased coming, for they had a new ally to destroy us and allow rain to come again. We kept our chapel closed, and allowed only those to come to us whom we invited for Sunday meetings. From the time of my husband's return, we had soldiers guarding our place all the time. After the Boxers came, the official advised us to leave. But we had heard from P'ing-yao that all was quiet there, and, in answer to letters, were advised to remain with the inquirers who had gathered round us. So we still delayed leaving. We hoped God would keep us safe till the danger had passed.

'One morning our servant woman, an inquirer, wanted to leave us. We asked her why, and she made some excuse of going to a relative. But finally she told us her son had come and warned her not to stay, as we were to be killed. Then we found out that during the night the headman of the gentry had sounded a gong round the streets, and warned people not to take water from the spring—where nearly the whole city got their water—because the foreigners had poisoned it. This story came from my husband sending the evangelist late at night to our servant with a letter which he wished him to take early in the morning to P'ing-yao; and in going to the servant's house he passed the spring with the letter in his hand. A mob gathered in the night to come and destroy us, but the headman told

in the Hands of the Boxers

ait, and he would accuse us to the official in
ng.

usband went as soon as he heard this story to
a. He told the official what was going on, and
y. The headman was called, and asked who
the spring was poisoned. Those he named
ght in and punished. They had merely seen
list pass the spring. Sure enough, that fore-
water turned red. We suppose this was done
kers to influence the people against us.

—We received a letter from Mr. Price and Mr.
in Fenchou. They told us of the murder of
at Hsiao-i-Hsien. They also told us the
d the "Red-Lantern Society" of women had
Mr. Atwater, but were punished by the
but this mandarin was now in disgrace with
officials for friendship with foreigners, and
degraded. The people there had become
ever, and we were invited to go and stay in
But our official still promised to do all in his
elp us, so we remained where we were.

fficial told my husband he must not come to

'We had already cut a secret door through the wall at the back of our garden, and plastered it over, so that we could open it and escape if a riot should occur. The secretary brought us, one night after midnight, 100 taels from the official. We gave a receipt for this, and also arranged that the official should take charge of our property when we left. Everything was packed up, and arrangements made for an escort to the Yellow River, eighty li away, on the morning of July 13. We settled up with servants, etc., and got a few boxes ready to take along. The night of July 12, about midnight, the secretary came to us to make final arrangements. He then went back to the Yamen and brought seals to put on our boxes. While he was in the house talking with us, one of the soldiers who were guarding us cried out, "There is a man in the tree" just outside our garden. He ran in for his sword, and then began such a yelling and confusion that we thought the time had come to escape for our lives. But the secretary told us not to be afraid; it was all right. Soon the uproar ceased, and the soldiers came back, saying the man had dropped from the tree and run for his life. He was evidently a Boxer spy, who was watching to see when we left, that they might catch us. So we finished our work and tried to get a little rest before starting.

'In the dim twilight of breaking day there came to our door a litter, carried high on the backs of two mules, and covered over with a mat awning. This was to carry us to Ch'ih-k'ou, a market town on the Yellow River eighty li away. We came silently out and mounted. Quickly and noiselessly we started off on our long journey to Hankow. Only God knew what lay before us—how we should turn longingly toward our home for rest and safety, and how our roads must part; one going to the

n the Hands of the Boxers

beyond the sea, the other to the new home
e shores of time. Enough for us to know we
r on our way, with a guard of half a dozen
spite of all the counsels of our enemies. Well
we left when we did, for only two days later
n Catholic places not far away were destroyed
kers.

ached Ch'ih-k'ou safely, but found the people
en insurrection. Our official had sent stringent
he local official at Ch'ih-k'ou to hire us a boat
us quickly on our way to T'ung-kwan, from
e we were to go on to Hankow as quickly as
So a boat was secured for 50 taels, and we
mbark, not daring to show ourselves out of the
e people were preparing to attack us, so the
l went forward and exhorted them to be quiet,
doctrines were not the same as the Roman
and we had nothing to do with them. We
own the river bank, our soldier guards firing
and yelling like demons. The official had
s to the water's edge, and as we went on the
leave of us very politely. This seemed to be

This boat journey was a great strain on us, from the constant fear of wreck. The river is so swift that no boats attempt to ascend it. They are sold at T'ung-kwan for almost nothing, though many are wrecked on the way.

'We travelled seventeen miles that day, and stopped at a place where our guard had to be changed. Our money was now nearly all gone, so we concluded to send back by the soldiers returning to Yungning for some more silver from the official there. We waited four days, and no answer came. Had our trust been in man, we should have despaired, but we looked above for care and comfort.

'On the fourth day some ill-disposed men visited us. The river here forms the boundary between Shan-si and Shen-si. These men said they were from Wu-pu Hsien, whose walls we could see on the opposite side of the river in Shen-si. They demanded 50 taels, saying we must not be let off to our own land unpunished. Some advised us to conciliate them by a feast, others told us to have nothing to do with them. They kept trying to frighten us by telling of a place three miles below on the Shen-si side where we must stop for the customs inspector, and that our boat would be seized there by the people and all our goods stolen. Our outlook was dark indeed, but when the need is greatest the help is nearest.

'Next night an answer came from the official at Yungning by the secretary Ch'in, who had helped us so much before. He brought with him 30 taels of silver, also a letter from the Fenchow missionaries, which had come after our departure. This said that all was quiet there. We thought that now we had money enough to reach T'ung-kwan, three hundred miles away

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over the rapids. My husband told the secretary of the threats made by the men from Wu-pu Hsien, so two soldiers were sent to secure protection at the customs station mentioned. How we now praised God for again calming the storm which raged about us, and speaking peace to our hearts by His "Fear not, it is I."

'The secretary had also been instructed to get us a larger and better boat, and send us on with all speed. No doubt the same orders had now reached Yungning as were sent to all other officials, to help the Boxers kill the foreigners, and our official was sending us away by the quickest, though also most dangerous, way. For the exchange of boats we had to pay 12 taels. Another part of the 30 taels was to be given the two soldiers who had come with the secretary to guard us to T'ung-kwan for their expenses on the way back. So we had but a few taels left for use on the way. The secretary now bade us farewell, and returned with the other two soldiers whom he had brought along. He gave us a very cordial letter of recommendation from the Yungning official to be shown at official places. It spoke in warm terms of my husband, and asked kind care for him on his journey.

'We started on again, and soon reached the customs place of which we had been warned. Sure enough, a crowd of roughs came at us, and were even ready to attack our guard. But when the officials at the customs-house saw this, they called out to them, "Catch the dogs; tie them and bring them here." This quieted the rowdies, and we passed unmolested. Now our boat shot down the roaring rapids, the muddy water boiling round us as it went tossing over the rocks. We were in constant fear that our boat would go to pieces on the rocks, and we sink to a watery grave. Our sense of danger

was just as great as later when we were in the hands of Boxers. But God kept us safe from shipwreck. In two days we reached Lung Wang Chan, one hundred and seventy miles from Ch'ih-k'ou. From here it was five days by land to P'ing-yang-fu, and still one hundred and seventy miles by the river to T'ung-kwan. There is a rapid here so dangerous that for three miles the boat must be taken on shore and dragged past the rapid and launched again below.

'We arrived in the evening, and stopped for the night, intending to continue our journey in the morning. But when our guard went ashore they heard that a few days before some foreigners had been killed by Boxers at Yumenk'ou, thirty miles farther down the river, and their bodies thrown in the river. This was the party from Ho-tsin and Chichow. Now we were in great perplexity. We knew it would be impossible to pass Yumenk'ou, for neither our letter of recommendation from Yungning nor our entreaties would avail anything with the dreaded Boxers, and our guard of two men would not be able to protect us. They now advised us to divide up our goods—no doubt they would accept a share—and escape over the river into Shen-si.

'Near our halting-place they found an old ex-official, about eighty years of age, who knew our Yungning official, and for his sake showed us kindness. One of his enterprises was keeping an inn only a few steps from the shore. Next morning he came to us and invited us to his inn. He had some mules which were now away from home, but would be back in a few days, and then he would help us across the river and to a farm of his thirty miles from the river, where we could hide for a while. He said that since eight nations were fighting against China the war could not last long, and we could

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the mountains of Shen-si until peace came. We left the inn, and the two soldiers of our guard went to Yungning, taking with them a letter to the governor asking advice and help. We had not yet heard of a proclamation ordering all foreigners to be killed. We waited for an answer to our letter to reach us in Peking. But it never came.

26.—Our landlord's servants returned with word that we got ready to start. But thirty-three soldiers from P'ing-yang-fu under two officers came to see us and told us they had been sent with orders to drive the foreigners out of the province, and that we must go with them in the morning. We made excuses, for we saw they were not to be trusted. But when we said it would be impossible to start a long journey on foot with them, they answered angrily, "No difference about that; you be ready to go with us in the morning." When our old landlord, who had come thus far, saw them, he asked us where they were from and what they were doing. They told him they were out chasing foreign devils. He was a good man, and this so frightened him that he took no more notice of them. Before he got far, some roughs grabbed

came into our room, and, giving us a military salute, told us he had been to worship the spirit, and inquiring about us had got the answer, "Ming puh hsiang kan" ("No fear for their lives"). But if we had not had firmer ground than this for our faith, our hearts would have sunk with despair. We praised God for again delivering us, and prepared to go. A few of our most necessary things we put in a box and a hamper. These with some bedding we took on our flight; all the rest we left with Wu. He furnished us with two mules to go to his farm at Li-chia-san, twenty-seven miles beyond the river. He also gave us rice and flour for use on the journey, and said we could get what we needed from the tenant on his farm.

'He walked out a little way with us when we started, as we were to cross the river at a ferry three miles above. We saw a woman coming toward us waving her arms, as though motioning us back, and calling out something which we did not understand. We supposed she was speaking to the landlord, but he paid no attention, though he must have understood. He soon took leave of us, and we went on with the servants and a ferryman. Now we learned that the woman had told us not to go on, as there were some bad characters waiting for us up the road. When we had gone about a mile we saw some men skulking about among the rocks ahead of us. The ferryman called out, "Oh dear, now we are caught." We were much alarmed, but could do nothing but go forward, like Israel at the Red Sea. On one side were the steep rocky mountains; on the other, the rushing, muddy torrent, as far as we could see; behind, who knew how many enemies waited for us? and before were our foes crouching in sight behind a rock. I was riding one of the mules, our goods were

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on the other, and my husband came a little carrying our little Samuel.

I came up to the rock, the men came from it, brandishing their weapons and yelling, and us to stop. They demanded 300 taels (say ling). I got down from the mule and went up who stood swinging his sword. I begged him mercy on us, and told him to take all else of to spare some clothes for the baby. Perhaps something like pity, for when they had taken our down from the mule and were rifling them, this up a little baby shirt and passed it to me on of his sword. You may be sure I gladly took which would help to save my poor baby. The divided among them one thousand cash which lord had given us for road expenses, and then my handbag. I begged them to leave us one cash which was there, and they did so.

After they had taken what they wanted of our things, with the sword began whetting it with strange cuts such as Boxers used, and cried, "Shah" (Kill). I said that now our last hour had come, and our



THE TA NING MARTYRS.

F. E. NATHAN.

M. HEYSMAN.

M. R. NATHAN.

CAVE DWELLING, TA NING.

RUINED CHAPEL, TA NING.

[See p. 75.]





Kindness of Mr. Wu

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beyond their power. The servants of Mr. Wu would not cross the river with us, as had been promised us, but took the mules back home. Some people told us the old gentleman had sent us away only because he wanted to keep our things ; but this was hard to believe. When we got across the river it was dark and raining. The ferrymen were going to leave us alone there on the shore ; by promising them a good reward as soon as we could hear from Mr. Wu, we induced them to help carry our things up the bank, and they showed us two black, smoky caves where we could stop. This was where the ferrymen lived, and we found them anything but good men. In spite of our protests, they nearly used up the little flour we had, which we used to make gruel for little Samuel ; and they spoke very unkindly.

‘We had sent word by the returning servants of Mr. Wu of our robbery, and asked for the loan of one thousand cash. We waited in the caves four days for answer. We began to be uneasy, but as usual committed ourselves to God, waiting for His help. On the fourth day, a servant came from Mr. Wu with one thousand cash, but no mules, so we had to walk. The men who had helped carry our luggage up the bank claimed seven hundred cash for this service, and would not let us go unless we left with them our box as rent for the use of their cave four days. We managed to induce the servant who came with the cash to carry what baggage we had left.

‘We found the road very hard to travel, over the steep, rough mountains. In the broiling heat thirst parched us ; I could walk only a little way and then sink down exhausted. Our baby’s eyes were inflamed by the heat, and he suffered very much. But we had a small enamelled saucepan and a bottle of water, so

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ring him some condensed milk which we had native arrowroot, we kept him alive.

did not go far the first day. It took much to get permission to stop in a village over- next day we managed to hire a donkey for me and so finished the journey. Li-chia-san was of the village where the farm was. Mr. Wu us we could use his flour and rice at this the tenant's wife declared she would not let food until she saw the cash for it, although the who came with us told her his master had sent given permission to use his food. We could bidden lodging, so were given a cave outside yard. We sent a message by the servant started home, asking Mr. Wu to lend us some hey, holding the clothes we had left with him y. No answer came.

undown of our third day in Li-chia-san, we e men coming over the hill, and wondered they were messengers with money; they ut to be robbers. One of them we had seen



Three Days in a Cave

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as they demanded we must do, but finally got rid of them by giving them a paper allowing them to take anything they wished from the box left at the ferry. Of course it had not much in it by the time they got there.

'As soon as they were gone, four men came who said they were from Ich'uan Hsien Yamen with orders to arrest us. They were angry to find us already plundered, and went off to get their leader, who was about two miles away. The tenant now advised us to go to a cave deep in the mountains, where his wife would bring us food. As soon as it was dark we started, with the tenant's wife and young son as guides. The cave was only a small hole in the ground, from which my husband had to dig out lumps of earth, both to get more room and to build up a screen that the passing shepherds might not see us. The first day in this cave we had fire to make some gruel for the child. Then our matches were done, and we could not get a fire from native flint and steel, which we tried; so there was only cold water and raw flour for a nine-months' babe. He suffered terribly from hunger. The first two days we had some maize meal gruel and bread brought us in the evening to eat. But when the tenant's son-in-law brought it the second day, he said we would get no more from them. Next day we waited hungrily till dark, but no one came near. So we crept out of our hole and started back to Li-chia-san, which was only a mile or so away.

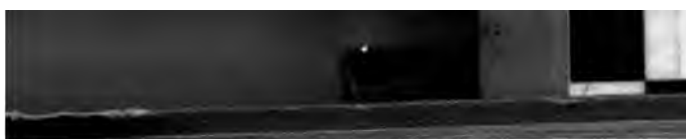
'The men at the farmhouse were very angry and brutal, but the women were kind. We asked them to help us by giving us a little flour, holding as security the few things of ours which were hidden with them. They flew into such a rage at the mere mention of such

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that we did not dare speak of the matter again. They offered to give us flour for a small mirror which I had, and by this we were able to live on a while longer. It cut me to the heart to see my husband and child suffer so much from hunger. I could endure the hunger much better than sometimes my husband was in awful agony from hunger. But when I grieved about it, he said, "It is no matter what we suffer for Jesus' sake." In the midst of hunger and privation he could say, "that through these sufferings the Church will be born into new life. The field is being watered, and what a harvest there will be!" He, too, wanted to join those who had shed their blood for Christ; and his comfort was in the assurance that he and the reaper shall rejoice together.

I arranged with the tenant's son-in-law, a most capable fellow, to go to our old friend Mr. Brown to get some more help. The distance was many miles, but he was gone seven days. We waited at the farm waiting. We heard this son-in-law

had gone, the landlord would not allow him



'My Yoke is Easy'

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Yungning. We felt safer in Shen-si than in Shan-si ; so thought of going north till opposite Yungning, then would cross the river and hurry secretly to the city and ask protection from the official, who we were sure would do all he could to help us. I still had my foreign scissors, and hoped we could persuade the ferryman to take them for our passage money. Next morning we turned our faces homeward—how we longed for home and rest once more after all our sufferings ! But what a long toilsome way lay before us !

'We knew not where we should find lodging, nor how we should get food ; for we were moneyless. We had only the clothes we wore, baby's quilt and pillow, the little saucepan, and a little bag of flour to make gruel for baby, and my scissors. But He who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head," who had for our sakes become poor, and for whose sake we were now poor, had not forsaken us. He had said, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment ?" Had we not come to China in full reliance upon Him ? Before leaving Sweden for China I had said, "The Lord will care for me ; and if not, I am willing to go through starvation into heaven." Was He now to take me at my word ? I wondered. Or would He only try me ? However it would end, I felt that to die of starvation for Jesus who died for me was easy. I found it true, "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

'When we set out from Li-chia-san, part of the people held back the tenant's son-in-law, who raged like a madman, and others escorted us out a little way.

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vent on over the wild, steep mountains through
ing heat. We avoided the larger roads, wish-
ep out of sight, and followed bypaths where
mes had to creep up mountain sides on hands
with difficulty keeping from rolling down the
es. The population was very sparse, but the
met were kind. They gave us food at least
y, and we always had some place to lodge.
us to keep away from the Yellow River, as
e men there seeking to harm us.

ne third day we were told that to go farther
must cross the Fen River, next in size to the
river, but with shallow, fordable places; and
ad better come to the river at a ford. When
to this river we could not tell where to try
t. After waiting till we had almost concluded
ack, we saw an old man come down to cross.
l to show us the way over. The current was
made one dizzy to look down, and the water
ep it was difficult to wade. The old man took
to keep me from being carried away. And I,
eking up to God took hold of the hand of

very clear. We kept on till sundown, when we suddenly came out of a narrow gully to a large village, where we saw the flags of a customs office. We had heard by the way that the official at Ich'uan had heard of our being in his region, and said he would neither help us nor harm us, so we felt it was necessary to keep hidden. But now we were seen by the villagers, and it was too late to turn back. They seemed to be expecting us, very likely having heard of our coming from some one who passed us during the day. My husband was very anxious, but we could only go on through the village, whatever might happen. The crowd which gathered round us made ribald sport as we passed, shouting in diabolic glee.

'We passed clear through the place, and were going on our way, when some bad-looking ruffians came running after us. They seized my husband by the queue and me by the arm, and dragged us back to the village. They seemed determined to kill us then and there; but some other men came and kept them from harming us, almost getting into a fight about us. So we were led away to a temple, and the men released us, after much entreaty. We were now searched for "medicine." Then they shut us up in a tumble-down room, which looked as though it might be used as a prison. We found the name of the place was Anhoch'u, and that the men who seized us were underlings employed about the customs office. During the evening we received a pot of water, some fuel, and one "shen" of rice, sent by the gentry as prison fare.

'Next morning, when they came to drive us out of Shen-si, my husband pleaded to see the customs officer; but to no purpose. Two men were appointed to escort us. The younger was an evil-countenanced rogue,

the Hands of the Boxers

the elder was many-fold more villainous-
d carried a sword, which he kept prominently
again our small stock of belongings was over-
enemies. They emptied the feathers from
oor little pillow and burned them. One of
d my Bible; but the vehemence with which
I could not and would not part with that
k seemed to touch the heart of even this
h his murderous sword; and after turning
aves a little, he hesitatingly handed it back
ar two guards now growled at us to move on,
wd moved with us, that evil-looking wretch
s swinging his sword.

ent on till noon, when we halted at a farm,
ard ordered the people to furnish food for
em, as they were on public business. The
used, saying this was no public business, but
own wicked affair. They said they were
feed us, but not our oppressors. They de-
e should be set free. They also spoke to us,
s these rascals were only wanting to make
y, and we had better give them some, even a
ed cash and get free. We said we had no

in the mountains. Some men came along with laden donkeys ; our guards shouted threateningly at them to get out of sight, and they hurried away. Once they led us aside from the road into a deep, pit-like ravine, and told us to sit down and rest. I feared foul play, and said we could not rest here, but must be going on. Again, on the summit of a hill they ordered us to sit down, but again we refused. The younger of our guides afterwards told us they had several times been about to kill us, but he persuaded the other to wait. Along the way they beguiled the time singing of the three slaves going out to be killed. When night came we lay on the bare stone floor of a theatre, too cold in our thin garments to sleep. We were glad of the morning, when we could at least move along to keep warm.

'We were now nearing the Yellow River, and pleaded to be released ; but the men refused unless we had some valuables sewed up in our clothes which we would give them. It seemed they were sure of some reward if they delivered us to the Boxers, so would not let us off for nothing. At last we came to the river, and the ferryman was compelled to take us over free, being told it was public business. There was a customs office on the other side of the river. We saw a Boxer "red lantern" outside a door, and knew the place was held by Boxers. Only the younger of our guides was with us, and he handed us over to the Boxers. They did not harm us, but led my husband into a shop with the "red lantern" over the door to have a talk with him. A crowd gathered around me and Samuel, and one man, cocking his head to one side with a sardonic grin, told me the Tanning missionaries had gone back to heaven. I knew from this the ladies there had been murdered.

'After a while my husband was led out, and we were

in the Hands of the Boxers

could be taken back to Yungning. But they led us instead of north, and we knew we were being taken to Szechuen, twenty miles away. The young man who brought us to the customs station was with us still, but he was one of the Boxer followers. My husband asked them to give us over to the magistrate in Taning, instead of the Boxers, but they would not consent. We went that evening to a village where Boxer flags were flying. They put us in a cave to spend the night. These caves are built of brickwork covered over with mud, and used as houses. Our guards lay down on a hard bed and smoked opium for a while, then they went out and locked the door. They were gone so long that we thought they were preparing to kill us. But after some time some food was brought us, so we concluded they had not come. My eye had become inflamed and was badly swollen and very painful; I was very exhausted, and that night I felt it was better to go on in this way. Yet God saw fit to spare

the morning my eye was too swollen to open; we could not stop us. We went on, and at sun-

brought to us that morning, "Fear not, for I am with thee." This seemed to comfort him a little. Then we heard a stern voice in the temple say, "Bring in the man." The young man came out and led my husband inside, coming back presently with a few small articles they had taken from his pockets. He led me into the outer courtyard, and I sat down on a stone with Samuel on my knee.

'My husband was speaking in pleading tones to some one in the temple, telling who and whence we were, and how we came to be no farther on the journey we had undertaken. He was quickly interrupted by a loud shrieking voice. Then I heard the sound of sharpening swords, followed a little later by a weird moaning, as of some one being tortured. My feelings were indescribable. I could only pray to God that He would shorten the sufferings of my poor husband and fill his heart with peace, and to give me courage to meet my suffering without fear. After a little I was surprised to hear my husband's voice again, speaking pleadingly and crying. Again he was interrupted, and there came the same moaning tones as before. Then all was silent. Without doubt my husband was killed, and I felt alone with my helpless babe.

'It was now growing dark, and all the guards had left me. The thought came that I should creep away and hide among the mountains. I rose and started a few steps, then turned back and sat down again. The thought had come to me, "How can I go away and leave my poor husband to die alone?" and I was almost ashamed of myself. Pretty soon the men who had brought us here came hurrying out of the temple and pulled me behind a wall, saying, "The general is coming, and he can't abide the sight of a woman."

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a great firing of guns and hallooing, and the
vd came out of the temple yard, as I supposed
ut the corpse.

they came for me, and I thought, "It is my
' A sense of weakness overcame me, and
vished to go I could not. A man reached out
ok for me to hold to. But then, seeing I could
done, took my hand and led me down to the
little river. They told me to sit down, and
God for another deliverance. The man who
hand said they would not kill me. I asked
husband, and he said they would not kill him,
ken him to have a talk with the general, and
I should see him at a place three miles farther
ve would be taken to Yungning. I asked why
not taken on together to-night, but got no

we saw at some distance by the river shore a
lanterns, and heard a great uproar, but could
g distinctly. After a good while, some of the
had taken out my husband came along and
d run away. It seemed strange to me he

lantern. In the darkness I could make out a pile of brickwork in one side of the cave, but not till next morning did I find it was a walled-in coffin, and we had been sleeping in a tomb. My baby slept well through the night and was good, although he had no supper but a little cold water, and had no cover for sleeping. His little quilt was thrown out of the temple after my husband. I took off my own gown and put it under the baby to ease the roughness of the straw on the floor.

'It was so late in the morning before any one came to me, that I feared some evil plans against me and my child. Finally, a man brought me our little saucepan and some flour to make food for baby. Our spoon was gone, so it was hard to feed him. Then the man brought me some rice and flour porridge. While I was eating, two of the previous day's guards came and told me to hurry up, as I must start for Yungning at once. One of them said our luggage was near by, and he brought me baby's quilt and hat. The lining and ribbons of the hat had been torn off, so it was useless, and I had to shield the poor little fellow from the sun as well as I could under my own hat.

'The men led me along some distance, when suddenly they cried, "Go and hide. The old gentleman is coming." I ran as directed along a little side-path, and crouched down around the corner. As I did so one of the men said, "Humph! A gentleman indeed!" The other retorted hotly, "Yes, one gentleman is just as good as another." We could hear distinctly the sound of approaching music; but the procession went off by some other road. I supposed it was the general passing; perhaps searching for my husband, if he had really got away. When I rose up from concealment, my two guides had disappeared; why, I do not know, but perhaps from

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the Boxer general. So I was left alone with
uel. Yet not alone. Oh no. Had He not
tinctly to me yesterday, "Fear not, I am with
es, truly I had with me the presence of One
Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Ever-
ather, Prince of Peace." I could see only
eye, but I was guided by Him whose eyes
nd fro through the whole earth, to show Him-
in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect
m."

I had to abandon a few little things to lighten
e, but kept the quilt and saucepan. I started
distance, almost fainting from the heat. I
tree which cast a shadow by the roadside, and
to rest. I intended to find out the road to
r we had heard Mr. Peat and others were in
re, and to be with friends even in a prison were
n this awful freedom. There was a man
der the same tree, and I asked him to please
e way to Taning.

ely had I spoken when a score or so of men
ed turbans came rushing down the mountain

was a party of Boxers, and I must go past that place very carefully.

'I went on again till sunset, and was drawing near this village when I met an old man, who told me there were Christians in a village on the other side of the river. I was overjoyed at this news, and started to go across and find them. When I came to the stream I could see no crossing-place, but called to a man who came down on the opposite side to draw water, asking where the ford was. He pointed to the left and went away. Before I could find a shallow place, darkness came on, and I had to go through the water in the name of the Lord. Fastening up my clothes, I stepped down into the water. It grew deeper as I went on. My clothes came down and made it very hard to walk in the swift current. I went on safely till when, just nearing the shore, I suddenly stepped into deep water. I could see the rock just before me, and, crying to God for help, I found strength to throw the little bundle on shore, then, as the water was about sweeping us away, I felt myself lifted as by strong hands from the water and set upon the rock. Thank God we were safe from the flood, though wet to the skin. I comforted myself by thinking of being soon among friends, where we could rest in quiet.

'I hurried up the bank to the village. But where I hoped to be received by friends with a warm welcome, I met only enemies. A man came out from the village and angrily threatened to give us over to the Boxers if we did not get away quickly. I told them my story, and entreated them to give me a little fuel and water to make food for my babe; but they only jeered at my widowhood. Finally, they brought me a little cold water, and all went away. This was the first night we lodged

in the Hands of the Boxers

open sky. Sometimes before we had had no
ut us, but always a roof over us. Now there
one beneath the bright cold stars to show us
wind sprang up—oh, how cold it was! Chilled
e, I sat there shivering. I wrapped little Samuel
quilt and laid him on the ground; then, com-
rselves to God's care for the night, I sat down
unk of a fallen tree, for it was impossible to
leeping in my thin, wet garments.

s now entirely dark. After a while two men
g, and one of them began to excuse himself
oming sooner, as he was not at home when we
hey said it would not do for me to stay there
and led me away to a cave, where we could
he floor. That was all they could do. They
better start very early next morning. They
me with a "God bless you!" and I knew they
stians, but unable to help me because of the
And God did bless me, for, in spite of my
es and a stone for a pillow, I slept soundly.
ept well too, though he had only a little cold
supper.



Kindness of Mr. Wang

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"No nonsense!" and drove me back to the village. But before we reached it a gentleman came out who befriended me, and told me not to be afraid, as I should not be killed. He ordered the Boxers to stop driving me, and told me to go into a temple. I did so, and he brought me some water and a little bread for Samuel. He gave his name as Wang, and said, as he gave me a pair of socks, "You will remember my name when you think of me by these socks." He said I was to be sent home. This was the village headman, and none dared oppose him.

'While I was in the temple, the Boxers came to have their morning worship before the idol. The confusion as they prostrated themselves, burning incense and repeating prayers, was very great. They shouted I must be driven out of the temple. My new friend appointed two men to escort me safely to Taning. The Boxers also accompanied us, and my two protectors had difficulty in keeping them from attacking me. One of them even carried the little bundle of baby's things. At noon we entered Taning through the west gate, and went direct to the Yamen. One of the gentlemen went in to report to the official my arrival; the other waited with me outside, keeping me from the Boxers, who were jumping and stamping in a frenzy of rage at losing their prey. As soon as the official heard of our arrival, he sent the "Men-shang" (secretary) with orders to put us in the common prison, and ordered the Boxers to leave, much to their chagrin. I now learned that the Peat party had left for the coast only two days before. How I wished I had been in time to go with them! but this was God's ordering, for they were all killed before they got out of the province.

'The prison where I was put lay to one side of the

in the Hands of the Boxers

en courtyard. A strong iron-bound wooden ed into a small courtyard ; alongside of this were two rooms. Both had earthen floors and dirty, with heaps of old sweepings lying in the was put in the smaller of the two rooms. opened on the court, and when that was closed t came through a small hole high in the wall. a k'ang in the room caged in by bars reaching and separated into two cages. This looked ce of confinement for the worst class of

were two men in the prison: one an of 1000 taels (say £140) sterling from the sury; the other a robber, who was bound with and had his feet in a wooden stock. The large of the prison had a hole through the centre after a while there was passed in to me through fty cash, some bread, and half a water-melon; rison keepers spoke kindly to me. In the I heard the prison door open, and was ordered ut the boy. Terror seized me as if a thunder-truck at my feet. In the morning I was told



A Happy Meeting

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interrupted me, saying my husband was not killed, but had run away, and that he would soon come; also saying he thought it best to keep me until he should come. I, of course, did not believe this story, thinking it was a way of getting out of the murder. As I told my story, the official began to speak in kinder voice to me, as though moved by pity.

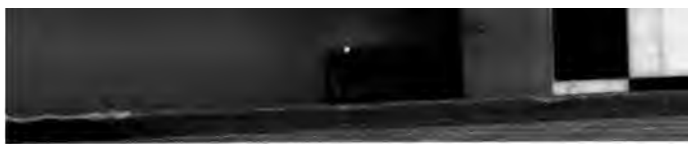
'The examination over, I was taken to see the secretary's wife. She told me she had offered a reward for finding and bringing in my husband, but found out that a man had already been sent to hunt for him. While waiting there, a message came that the official's wife wished to see me; but when I was led in, she only stood on a balcony and threw down one hundred cash. Then we went back, and I was led away to the prison.

'Oh, how desolate I felt as I sat there with my orphaned babe! My heart was very heavy. But there was little chance for reflection about my misery with that awful pain in my eye. The day wore slowly away, and in the evening I spread a mat on the ground in the courtyard for a bed, as the k'ang (brick bed) in my room was too full of vermin for use. As the night grew colder, I went in and lay on the k'ang, where it was warmer, though sleep was impossible. Just as day began to break, I was falling into a doze when I seemed to hear some one call my name. Soon waking, I ran out into the courtyard and looked up to the hill overshadowing the prison. My heart was beating wildly, thinking, "Is it possible my beloved is still alive and calling down to me there?" Again that longed-for, tender voice, "Olivia! Oh, Olivia!" But it came from the hole in the prison door. I ran to the door, and, looking out, saw him whom I mourned as lost, and,

in the Hands of the Boxers

With joy, cried, "Oh, Alfred! are you really
Praise God, oh, praise God!" Speechless
on, he could only look at me. We could not
hands, for the gate was between. What a
as! But for his voice I would scarcely have
as he. His clothes hung in tatters, and his
bound up with a piece of lining torn from
ment.

was quickly led away from the loophole, and I
some Boxers running wildly about in the
ard—had they seized him again at last? My
at the thought. But no; he had been taken
by the Yamen people, and the official was
receive him. Soon the prison door was
and we were all taken together to a fairly good
the Yamen. They brought me some water to
ounds, and a sort of powder to help them heal.
o bandages, I washed the blood from his
rt and tore it into strips. What a sight were
s! A great piece of the scalp hung down
ear was crushed and swollen; his neck bore
gashes; near the shoulder were two spear



‘Ask your Jesus for Water’ 181

‘When we had quiet enough I heard my husband’s story as follows :—

“When I was taken into the temple at T’aochiao, the Boxer general ordered me down on my knees. He asked me how many people I had misled and ruined. I assured him I had never in my life harmed any one. He would not listen to such talk, and had my hands bound behind my back, and I was bound to a block of wood. All the crowd began to kick and beat me, our former guards taking part. They heaped the most awful curses on the name of Jesus, making me shudder at their horrible blasphemies. When I asked them for a drink of water, they said, ‘Ask your Jesus for water.’ When all hope of life seemed past, I asked them to let me see and speak with my wife before I died. They said, ‘Ask your Jesus whether you may see her,’ and brutally kicked me on the head. The thought of dying without one more sight of that dear face which had so long been my cheer was too bitter, and I sobbed aloud. As I lay there bound to the block, they said jeeringly, ‘Now ask your Jesus to deliver you.’ I began fervently praying, ‘Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they do. But show forth Thy great power, that Thy name may be glorified.’

“After a little they loosed me from the block and led me away to the riverside, my hands still bound behind my back, to kill me, as they said. When we came to the river, they forced me down on my knees and began beating me on all sides with their weapons. They seemed unused to handle weapons, and so clashing one on another did not kill me at once. Loss of blood soon made me feel faint; but I was so happy! The sweetness of His presence filled me as never before. Cutting and stabbing were as nothing, and I felt no

the Hands of the Boxers

my inward vision heaven seemed open, and could take me there. I longed for deliverance. It came to me suddenly as a flash of lightning at of my wife and child. I asked myself, 'Are you still alive, and we should not die?' Roused by the thought, I suddenly leaped amidst of the crowd into the water. Thirty men were standing round me, Boxers and two started to follow me, but feared the water. The others cried, 'Good! good! he will get out of the water.' I managed to get out on the other side with my hands still bound behind my back. I ran up the steep hillside. Then there was no one to follow me; but under cover of darkness I got out of sight. My shoes were lost in the water. I went on over the rocks barefoot. After five or thirteen miles, I dared to stop and free myself by rubbing the cords on a stone till they were broken.

And by on the top of a mountain I came to the house of a Christian farmer. They gave me food and two hundred cash; but they dared not



'I ran for my Life'

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the way, and came round again to the Taning road. Several times I was directed on the way to Yungning, but always got back on the same road to Taning. So at last I came on, and when nearing the city heard my wife was already there, so felt encouraged to keep on and if possible share the prison with my family. As I was coming to the city the people told me to go in through the east gate, which was nearest the Yamen, so there would be least danger of discovery by Boxers. But, with all my care to keep concealed, before I could cross the short distance to the Yamen some Boxers discovered me, and started in pursuit. I ran for my life, and managed to escape into the Yamen, where I was received and protected."

'With mingled joy and sorrow I heard the story of this marvellous deliverance, and together we praised God for saving when all human hope of escape was gone, and for bringing us together again, even in a prison.

'Next day we were put in another room, which had no door. Worse still, there was hanging in an inner room a green beef skin which gave off a most nauseating stench. This made me so sick during the night that I knew not how to face the coming day. The plan was to send us in the morning to P'u Hsien, thirty miles away, and then on to the coast from county to county. We were treated by the Yamen underlings as beggars. They begrudged us even a little water, and we could get no place to cook the rice given us by the officials. We seemed in the way everywhere. My greatest pain was to see my wounded, suffering husband so maltreated. But he endured it all patiently, and said frequently, with a look of content, "It is nothing to suffer for Jesus' sake."

in the Hands of the Boxers

people came to visit us who showed by their of us they were not of this world. My asked them secretly about themselves, and they were Christians, but their own tortures so great, and what they heard from other places that they had renounced their faith. We saw s still clung to the people of God, and they o help us. We were glad to meet them, and them not to forsake the Lord. My husband or people! They are like sheep without a

He said he would be willing to stay and urther these scattered children of God. We ly cheered to hear how Pastor Ch'u, whom we y, had stood the test. Not only the Boxers s life, but a few renegade Christians, who n for all the troubles which came upon them hristianity, watched for him where they knew den, but he managed to elude them all, and gh alive.

usband arrived August 28. On the morning 30, two donkeys were brought to the Yamen to P'u Hsien. They had only rough wooden



Boxer Outrages

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he got curses for answer—"Throw away the creature; you have enough to do to look out for yourselves." Not even the hostler would touch him, until my husband laid the child on the ground and mounted, when he could do no other but take it up and give it to him.

'Seven miles from Taning, when passing a large village, a gang of Boxers rushed out to attack us. By great efforts, our guard held them back, and we escaped. The officer shouted at us to hurry along, and, gathering his men just at the edge of the village, blocked the road against the infuriated gang. A fight began, in which several Boxers were wounded, before they gave it up and went back to their temple. I was told the people of the village helped the officer to hold back the Boxers. We found no attention was being paid to a proclamation which my husband read in Taning Yamen. In this the Boxers were ordered to cease their outrages; if they wished still to go on with their practices, they must fight only to defend themselves and their followers, but must not attack innocent people. Severe punishments were threatened for those who dared to disobey. Yet they went on with their robbing and killing just the same as ever, until suppressed by soldiers. No mention was made in the proclamation of protection for foreigners.

'After passing the Boxer village, we went on our way quietly. The road was bad. We several times crossed a broad mountain stream, and once when crossing I was nearly half-way down in the water, when the hostler was ordered to help me up. We did not reach P'u Hsien in one day, but stopped in a village five miles from there, where we slept in a theatre. Next day (September 1) we reached P'u Hsien in the forenoon. The official received us kindly, gave us good Chinese food, and even tried to buy milk for Samuel. Being

in the Hands of the Boxers

to obtain this, he bought a sort of moss called
which rich people give their children instead

and not send us on that day. Mr. Peat's party
a few days before, and the officer who
sent them on to P'ing-yang had not yet returned;
await his coming. He arrived that evening,
and to have bad news. Probably the P'ing-yang
was displeased at having foreigners sent on to
P'u Hsien people were very kind, and advised
with the permission of the official to remain there,
as they had ever lived in the place. We had no
choice to do so, for we saw no more of the official
and received us.

The morning, September 2, we were ordered to
begin our return to Taining. I felt I must care for
Mr. Peat's wounds; but the Boxers who escorted us
were impatient at this delay, and almost broke in the door
of the house. The news of Mr. Peat's reception in P'ing-
yang seemed to have renewed their courage; perhaps,
they were angry that we should be sent back to
Taining. In all events, they were quite frantic. When



Parched and Hungry

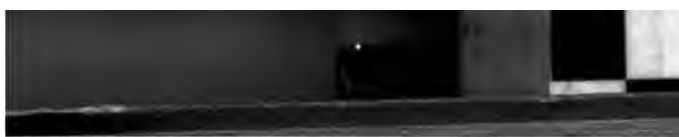
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would not take us back. He was about to put down our luggage—only a few rags given us in Taning. The guard went their way and left us. We understood the messengers were unwilling to accompany us. In great distress, I began praying to God for help. The hostler was moved by pity, and again took up our poor baggage to go on. It seemed to me our only hope lay in following the guard to Taning, so I advised my husband to run after them, and I would follow with Samuel. I cried to God for help, and He who said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee," proved even now His power to help. Despite weakness from wounds and loss of blood, my husband ran like a racer, and soon caught up with the guard. After much entreaty and many rebuffs, he finally got permission for us to follow them, but we could not stop for food. Later they allowed us to gather some fuel and make some gruel for the baby. He, like me, was parched by thirst and weak from hunger.

'As we drew near the village where the Boxers attacked us, the officer went ahead to try and prevent an outbreak. The Boxers of our guard said we could never get past this time. But the village people aided our officer's efforts, and not a Boxer appeared. Soon after this we had to cross the stream where it was deep. I was a little way in front, and crossed the stream safely. Just then I heard the baby crying most piteously, and looked back just in time to see my husband falling from his mule into the water. He had been walking, and the baby was still lying on the ground where he had laid it to remount. He had lost his balance, weak as he was, and in falling carried our little roll of baggage into the water. Now it seemed even the soldiers felt a sort of pity, for they almost beat the hostler for carelessness,

in the Hands of the Boxers

red him to rescue the baggage, which was
way. They also helped my husband from the
espite the wet and the weariness, he still said
It does not matter." He walked a while to
othes, but the day was closing, and he had to
ain and ride with the wet baggage under him.
of the Boxers looked at him pityingly, and said,
n!" I had also to walk a while to escape the
the pack-saddle. I was weak from starvation,
by travelling, and could only use one eye, so
mbled and sometimes fell on the rough road.
oldiers now showed me a little more kindness,
of them said, "She cannot walk for want of
, giving me some dates which he picked from a
l when I had last eaten. I could not walk far,
ing was so painful that before we reached the
crying like a child. At last we crossed the
m for the last time, and were back again in
We had been troubled for fear we would not
d here again. But we were not only received,
bread and boiled water, and allowed to
e same room with no doors. As the underlings



'The Horror of those Hours' 189

cow to us every day and let us milk her ourselves. The fresh milk was better than medicine, and we praised God as we saw Samuel revive and grow stronger.

'The official gave us one hundred cash and one bowl of rice per day. We gave the cash for two bowls of milk for baby, and got on as well as we could with the rice for ourselves. We were hoping the end of our distresses was near; but not so. The first days after our return to Taning my second eye began to swell and ache. I sat there night and day helpless and suffering. My poor weak husband soon collapsed entirely from the overwork, and lay there in a high fever. I had to care for him as well as I could; but I had only a little sight left in one eye, and could do little for him and the helpless little babe. He finally began to grow delirious or something—what shall I call it? He acted as though out of his mind, and it was impossible for me to keep him quiet. Once in the night he was haunted by the belief we were being chased by men who wanted to kill us. He caught up the baby and wanted to flee. I had to call in the help of the other prisoners. We spread the old bedding given us by the official on the vile brick bed, and, after binding his hands, tied him down on the bed. How the sight of it cut me to the heart!

'God only knows the horror and misery of those hours. We had been hoping there would be a turn for the better, but matters only got worse. Here lay my poor delirious husband, who had so lately been strong and cheerful; there our baby, the picture of health and admiration of all when we left home, now a mere living skeleton, lay with his little head rolling down limply on his shoulder; and I—well for me I could not see my own face, and surely there would be little comfort in the

in the Hands of the Boxers

The bitter cup of suffering was now full almost
y over. After that awful night my husband
get a little better. I rejoiced to be able to
bonds, and in a few days we could join in
take sweet counsel together from my precious
he Bible ; my eyes began to grow better, and
bo kept improving. How we prayed—I alone,
ny husband's mind was clear enough both
that God would end our sufferings and bring
ore among our friends. Now we longed for
arnestly as when hidden in the caves of Shen-
ed for the roar of foreign guns.

now buying only one bowl of milk per day,
the other fifty cash to buy meat for my
dinner. The jailor scolded me for spending
r for meat. The official also cautioned me
es against wasting money. I longed for some
tious food for my husband in his weakness.
oked so longingly at baby's milk, and asked

But though I wished to give him milk, we
d only one bowl a day to keep Samuel alive.
spected how near his end my husband was, I



The Power of Prayer

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bear were the filth and the vermin. Only those who have been through it know the torture of these swarms of creeping, biting vermin. And the sight of them, adding to the tortures of my helpless, suffering dear ones, was horrible to me. The sight of them in such a condition, and I with no chance to care for them in a clean, cheerful place, brought scalding tears to my eyes. But I sought and found comfort from God in prayer. What rest of soul, when for a few moments I could close my eyes to the miseries which surrounded me, and look up to the "God of all comfort!"

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat."

'Whatever might be denied me, no one could deny me the precious privilege of prayer; and if it had been possible to deny it, I should have prayed on still. One of the gentlemen in the Yamen asked me once whether we still prayed in prison. I said we did. He asked what use there was in it, and other similar brutal questions. I explained as well as possible the blessing and glory of being a child of God, even the poorest. He then asked whether we were willing to give up our religion and accept theirs, or whether we were determined to cling to our faith at any cost and on any conditions. I told him we had come to China because we loved their souls and could not see them perish. At my simple assurance of the peace of those who have the comfort of God's loving presence, he seemed much impressed and listened respectfully. That we, poor, suffering, abused even by fellow-prisoners, all for the sake of our faith, would still hold to that faith, seemed to surprise him.

In the Hands of the Boxers

When my husband grew strong enough to talk
sensibly, we spoke together of our thankfulness to
God for the experiences of His goodness He had
brought through suffering. We saw it as a part of His
plan for us. We had often sung, "Give me a greater,
more perfect faith in Thee." My prayer for some
time had been, "Lord, use what means Thou wilt, but
be ready for Thy coming."

God had taken us at our word. Now I wished only
to carry out His purpose with me. After
seeing the distresses of the poor in China, though
in temporal affairs, I can more fully sympathise
with them and pray for blessings upon them.

One night we were awakened by loud voices and
noise outside the Yamen. In the morning we were
told a party of Roman Catholics had passed in the
night. They said they had met us in Lung-wang-chan,
we left the boat, and my husband had given them
to put in the water at some places. Now they
wanted to see him to get some money for travelling
expenses. The Yamen underlings sent them off with
the excuse we had no money to give them.



THE SI CHAU' MARTYRS.

MRS. PEAT.

W. G. PEAT.

E. L. DOBSON.

E. G. HURN.

[See p. 76.]





Return to Ping-yang

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us, for the Yamen people went hurriedly to provide us with new clothes. Several straw mats were also spread on our k'ang to make us a more comfortable bed. Our jailor seemed to think we were getting too much luxury, so he dragged away one mat and spread it to prostrate himself on when worshipping his idol. When he got through his worship I dragged the mat back again. A fellow-prisoner, who had once been employed in Yamen service, and so lorded it over the other prisoners, rebuked me for offending the idol. Plenty of food was also given us, and more promised whenever we needed it. A few days longer of this better treatment would have strengthened my husband for the journey to P'ing-yang, but it lasted only two days.

'On October 4, Captain Li arrived with about ten soldiers. My husband, who had been able to be up for a couple of days, was called in to see the official. He still had a wish to go back to Yungning and go on with our work as soon as possible. They soon came for me also to go and see the official, perhaps seeing my husband was not very fit to decide our course. I told them I thought it best to get to the coast as quickly as possible. They promised to have us taken on from P'ing-yang at the earliest opportunity after our arrival there. So we made ready to start next morning. My husband was so patient and uncomplaining that I did not realise how weak he was. Had I known it, I should have chosen to remain where we were, poor as our position was.

'On October 5 we started from P'ing-yang. My husband and baby were carried in a sedan chair; I rode on horseback. We were well cared for by our guard. One of the soldiers asked me whether we were acquainted with the Governor, that he should give such

In the Hands of the Boxers

ers about caring for us. On October 6 we
P'u Hsien. Our passage was to be provided
official along the way on to the next one. At
n we were furnished with a "chia wu," or rude
ried by two mules, and we went to P'ing-yang,
' journey, in it. As we heard the Empress
to pass P'ing-yang on her way to Hsi-an,
Li advised us to stop in a village four miles
city until after she had passed, fearing trouble
re in the city. So we stopped in the village
til October 12. We could get nothing but the
ood there, and my husband's stomach revolted
He was growing very weak, when, on October 12,
ght a large sedan chair for him. We crossed
by a ferry, and were taken to the city in a cart.
went direct to the Hsien Yamen, and I was
in and see the official. When I entered, he
ain Li, who had gone on ahead of us, rose to
ne. Such courtesy after our usual treatment
barrassed me. The official told me we could
ve at the lady missionaries' house, and some
oreigners' former servants would attend us.



Death of Mr. Ogren

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'We now heard that seventeen Shan-si missionaries, among them our superintendent, his wife and some ladies, had escaped to Shanghai. This was joyful news to us; for during all these months we had heard of murdered missionaries and ruined stations. We had come to think the whole of Shan-si had become a death-trap, and every tongue which sang praise to God and witnessed to the Chinese of His saving love was silent in the dust, and we alone left. A few days before leaving Taining, we heard there were foreigners also in Hungtung and Ch'u-wu, but we disbelieved it. The report said we should all meet in P'ing-yang and go together to the coast. It proved true that Mr. M'Kie, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way of our Mission had been hidden in the mountains of Shan-si, where the storm of death raged fiercest, and were still safe in Ch'u-wu. We learned that the foreigners in Hungtung were Roman Catholics, four in number. We heard our friends in Ch'u-wu were not willing to come to P'ing-yang. So Captain Li asked me to write them a letter, and send it with some soldiers to escort them over, telling them to come with the soldiers and have no fear.

'During the night of October 14, two days after we arrived in P'ing-yang, my husband was very low. I could not sleep much for anxiety, and yet was too tired to stay up. I rose several times to care for him when he called me. Towards morning he asked me to feel his pulse, and I found it very slow. This seemed a sign the fever had left him, and thinking no more of it I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning, he was lying as though heedless of his surroundings and wanting nothing. I prepared some condensed milk for him, and the cook went over to the bed to give it to him,

In the Hands of the Boxers

quickly, "He cannot take it." I began giving him with a spoon, but he raised his head and milk, then fell back, and a pallor overspread his face. A terrible fear seized me, and I seemed to lose my senses. While I was praying, a change came over him. He grew warmer, and the colour came back to his face. I thought he was better, and might be spared. He fell into a deep, calm sleep, and I stayed by him, keeping away the insects which troubled him. I had staying with me a young widow whose husband was killed in the recent troubles. She came to me with Samuel crying in her arms. I did not want to go to disturb my suffering husband, so asked her to take my place by the bed while I should comfort the child. Presently I heard a faint sound from the room. I asked, "What is that?" "It is nothing," she answered, though she must have seen a change come over her face. A few minutes later I rose and went over to the room. A single look showed me the truth. The suffering pilgrim had gone into the presence of his Lord to receive the martyr's crown.

This meant to me I do not attempt to

among friends. Looking on that calm, peaceful face, I could almost hear in seraphic tones, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

'The cook helped me prepare the body for burial. But here was only the scarred remnant of what his body had been. Starvation had worn him to mere skin and bone. I do not know how many bed-sores he had; and one deep spear wound had not yet healed. There was a sort of poor comfort in thinking that body would never again suffer torture at the hands of Boxers. Even though I might yet have to die by them, I should be spared seeing my beloved husband tortured. As for our little Samuel, we had often prayed that if we were to die by the Boxers he might be taken home first; and when he was still spared to us we drew comfort from the hope of yet escaping.

'I sent word to the official of what had happened. Captain Li came to see me, and tried to comfort me. So did the soldiers and Christians. But human sympathy does not go far at such times. God wonderfully comforted me, and to my heart came with power these words, heard long ago outside the gate of Nain, "Weep not." I felt the truth of the song:

"Lonely? No, not lonely,
When Jesus standeth nigh;
His presence fills my chamber,
I know that He is nigh."

'We bought a coffin the same evening, and the next morning we took the remains outside the city to a place where the bodies of strangers are deposited till they can be removed to their native places. I thought if I should return I would have the remains taken to T'ai-yuan for burial, beside our little son who sleeps there "till Jesus comes."

in the Hands of the Boxers

my husband's death I was much occupied by my little Samuel, who was very ill, and seemed to be taken from me. But with the money sent by Si-an I bought a cow, and the fresh milk soon came, and he grew fat and well.

Nov. 24.—I had the glad surprise of meeting Mr. James Chapman, and Miss Way, who came from Shanghai. This was a great comfort in my loneliness. I could not speak as I pressed their hands, and their words of deep sympathy with me. I was very weak, and they gave over the housekeeping to Miss Way. Miss Way took charge of my little boy, and her sisterly love helped me night and day. I stayed here until at last we were safely in Hankow. I think of her reward, promised to those who have done it unto one of the least of these."

My long, trying journey to Hankow had to be made because I was unfit to travel. We removed to my son's house, and arranged to borrow 60 taels per month from the official. Secretary Ch'ien helped us. He also helped us to send letters home, by enclosing them with a letter to his son

even our guard was called away to go. We sat there looking at one another in bewilderment. We felt there was no rest for us until that man was gone. Suddenly some one ran in with a visiting card. We were frightened, thinking our hour had come. A strange official was waiting in the outer courtyard wishing to see us. I thought, "It is the Governor." But, looking at the card, I saw the name Tsen. He proved to be a deputy sent from T'ai-yuan. When he came in with Captain Li we were still anxious, for we did not expect any good designs upon us from T'ai-yuan. But he explained he had been sent to learn who we were, and guard us safely to the coast as soon as possible. This put us more at ease. Next day Governor Yü arrived, but went on his way toward Hsi-an. He was reported to have said he would take the first opportunity to complete the work he had begun of exterminating foreigners. We did not yet know how the outrages had been checked by outside nations, but we knew the power of the Boxers was broken. It seemed marvellous that there were still alive in Shan-si four missionaries, after all that had happened.

'On December 6 the Lord gave me a little daughter, sound in body and mind; which was another of God's great mercies, seeing what I had passed through. Secretary Ch'ien's wife now visited me often, and showed much sympathy. We sent a messenger to Yungning with a letter asking the official to send me some of my boxes. Just before we left P'ing-yang, the messenger returned with some boxes, and a very cordial letter of sympathy from the official. He asked what he was to do with the rest of my property. He also sent a letter to Secretary Ch'ien, with whom he was acquainted, and told him how much he had valued my husband. After this the secretary visited me, and showed us more

in the Hands of the Boxers

than ever. He brought his ten-year-old daughter, a bright and beautiful girl, and told me she was my daughter,—a polite expression. He bowed to salute me, which she did most gracefully. She always called me mamma.

On January 6 we started for Hankow. One hundred foot-soldiers and sixteen cavalry, under two officers, went with us as far as Huai-ch'ing-fu in Honan. The foot-soldiers and one officer returned from Hankow on January 18. We went on through Honan and Shensi. The soldiers were very kind and helpful to foreigners. They showed especial interest in Samuel. The long journey was very tiring. There was much severe cold, but our food and clothing kept us safely all the way. At last we reached Hankow, a sight of foreign houses and a railway. It seemed like entering a new world. But we still had several days to go. Two days from Hankow we met three missionaries, Messrs. Jones, Ridley, and Robinson, who had come to meet us as soon as a telegram reached them that we were there. They had proposed coming all the way to P'ing-yang to meet us, but the officials disapproved. They had baskets of food and things for



Arrival at Shanghai

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and Harding, who had gone up the river to meet us with supplies. February 25, we took steamer. As we passed Wuhu and Chinkiang, friends came to meet us and extend a welcome. February 28, we arrived in Shanghai, and met a most hearty reception. Though among those we had not before known, we were really among friends. It was most touching to see the generosity of friends in England, who have contributed so abundantly to the losses of those who had lost their all. The needs of both myself and my little ones have been largely supplied by these gifts, with those of other kind friends. The Lord will reward all such service done in love for His name.

‘ Thus far on my pilgrim way, after all the Lord has given me to bear, I can say from my heart :

“ Hitherto hath the Lord helped me ” ; and the song of my soul is :

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. ” ’

CHAPTER XIII

THE FLIGHT FROM HONAN

CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES

One of the Canadian Presbyterian missionaries is thus described by the Rev. J. Goforth, one of the party, and himself suffered severely :—
We were quite peaceable in the city of Cheng-te-fu when we left on June 28, 1900, but there were rumours of trouble in the north. We had official protection, and the officers seemed desirous of aiding us. We were told, however, that if the Boxers came our safety could not be guaranteed, willing as they were to do so. It was at this time that the British Consul at Tien-tsin

us an escort, and send word to the next district that night that we were coming. When leaving, I said, "The Foreign Powers have seized Taku, and a settlement of this trouble must come."

'Next day he sent over, saying we could have all we wanted, but that the carters would not go to the north-east (*i.e.* the direction of Chi-nan-fu, Shantung). "If you go to the south," he said, "I will give you a good escort, but only to Fan-ch'eng; I can only send word from place to place." He sent soldiers and deputies to Wei Hsien-fu, and but for them we should have had a hard time. When stopping at an inn after the deputies left, the natives threw stones over the walls into the inn yard.

'We got soldiers and deputies from Wei-hsien-fu, and from there to the south of the Yellow River we had perfect peace. At the Yellow River we met Messrs. Jamieson, Reed, and Fisher, engineers working in Honan for the Peking Syndicate, and we had the benefit of their escort; otherwise things would have gone hard with us. This was now the 1st of July. We travelled together, and reached Nan-yang prefecture safely. Mr. Jamieson and his party were anxious for the safety of all of us, and as they had not sufficient force to protect us all, Mr. Jamieson said he had heard that the district was disturbed, and that he would try to make for Nan-yang-fu in the night. We were to stay at Hsin-tien, a market town about ten miles from Nan-yang-fu. He would go on to Nan-yang-fu, the prefectural city, and get troops to guard both parties.

'We decided to divide our party, each taking separate roads. These parties consisted of Messrs. Slimmon and Mitchell and their families, who went with the engineers, and got through in safety. The other party consisted of Messrs. Goforth, Mackenzie, Leslie, with

The Flight from Honan

lies, the Messrs. M'Intosh, Douw, and Pyke. Jamieson divided his escort to help us, and said he would find another for us. In this Mr. Jamieson failed, but by saying that China was at war with other countries and could have nothing to do with any of us. We heard this next morning. About two hours after our arrival on the evening of July 7, our innkeeper informed that there were seventy armed men coming to the inn and all we had. These men asked for food and were refused. We sent to the local magistrate a message, to the effect that we held him responsible for us that night. We barricaded the inn gates with furniture and all sorts of things, and collected stones for our defence inside the yard.

We passed quietly that night. Our messenger came from the prefecture, saying Mr. Jamieson had had no success there, and we should have to make our way on our own; there was no hope of help from him. The men refused to go on until we guaranteed to pay for all their losses. This delayed our start till 8.30 a.m. The mayor of the town ordered us to go, saying he would send an armed escort to take us ten miles

came on us with a rush. They began pelting stones at our covered carts, but fortunately we had them lined and covered with rugs, on account of the heat, and none of the missiles came through. Failing in this, they cut our animals across the back with swords, and when they were all tangled up we had to defend ourselves. I got nine wounds on my arms and hands, the only serious one being on the head, at the back of the skull. That knocked me over for a while; I also got eight blows with clubs, one partly stunning me, and I felt pretty well done up. They also attacked the cart where my wife and eight-months' old child were. One ruffian made a desperate stab at my wife, but she warded off the blow with a pillow. Another cut was made, but she warded off its effect with a quilt. My little boy of nine, and a little girl of six years of age, had many narrow escapes. Taking my wife and family away from the cart, we left the horde to plunder it. Some of them followed us into the open, saying, "We'll not let you go farther south; we will keep you." My little girl got a heavy blow on the chest from a large piece of dried earth. My wife pleaded with them, speaking of their usual kindness to children, and that seemed to have a good effect, as they then left us.

'We next reached a village where we received much better treatment, the people giving us medicine for our wounds, and also food and clothes for the children. One of my four little ones was away in another cart, and these people at once said they would find and bring her back. These people, it appears, were Mohammedans. They were alarmed at our presence, and wanted us to leave, saying we would all be killed. The men, however, said they would fight for us.

'Mr. Griffiths, another member of the party, had a

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but it was broken in his hand by a stone at the
of the crowd. He then got a big club, and
back to the cart fought like a hero, keeping the
at bay, although badly cut. Mr. M'Kenzie
revolver to frighten the mob, and he too was
ruined. Dr. Leslie, who was seriously injured,
revolver. His wife had been very seriously
the time, and he was guarding her, when a
aked up with a sword and nearly severed his
d. He was cut, too, on the knee, and the
one leg was cut through.

the time, when Dr. Leslie and his wife were
ng in their cart, a man came up and attacked
a sword. The doctor had only one cartridge
revolver, and in self-defence he shot and
assailant. The rest of our party, consisting of
and three women and a child of seven years
d gone on ahead, and they were "held up" by
The women put their rings and watches on
und their necks and inside their dresses, and
ns tore their clothes open and wrenched the
off with brutal force. They actually attempted

'The crowd at Nan-yang was very unfriendly. We got to an inn, and they swarmed into the place. We were in a small room on two native beds, and the room was so packed that it was stifling. For hours they made a show of us, and our women had neither food nor rest. I sent to the Yamen for protection and food, and a man came, but could not keep order. Food was brought, and they told us we would have to go, by order of the military official and a man attached to the magistracy. We said we had no food nor anything else, and that the authorities must provide us with food and money. We told the military official he had allowed us to be robbed, and that he would have to give us an escort. I told him the Foreign Powers were going to deal with China, and that if we were ill-treated they would have to answer for it. He promised us an escort of forty foot and twenty horsemen, but we could not stop there that night; we must go right on. We replied that we would not leave until the military arrived. Then three times people came saying the troops had come, and we must go. I found out each time that this was not true, but at last a party of eight or ten soldiers did come. They told our servants we were all to be killed that night, and advised them to leave us. One man cleared out, but the other two men and one woman stuck to us bravely. The woman once, when sheltering a two-year-old child, was threatened with death, and she said she would guard the little one with her life. One of our China boys also bravely defended a child at the peril of his life.

'We saw that we were being followed, and decided to leave, as we might as well be killed on the road as in the inn. The mob had been besieging the Catholic Mission there for some days. It had been decided, we

heard, that the brigadier-general, with all his troops, should go out and destroy everything, and leave nothing belonging to the foreigners. The people said these orders were from Peking, and that all the foreigners were to be killed. Our departure was made at 1 a.m. Mr. Jamieson had got there a day ahead of us, and so out of this trouble. When we had got outside the south gate, it was discovered that Mr. Griffith and Paul (my "boy") were missing. We sent a man back to look for them, and halloosed. It was found that Mr. Griffith and Paul had left the cart, and we feared they were lost. Mr. Griffith had only his socks on at the time. We halted for an hour and a half, but got no word further than that the carter had seen them alight in the southern suburb. It endangered the whole party to remain longer, and we saw signal lights flashing at the south gate. We left one of our five carts for the missing ones, and went on.

'Before we had gone seven miles every soldier had left us. Then the carters refused to go on, and were going to cast us off in the road and go back. This caused a great crowd to gather, and a man of some responsibility inquired the cause. He was very angry with the carters, and said he would have them beaten if they did not go on. He came some distance with us. After he left us, men with knives and swords stopped us again and again, snatching up anything they could lay hands on. Our people were all in their blood-stained clothing, and the children were in rags. This excited some pity, and one man who came to rob, led us through three different places and protected our amah. My pith hat, split by a sword cut, was snatched from my head, and when I tried to regain it, it was torn to pieces.

'We next got to Watienlu, a big market town sixty



Mr. Jamieson's Timely Aid 209

li from Nan-yang, and here I met two men who knew me. They at once came to our help, and their friendly attitude had a good effect on the crowd. When I mentioned that Mr. Griffith and Paul were missing, they promised to do all they could to find them, and sent two men with us, who took us safely to Hsin-yeh-hsin, forty miles south of Nan-yang. In the afternoon a messenger overtook us, saying that the missing ones had arrived at the place we had left, and that wheel-barrows would be sent to meet them, and that same night they rejoined us.

'At Fan-ch'eng, Mr. Jamieson had a man waiting with 50 taels (about £7) for us, and the magistrate also offered us money. Mr. Jamieson kindly had secured inns for us at Fanchen, and he very generously offered us 500 taels (about £70). It is impossible for us to fully express our gratitude to Mr. Jamieson. He sent telegrams ahead to the Viceroy of Wuchang, Chang Chih-tung; and that official, to whom our warmest thanks are due, sent up two gunboats and two boatloads of soldiers, to escort our reunited party down to Hankow. Again Mr. Jamieson's good offices stood us in splendid stead, he sending a steam-tug; otherwise we should have made little progress against the head winds. With Mr. Jamieson, Messrs. Reed and Fisher, engineers of the Peking Syndicate, were kindness itself. The U.S. Consul at Hankow sent his Vice-Consul, Mr. Brown, on the tug to meet us, and with him came Mr. Chapen, U.S. Episcopal missionary at Hankow. Our hearts were too full to speak our gratitude at the kindnesses we received. At Hankow, Mr. Jamieson secured the best cabins on the steamer for the women, and himself went into the native quarters on board. The luxury of good plain food was heartily enjoyed by the half-famished people, and we all were treated with the utmost

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Altogether, we lost property and effects to the value of 10,000 taels (about £1400), and Mr. Jamieson was a very heavy loser.'

The experiences of Mr. Griffith and Master Paul when they lost the party at Nan-yang, are full of interest, and the Rev. J. Griffith thus describes their flight as 'a day and a night in peril':—

At midnight, it seemed useless to longer resist the demands of the officials that we should leave the city. They had told them that, unless they gave us money for our escort, they might come and massacre us all in the city. We would not budge. They had yielded so far as to give us a few soldiers, and cash to the value of 1000 dollars. An hour after midnight, we started ourselves upon five bare carts—selected from the city which we had formerly occupied—and started upon the narrow, silent, tortuous streets, the knowledge that our enemies were all about us, and the recollection of the events of the last twenty-four hours,—these gave one a strange feeling. But all our foes were asleep, for the soldiers with us were acting very



Paul Goforth

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their action too, and leaning over toward me whispered, in terror, his conviction that we were to be massacred in a few minutes. I replied that it might be well for me to leave the cart and walk along the dark side of the street, in order to watch developments. He answered that the plan was a good one; so I descended, and, as little Paul Goforth was entrusted to my care, took him along with me. After telling the ladies in front to leave their carts in case an alarm were sounded, we skirted along the wall on the left side of the street. Soon I noticed that it was the outer city wall, and that it was broken down in many places. A river flowed within a hundred feet of it, but between the two was a winding path. This suggested the plan of keeping outside the wall and watching our treacherous guard through the successive breaks in it.

‘This plan was found to be all right for a while, but presently the wall was more perfect, and just there the carts suddenly turned off at a right angle, and we found ourselves compelled to go some distance to a place where we could recross. By that time the carts were lost in the darkness, and their usual noisy rattle seemed to have ceased. Possibly they were on a piece of sandy street. At any rate, pursuit seemed useless, so I formed a resolution to follow the river and get as far as possible from the city before morning. To tell the truth, I felt that I should never again see the dear friends from whom we had been parted, and plans for saving little Paul and myself immediately began to take shape. I felt that, if Mr. Goforth could have expressed a last wish under such circumstances, it would have been that he might have revenge upon his murderers by giving a son to be his successor in proclaiming to them the glad tidings of salvation. I was convinced that the river which we

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ing flowed to Fan-ch'eng, where boats would
for us, and that, by keeping near it and
ain roads and towns as much as possible, we
through the eighty miles to that city.

trudged on, venturing here and there to arouse
aman sleeping on the ground by his vegetable
order to ask a question of our informant, to
r being recognised. Once, on a stretch of
we saw some one coming toward us, and
ff on a side-path. He shouted at us, probably
en his own courage, but we passed on and did
r. Paul was acting splendidly, walking well
king too many questions, but I knew he must
morning, so told him that whenever he felt
would find a place in which to lie down.
he showed signs of fatigue, so we selected a
spot on a dry sandbank of the river, and,
ending ourselves to God's care, lay down to
umber. There were only the faintest streaks
day across the sky when we awoke and
our tramp. Hunger began to make itself felt,
eaten very little food during the last thirty



Compelled to Beg

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carried me back to the sweet and peaceful scenes of the dear home land.

'A main road crossed the bridgeless river at this point. Feeling convinced it was the road running to Fan-ch'eng, and fearing that, if the soldiers had murdered our companions, they would be on the lookout for us also, we got away from the spot as soon as possible, and followed the stream. But hunger soon forced us to capitulate, and as we had not a single coin, there was nothing for it but to beg. An isolated house in a lonely peach orchard seemed to present fewest dangers, so we made for it. The man and his wife, after hearing our story, seemed kindly disposed, but they had no fruit fit to eat. They also said they had no other food, and indeed the utter wretchedness of their hovel seemed to bear out their assertion. But they had some hot water, and gave us a drink. The man also listened to my plea for an old pair of cast-off shoes to save my bruised and blistered feet, and brought out a couple of ragged "scows" which he had thrown away. They were startlingly large *for shoes*, but better than nothing, so I put them on and stuffed in grass to tighten them on my feet. That one appreciates kindness in proportion to his distress and need was a thought borne in upon me very strongly that morning. I felt that this poverty-stricken fellow-man had done a great deal for us, and felt deeply thankful to him. But he added another kindness of still greater importance to us, by informing us of a report that some carts containing foreign men, women, and children had passed near there about an hour before.

'We immediately started out in the direction indicated, and upon entering a large village received such definite information as made doubt no longer possible. Again hunger was forgotten, and we were for hurrying

in the direction the carts had gone. But some men were sitting by the wayside eating their morning meal, and, having heard our story, insisted upon our eating a bowl of corn-meal before proceeding. Then we quietly left the village, but were only a few hundreds of yards out of it when little Paul looked back, and suddenly startled me by exclaiming that a terrible-looking man was almost upon us. A glance showed me that I should probably have to deal with a madman, so, shouting to Paul to run, I turned to meet the new danger. He tried to pass me, but I blocked the way and demanded an explanation. With fire blazing in his eyes, he answered that he must and would have "that boy." We parleyed a few moments in altercation, while a crowd, standing on the confines of the village and watching our movements, rapidly grew larger and began to run towards us. My antagonist began to scuffle with me to get past and after Paul, who was rapidly disappearing down the road. I scarcely know how, but we worked to the edge of a ravine about twenty feet deep, and suddenly realising my opportunity, I put forth all my strength and flung the fellow into it. As he went over the bank he carried with him one-half of my blood-saturated Chinese shirt—a relic of our riot the day before. Had it not parted, I should almost certainly have gone over the bank with my foe. However, once free from him, I kicked off the cumbrous shoes, and, taking them in my hand, followed Paul as fast as my legs would carry me. Any one familiar with China can imagine how village after village was roused in pursuit of us. Only the hope of soon catching sight of the carts induced me to run the risks involved in thus hurrying along where we might be suddenly struck down.

'Soon, however, I learned that we were hopelessly

behind the carts, and therefore resolved that we must adopt another policy. We could run no longer, so explanation and appeal must, by God's blessing, save us, if we were to be saved. Soon we entered a walled town, which it seemed difficult to avoid, and there the surging, vociferating mobs surrounded and jostled us, and assumed a most threatening attitude. Our position seemed almost hopeless, and it looked as though a word or movement might precipitate the crisis and seal our fate, when a man suddenly spoke up and declared that we ought to be allowed to proceed. He was rather young-looking, and it seemed strange that the crowd should pay so much attention to his opinion. But open it up he did, and the man himself led us out of the town. Not only that, though we were absolutely penniless and almost naked, he voluntarily accompanied us a distance of thirty li (ten miles), and for one-third or more of that distance carried Paul Goforth on his back, as the brave little fellow was almost exhausted. For the last twelve li of the thirty he kicked off his shoes, and, carrying them in his hand, ran as fast as he could to a town where we hoped the carts would be stopped for dinner. They had stopped for a short time, but were gone again. Our strange benefactor could go no farther. He returned, and, meeting us still two miles from the town, quietly said that he must now return home. We could not ask him to do more. He had already done a thing so remarkable for this heathen land, that we could only feel that God had specially moved his heart in our behalf. Not without emotion we thanked him for his great kindness. It was all we could do, besides expressing the hope that some future day might bring him his reward.

'Then, as he disappeared, we turned to continue our painful way to—we knew not where. My brave little

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was scarcely able to walk, and my own feet blistered and stone-bruised and pierced with it was painful to even touch them on the ground. Toward the town we slowly made our way, following footpaths among the corn-fields, so as to be out of sight as much as possible. But the soldiers seemed to be everywhere, and again and again we were discovered and surrounded by excited mobs. Sometimes it happened that day. Sometimes the soldiers were held threateningly over our heads, and we were catechised as to who we were and where we came from. Gradually I came to understand the cause of the almost ungovernable rage which seemed to possess the people.

I had to have to say it about persons professing the gospel of the meek and lowly Jesus, that it is the people of that whole country-side were against what they considered to be the tyranny and oppression of the Roman Catholics. Hatred blazed in their eyes, and I am most firmly persuaded that, in the end, speaking, it was only our ability to prove that we were not Roman Catholics which saved our lives that day. We could persuade a mob of that fact, it



Chasing the Carts

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and got one hundred cash, which he gave to Paul, and told us to go on our way.

' At last we reached the town, and managed, by the help of a pedlar, to find the inn where the carts had halted. Instantly we entered the yard, a well-dressed man rushed toward us, and hurried us, in the most friendly way, into a side room. I could not tell what to make of it, but he explained quickly that he had once been an assistant in the Yamen at Chang-te-fu, and while there had been shown kindness at our compound. He had seen Mr. Goforth with the carts, and had been requested to assist us, in case we happened to be heard of. Food was prepared for us, and meantime a fast messenger was hurriedly sent to overtake the carts and announce our coming.

' As soon as we had finished eating, it was announced that our "cart" had arrived. Our "cart" proved to be a very ordinary "wheel-barrow," but as it was declared to be the only vehicle available, and as we were scarcely in a position to dictate, we sat down—one on each side—and away the men went, one pulling and the other pushing. How the people laughed at our grotesque appearance! Sometimes, however, they were fierce and threatening, until our story was told, or until some good man exhorted them to peace. Occasionally light showers of rain fell, and then the people were mostly indoors, much to our relief. This, too, is to be recorded as another of the Lord's mercies,—that we were saved from the fierceness of a southern sun during all that July day, as we travelled with unprotected heads. It was cloudy almost all day.

' Another providential occurrence was the fact that, about the middle of the afternoon, we met a servant who had been separated from us for two or three days. He had cut across country, and, happening to meet the

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indicate engineers, who had heard of our being entrusted with fifty ounces of silver for us. He was going toward Nan-yang-fu (having friends on the road), and by evening would be at least twenty miles from their stopping-place. Our possession of this silver solved one of the pressing problems pressing upon our penniless men when we overtook them that night.

Darkness came on that afternoon, we were able to escape from most of those whom we met the fact that we were foreigners. We began to breathe more freely and to feel that the danger of mob violence was less. This was a great relief, for although I had little concern for myself in the prospect of sudden death, which had faced us many times during the previous months, yet my heart had been sore for those whose lives would break if they should never see us again. Before midnight we were entering the inn which was the dear friends from whom we had been so long separated, and with what joy and gratitude we met each other again I leave the reader to



CHAPTER XIV

THE FLIGHT FROM HONAN

II. THE CHINA INLAND MISSIONARIES

THE missionaries of the China Inland Mission, in the province of Honan, are mostly working in the south of that province. The Canadian Presbyterians, in making their escape from the north and going towards Hankow, passed close to some of the China Inland Mission stations, and to one of these, She-k'i-tien, they sent a message, advising the friends there to flee. In accordance with this intimation, the missionaries there decided to make their escape, and an account of their adventures is graphically told by Dr. G. W. Guinness :—

'At the beginning of July, reports of the disturbed condition of the country began to arrive at our station—She-k'i-tien, near Nan-yang-fu, in South-west Honan. Prolonged droughts had destroyed the prospects of a good harvest, and the people were in a restless condition, ready for anything in the way of uprising and excitement. They were incensed at the failure of all their prayers and rain processions; no rain had fallen. "It must be the foreigners' fault," they said; "let us get rid of them." Wild rumours were current everywhere, and finally we heard very definite threats of violence; no notice was taken, however, as wild talk is very

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in China, and we did not want to be disturbed

Saturday, July 7, a large party (Canadian
an) of foreigners, fleeing from the north,
r station, and sent a messenger to warn us of
er, and bid us make good our escape. The
ing two officials came to discuss the situation;
evidently desirous of getting money, but not
do much to help. We wrote to the man-
Nan-yang-fu, and determined to wait for an

services next day were very well attended; in
noon crowds assembled to see the Church
go home; a riot seemed imminent, but an
man dispersed the people, and we locked the
packed a few things and prepared to leave.
t a few soldiers were stationed in front of the
we were left in peace, but dawn revealed the
he guard had gone. It was impossible to get
ause a vast crowd had assembled, evidently
rioting. The packed boxes, together with a
nstruments and drugs and a camera, were

corner of the room was a ladder leading up to a loft overhead. "Hush, go up quickly and stay still."

'It was a long room with five windows on one side, dust and lumber plentifully scattered about; and there we lay hid, listening to the terrible shouts and yelling of the mob, the crash and falling of timber and masonry; they had begun to riot in earnest. Two of the party were ladies, and one of these, Mrs. Conway, had been seriously ill and was very weak. The month-old baby required food. The mother had tasted nothing since the previous day, and it was quite impossible to get anything then. Should the child cry, our whereabouts would be revealed, so it was all-important to keep her quiet. We prayed in silence, and the Lord heard and kept the child still from dawn till dark.

'It was very hot. The noise of the rioters increased as they neared us. Our house was in flames; we could hear the crackling of the fire and see the smoke. Suddenly there was a rush; the mob had traced us over the wall and across the courtyard, and into the room beneath they came. Every word was so distinct: "Kill the foreigners; smash up the house; they must be here up this ladder. I will go up and see; we have searched everywhere else, and have not found them. I believe they are here; let me go up." A brisk altercation ensued; our friends trying to dissuade the searchers from ascending the ladder; others urging them on.

'Time after time they were driven off, and as often returned to search. They clambered on to the roof and stared into the windows. We stood flat against the wall between two windows, thus attempting to screen ourselves from sight. At last two boys saw us and spread the news. Back came the rioters. "They are

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y have been seen ; we will go up." It was
us moment, but God gave peace amid the
The landlord managed to bluff them off
d after a long time of stamping and raging
away ; so passed the hours of the day from
8 p.m.

ness at length brought relief from strain ; the
gone, and we breathed more freely. A pot of
ea was passed up through the floor, and the
other could quench her thirst. Presently the
appeared, white and trembling. " Don't delay,"
" follow me ; they know you are here." His
almost gone. We quickly descended the
d again crossed the yard and passed into a
tuated on one side of it, immediately opposite
where the boxes had been hidden in the

At one side of the room stood an enormous
grain ; a stool was placed on this, and by its
ambered up through a trap-door into a loft
e stool was removed, the door shut down, and
f our whereabouts was gone.

ere in a long room, dirty and quite devoid of



A Narrow Escape

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'It was quite dark by now, and presently the trap-door lifted and Mr. Li emerged from below. He had come to tell us his plans for escape. We were to be disguised as far as possible, and to leave at midnight and go to the house of a man named Chang, from whence a start could be made early in the morning by carts. This was agreed to, and about 11.45 p.m. we passed down through the trap-door on to the grain, and thence regained the ground floor, little knowing the danger that lay ahead, had this plan succeeded. Just at that moment a noise at the front caused us all to stand still; a few minutes later the landlord came running back, and said, "Quick; back to the loft: the 'Pao-kia-ku' has come to search the place." There was no time to be lost; up on to the basket of grain we climbed, and once again, by aid of the stool, managed to ascend into the room above. The trap-door was quietly let down, and I took my seat on it; fortunately, the child did not cry. With short, sharp orders the Pao-kia-ku official ordered his soldiers to search the place. It was not long before the boxes and camera hidden in the morning were discovered; these were promptly removed.

'Having cleared them away, they returned to thoroughly investigate the whole place. "What is here?" "My grain," answered Mr. Li. "The door is locked; I must get in." "Here" (to his soldiers), "break open the door." A blow from a heavy pole followed, and we heard the official enter the granary beneath us. "What does this mean? a stool on a pile of grain just beneath a trap-door. Who is up there? Search and see." Silently we prayed, and God heard. A voice said, "Only women up there." Already the trap-door had begun to lift. "Only women, oh!" the door was dropped, and we heard them departing; three times they

The Flight from Honan

to the search, and as often left again; we
in a new way that God is a hearer and answerer

stationed two soldiers below, so that all escape
flight was impossible. Subsequently we found
had the plan of going to Mr. Chang's house
d, none of us might ever have got away alive,
what seemed to us disaster was really our

All too quickly the remaining hours of
passed; brief snatches of sleep were seized by
ers listened to the conversation of the soldiers
morning dawned and revealed us to each other
with dust from the floor and cobwebs from the
month-old baby lay asleep by her mother;
p and lack of food was an ill preparation for
of riot that was to follow, but "as thy day so
strength be" was not to fail.

early in the morning the rioters came back to
k, to finally demolish the remaining portion of
el hall. A very thorough search was made for
ners. Yells and blows resounded on all sides;
time we could only lie hiding our faces in the



THE SO PING FU MARTYRS.

M. HEDLUND.

J. LUNDELL.

N. CARLESON. E. KARLBERG.

O. L. LARSSON.

E. PETERSSON.

E. PERSSON.

S. PERSSON.

A. JOHANSSON.

J. ENGVALL.

[See p. 79.]



Fears and Terrors

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The house was not burned, however, and another night came on, and with it a chance to get a little food through the trap-door.

'Wednesday and Thursday were thus passed in the loft. Every night fresh plans of escape were devised, but could not be carried out. One evening the ladies were to have been conveyed away from the city in water-butts, and we, disguised, were to walk with them. The butts proved too small, and could not be used. The attempt to let us down over the city wall with ropes they said would prove futile; the wall was too carefully guarded. The city gates were closed, with the exception of two, which were jealously watched. "Would we dress up as soldiers and escort the ladies on horseback?" "No, the risk was too great. Travellers were being continually robbed and killed." At last, hope of an escort of soldiers cheered our hearts; one hundred or two hundred taels was to be given, and for this sum an escort provided to Fan-ch'eng. The time of starting was settled, and we fully expected to get away. But all hopes were doomed to disappointment; the escort refused to go for less than 500 taels (about £70), and even then would accompany us for only a distance of thirty miles. So hope alternated with disappointment, and every day fear of discovery was added to the strain and trial of imprisonment; bands of searchers kept coming and trying to look into the room.

'At midday on Thursday, Mr. Li suddenly appeared, and said, "Fly! the Pao-kia-ku has come with swords to kill you." In two minutes all had dropped through the trap-door, crossed the yard, and scaled the wall, and we were back in the devastated remains of our garden. The sun was blazing hot, and none of us had any protection for our heads. The infant began to cry, and we

The Flight from Honan

all was over. Apart from God we were helpless. A few minutes later, a man followed us across the street. It was impossible to avoid discovery; we lay still. "Back," he said; "they have gone. It is all right." The intensity of feeling can be better imagined than described.

In the evening of the fifth day after the riot, rain had fallen, affording the opportunity required to escape to the country. An excited crowd of servants and friends waited below to disguise us all and lead us away by one in the darkness and rain. After a ten-minute walk, we reached a large business firm, and were taken to the back of the building, and hidden in a room at the top of the house. The room was dark, with one window in it eighteen inches high, and a doorway without a door. A bed on one side was a resting-place for the ladies, and we managed to pull up a portion of curtain, and Mr. Conway and I lay on a rug on the stone floor.

Every day hope of escape seemed further off. The situation was in a ferment. Rioters, robbers, and a society

'One evening the chief partner in the firm appeared, and said, "To-morrow morning carts will be in readiness at dawn; prepare to leave." Before daylight we crossed the courtyard in silence, careful not to wake the many men who were sleeping there. Then an awkward delay of forty minutes waiting for the cart proved trying, because every minute it was getting lighter. Eventually two carts arrived, and we started just before the sun was up. Ten minutes more were spent at the city gate. A bribe of one thousand cash per cart had to be given, and we got through without being seen; our landlord sitting in front and screening us from view. About two miles from the city a small boat was waiting, into which we crept, and with an escort of four men started down stream. Passing the customs proved difficult and anxious work. The officials came on board and thoroughly searched our cabin, but never once of the twelve or more times we were examined did they discover the foreigner. Had they found us, our lives would not have been worth much.

'The escort and ourselves lived in the one cabin for thirteen days, until Hankow was reached in safety. Here it was their turn to be frightened; they had never seen such large vessels as lay in the Yangtse, and were only too glad to start back with the 300 taels (about £40) which was the reward for bringing us through in safety. Thus thirty days after our station was destroyed we reached Hankow, ragged and dirty, with clothing that had been lived in day and night for a month, but very thankful to have been brought through in safety by One who never leaves and never forsakes those who put their trust in Him.'

Two other remarkable escapes, those of Mr. C.

me of all my money and the few things I had in my cash-bag. They then made me get down off the boat, and pulled the clothes off my back, leaving me stripped to the waist. I had put my little pocket Bible in my waist, and when they felt that they thought it must be silver, and half a dozen pairs of hands grabbed at it. I could have laughed, so eager they each seemed to secure the prize; no one would let go; they wrenched furiously at it. At last they got it out, and great was their disgust on finding it was only a book. A boy standing by suggested that they should take my trousers, but a bystander was indignant and rebuked him. They took off my shoes, however, and then they left me standing there.

'I heard before this that the district mandarin was in the town, and had sent him my card; but all that the officials did was to come down and insist on my getting on to the boat and continuing my journey. This I refused to do, as the boat people were not willing, naturally fearing that their cargo might be plundered next if I remained with them. So they gave me an old ragged shirt and a pair of old shoes, and I got across to the other bank, my man carrying me on his back. My intention was to strike across the fields to the place where the Swedish ladies were; but I soon found that was impossible. The people came rushing from all parts, and one man seized my queue, and, drawing a dagger, presented it at my heart. He also took off my cotton girdle.

'I then waded the river again, and, entering the town with my clothes all dripping, stood in the main street, in a shady place, determined at all costs to see the mandarin myself. When he came back I made my way to the Yamen, but I was refused admission. They

promised, however, to tell the mandarin, and to see what he would do for the ladies and myself. For the rest of the day I sat in a tea-shop, in my disconsolate condition, a spectacle to all beholders. Some unknown friend bought me a little bread, which, however, I could not swallow. In the evening an inferior official came back with my gown and shirt, and said I must go on the boat again and leave for Chau-kia-keo. I replied that this could not be, as I was not going to leave without knowing something about the ladies.

‘That night I slept in the boat, and in the morning again entered the town. The official said it was impossible to give the ladies and myself an escort, so I determined to make a final attempt to see the mandarin myself, as he descended from his chair and entered the Yamen. That day a Yamen runner kept constantly by my side, both on the street and in the tea-shop. In the afternoon I took my stand at the Yamen gates. A crowd soon gathered. They tried to get me to move with all sorts of promises; but, seeing I would not go away, two runners suddenly caught hold of me and dragged me down the street by the hair of my head. Some kind person had returned me my Bible, but one of the runners, seeing that I treasured it, took it from me again.

‘I now saw that it was hopeless to expect help from the mandarin, and I just sat down by the roadside. In this my hour of extremity the Lord in a wonderful way raised up a good friend for me, who took me to his house for the night. This man was a Mohammedan, as were also two others who befriended me. A pedlar selling a sort of porridge gave me a basin of it, and would not take any money, and another selling black bread gave me a small loaf. My good friend stayed by

me for the next four or five days, gave me my food, and found me a little room where I lay hid for two days. He also sent messengers with letters to the ladies, but these never reached them. During these days, I think, my good friend did hardly anything else but make arrangements for me.

'Then the water in the river rose, and my friend hired a boat for me, to take me to Chau-kia-keo. By that time I had heard definitely that the ladies had gone on; and also that the Chau-kia-keo friends had left with an escort. I thought the same mandarins might do something for me. I knew there were many Christians in Chau-kia-keo, and I had given my messenger some silver, which I hoped I should be able to get when I arrived there; so I started.

'At night-time I bid my kind friend good-bye, got on to the boat, and hid in a locker underneath the deck. There I remained all that night and the next day. When we were not far from Chau-kia-keo, I sent a message to one of the leading Christians. In reply, a relative of his came to tell me of the condition in which the Christians themselves were. Several of their houses had been pillaged, and they dared not show themselves on the streets. After this man had left, the boatman offered to lead me to the house of the Christian, that I might see what was best to be done. As soon as he got me on shore he ran back, and the boat moved off, and I was left standing on the bank—without a cash in my possession, in a great city full of enemies.

'It was by this time quite dark, and I knew that the gates would soon be shut, when I should have to sleep on the bank—a most undesirable place, for it had been raining, and everything was damp and muddy. As I entered the gate, the gatekeeper looked dismayed when he saw

me, and wanted to know what I was doing there. He said that I could not possibly wait till daylight, as my life would not be safe. What to do I did not know, but just cried to the Lord ; and, seeing the night-watch going round, I appealed to the officer. He referred me to a gentleman who was just then passing by, followed by a soldier carrying a lantern. This proved to be the mandarin who had befriended the Shearer party. I told him my plight, but he said he could not help me, but would give me some money, and advised me to go on to the next city, six miles distant. I protested, but he only repeated his advice and moved on. By this time a small crowd had gathered, and all apparently sympathised with me, and seemed dismayed at the idea of my still remaining in the city.

'Some told me to go to the Yamen, but I did not think there was any use in going there. Ultimately, however, there was nothing else for it, and I made my way there through the wet, dark streets. Knocking I knew would be useless, so I just lay down on the step outside the door, and prepared to spend the night there. I was only afraid that the little money the mandarin had given me might be stolen. After lying there some time, the gatekeeper of the street gate¹ came and found me, and let me sleep in his little hole, a filthy place, but still affording a protection from the night air.

'The policeman then came and told me that the mandarin could not possibly help me ; he had been severely reprimanded by his superiors for what he had already done for the other friends. He advised me to leave at dawn. During the night I had reason to fear

¹ In a Chinese city the streets are divided off by gates, which are locked at night.

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gatekeeper was planning to rob me. I could sleep, and got up before it was light, and stole down the street, and only breathed freely when I was away from the city.

I reached the next city, Shang-shui, about breakfast-time. I made my way to the Yamen, in the hope that the mandarin might do something, or that I might meet one of the ladies' party, and might perhaps be able to overtake them. My hopes, however, were disappointed; the ladies had left more than four days before, and the mandarin would do nothing for me. I spent the whole day, debating in my mind and heart about what I ought to do. The officials became impatient to get me away, and promised to escort me to the next city. It was merely a pretext, however, for the officials sent with me only went a short distance from the city and then turned back, so I turned back to his chagrin. They let me sleep that night in a room where all the Yamen runners were. I was glad of any shelter.

On the next day, as a last resource, I determined to make my way to Shui-tei, a town some distance to the east.

But what cheered me most of all was the good news that the Gan-hwuy missionaries had not all gone, and I had only some forty miles to go to reach T'ai-ho, where there were still two of our missionaries. Once there, I should be able to get money or hire a boat, and so get down to the coast.

'We left that place at midnight, two of the Christians accompanying me. We intended to go to T'ai-ho by a roundabout way, and hoped to reach there the next evening. We had not gone far, however, when one of my companions bethought himself of a boat he knew of, so we made our way to the river bank. The friend was found; he was willing to take me for a consideration, and I got on board. Once again my heart was full of gratitude for this help given, but the usual dilatoriness of Chinese boatmen spoiled everything. We had wind and water in our favour, but they would insist on waiting until they had received some money which some of their neighbours owed them, and they spent the whole morning and afternoon counting over several thousands of cash. Nothing would induce them to move; and the result was that in the afternoon my hiding-place was discovered; and although I had nothing of which I could be robbed, the boat people were so frightened that they refused to take me with them. So we had to get down and start on foot again.

'I tied a handkerchief over my eyes, and pulled my straw hat down over my face, hoping to be able to go along unnoticed. The two Christians had a few cash in their girdles; beyond this we had nothing with us. We had gone some distance, and it was now dusk, when, as we were passing a place notorious for its bad characters, two men sitting by the roadside recognised me, and instantly called on me to stop. The whole village turned

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prayer, knowing that so many were praying

Following is Mr. Argento's story :—

There had been rumours of trouble and much anxiety at my station of Kwang Chau, but they had not troubled me at all. On Sunday morning, July 8, 1937, a Christian, a boy about sixteen years of age, told me that people were saying on the street that they would come either that day or the following and pull me down and kill me and all the Christians. I did not seem to be afraid about that. "Let them say what they will." Half an hour before the time for the morning meeting, I was engaged choosing the hymns, when I heard a crowd of people rush into the premises, making a great noise. I came quickly out of my study to see what was going on, and I saw the "k'eh-fang" (a Chinese name) just crammed with people. They called to me and wanted me to preach to them; but having decided that they had come on purpose to make trouble, I went back to my study to fetch a card, intending to go to the Yamen, but people with knives in their

the Gospel of peace, to let them know that all the people of the earth are one great family, and as such ought to love one another; not only so, but we also brought to them a message of salvation.

'Seeing that they would not listen to these words, but rather became more rowdy, and some of the rioters surrounding me, I invited one of them, as if he had been a friend, just to tell the people to be quiet, and to explain to them that we were their best friends, and had come to do them good. So this man jumped on to the table, and with great gesticulations, and shouting at the pitch of his voice, tried to quiet them, explaining what I had told him; but he had only spoken a moment or two when he was told to get down; and the people rushing towards the table tried to crush me between it and the wall. Then I asked some people who were standing at my right hand to resist the pushing of the table. They did so for a little while, but seeing it was unsuccessful, exhorted me to go to the back part of the house. I did not do so, feeling that there was no way of escape there.

'Suddenly one of the ringleaders, coiling up his queue on his head, pulling up his sleeve, grasped hold of my queue and tried to strike me on the breast. Some others took hold of my gown, striking at me on every side and trying to pull me outside the "k'eh-fang" (guest-room). Then some one gave a blow to the lamp, which fell and broke, and we were left in complete darkness. I at once made an effort, got my queue out of their grasp by a sudden pull, and, loosing my gown, left it with them. I threw myself on the ground, to be out of reach of their hands, and succeeding in reaching a corner, crouched down into as little space as possible. Having thus freed myself from their

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...y thought I had run away, and so began to
...ors, screens, and benches, and all they found
...eh-fang." One of the screens falling under
...s partly covered me.

...y everything in the "k'eh-fang" having been
... they then made a rush for the front "leo"
...rey), and I availed myself of the interval to
...erneath the table, where I was less cramped
...d be less easily seen. It was not possible
...t, on account of the crowds surrounding the
...fter they had finished in the front "leo," down
... again and made a rush for the back. From
... table I could see the work of destruction

... After having looted or destroyed what was
...d at the back and in my study, they wanted
... hunt after valuables. They found some straw,
...ng it in kerosene, made a torch of it. As
... they had the light they began dividing the
... when they could find no more they spoke of
...e house and débris on fire. So they set to
... together a pile of wood, and poured kerosene
...e torch was burning out, but one man lifted

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kerosene on my clothes and set them on fire. Friendly neighbours, however, quickly quenched the flames, tearing off the burning part of the garment, whilst others were dragging me away by the queue to save me. I was lying with my face to the ground. The rioters, seeing these neighbours wanted to save me, got hold of a pole, and began to strike me on the head and all over my body. I tried to protect my head with my hands, but had not reached the doorsteps when a very heavy blow inflicted on my head caused me to lose consciousness. I commended my soul into God's keeping, and knew nothing further.

'I remained unconscious for two days. When I reopened my eyes on the morning of Wednesday, July 11, I found myself on the platform in the chapel, lying on a "p'u-kai" (native bedding), soaked with blood, and my head still bleeding. The Christians told me that some of the rioters dragged me on to the street and wanted to cut off my head, but others opposed this, saying, "That is no use, when he is dead already." Afterwards, on the same night, the mandarin came, and, seeing me lying on the public street, ordered his underlings to carry me inside and put me on a bed. No bed was to be found, so they left me on some unbroken boards of the platform. Some of the Christians by turns had watched me during the nights.

'After I became conscious, I was terribly thirsty and feverish. The Christians brought me food, but I could not eat anything; I only eagerly drank all the water they brought me. Some of the gentry, discovering that I had regained consciousness, spread it abroad, wanting the rioters to come back and cut off my head.

'When the mandarin knew this, fearing that I might die in Kwang Chau, and he be held responsible for all

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happened, he decided to send me away to Chau-
hundred and forty miles north, thinking that I
certainly die on the road, and so he would be freed
me, as he would be reported as having helped
me to where I could obtain medical treatment.
y, having heard that the mandarin was friendly
towards me, presented him with a petition,
ing to murder him if he allowed me to leave
hau either dead or alive.

he evening the mandarin visited me, and sug-
a safe plan to get me out of the city, that I
carried along in a coffin. I feared, however,
ould either die for want of sufficient air, or that
rs and bearers would bury me alive, or throw
into the river, so I would not consent, although
arin promised to put breathing-holes in the lid.
would rather die in the chapel. Some of the
s suggested to him to put me on a bamboo
with an awning to protect me from the sun.
d to this, so about midnight one was brought
bearers. The mandarin came himself, with an
fifty footmen, twenty horsemen—all armed—

examine the stretcher. They were very much excited and unfriendly, calling out to kill the foreigner; but the soldiers kept them in check, and ordered the bearers to go quickly. Next day, Saturday, July 14, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we reached the Sin-ts'ai Yamen. The escort was to be changed there again. A great crowd of people ran excitedly into the courtyard of the Yamen, and, in spite of all the soldiers could do, pulled off the awning and tried to smash the stretcher itself. Then the mardarin gave orders to take me into a room and not allow the people in. After a quarter of an hour's wait there, the new escort was ready, and, the awning having been repaired, on we went towards Hiang-ch'eng Hsien, distant a farther thirty-seven miles.

'Even at this time, in getting out from the Yamen, the people tried once more to smash the stretcher, and they took away my shoes and socks; and then, whilst we were going, men and women crowded round, stopping the bearers every now and then to look at the "foreign devil."

'I was a little better that day, and, for the first time, I could take a little "hsi-fan" (rice gruel) that they gave me. After we had travelled ten miles, a thunderstorm suddenly broke upon us; the rain pelted down, quickly soaking the awning and wetting us all through and through, and the wind blew like a hurricane. The bearers cursed and swore. Soon after, we reached a small inn, where we stopped for the night.

'Next day, Sunday, July 15, we arrived at Hsiang-ch'eng Hsien, about half-past five in the afternoon, and the bearers left me outside the door of the Yamen, at the mercy of thousands of enemies, who crowded round from every direction. They thought I was dead, for I did not move or make a sound, although they pinched me,

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hair, and knocked me about—an ordeal which
hour long; after which the mandarin ordered
erlings to take me into a room and close the

the morrow, Monday, July 16, about 3.30 a.m., I
d out into the yard, and, hearing them speak
outhward, I asked the soldiers and Yamen
hat that meant, and told them that, unless I
andarin, I would not start; so saying, I made
o get down from the stretcher, to sit in the court-
they took hold of me and put me back, and
e bearers to start off quickly. On my complain-
mode of treatment, one of the older ones told
e mandarin would not let me go on, and had
ers to send me back to Kwang Chau.

that evening we reached Sin-ts'ai again, where
rin, having heard that the Hiang-ch'eng official,
receive me, treated me very uncivilly, leaving
ht in the open courtyard exposed to the rain,
zled down and wet me.

following morning, Tuesday, July 17, the
thinking my being carried on a bamboo

hold of me and put me roughly on the barrow and started off.

'The jolting on the uneven road and the fearful heat of the sun beating down, caused me excruciating pain, and reopened my wounds. We went twenty-three miles that day. The mandarin had given no money for food for me, and if the Lord had not touched the heart of one of the soldiers, who pitied me, I should have had nothing to eat all day. The following morning, Wednesday, July 18, about noon, we were back at Si Hsien. The mandarin did not want to have anything to do with me, and left me in the Yamen yard, and soon a large crowd came around.

'Some two months previously, I had visited Si Hsien on a tour for preaching and selling books. A man connected with the Yamen, named Chao, had invited me to preach outside his door, where he had placed a table and chair and kept me provided with tea. He was very much interested in the Gospel. Hearing that I was now in the Yamen amongst such a crowd of people, he came and told the barrow-man to push me to his house, where he soon prepared a bed for me to lie on, and gave me tea, and afterwards a good dinner.

'I told him my story, and, on hearing of the uncivil manner in which I was treated by the mandarin, and how he did not give me any travelling money, he presented me with one hundred large cash, telling me not to spend them whilst I was his guest, but to keep them for my journey back to Kwang Chau. Moreover, as I was without "k'u-tsi" (trousers) and socks and shoes, he interested some friends to provide me with them.

'Owing to heavy rains, I was his guest for three days, and during this time with them I had three meals a day, and he gave me fresh tea from morning till night.

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ors, both men and women, came to see me, sharing with my sufferings; and I had the privilege of doing to them, in the best way I could, the work of salvation.

In the evening of the third day there, Friday, July 19, Chao's family tried to persuade me to stay in Honan rather than return to Kwang Chau, inviting me to continue to be their guest until I was better, and saying they would try to collect travelling money for me, about eight hundred or nine hundred cash, to send me to Hankow. To this I answered that I expected to see the mandarin, and next day, early in the morning—it was Saturday, July 21—he sent a sedan chair and a few soldiers to escort me to Kwang Chau.

I arrived at the Yamen there at half-past four in the afternoon. I was left in the yard four hours, all the time at the mercy of large crowds of enemies, who surrounded me and mocked me, saying, "God has brought you back, has He? Your God cannot save you. He is dead; He is not in the world; He cannot give you help. Our Kwan-ti (God of War) is much stronger. He protects us, and he has sent the Boxers to



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execution grounds. The night was dark, and we were travelling by lantern light, so we only went about three miles. The day after, Sunday, July 22, they carried me without disturbance twenty-seven miles farther, to a place called Chau-ho-tien. I had visited there twice before, and many came and recognised me, but did not make any trouble.

'Next morning, Monday, July 23, about 3.30, I got into the chair, and they carried me for a short distance, and then they asked me to dismount and let them tighten up the chair. No sooner had I left it than they took up the poles and away they went back to Kwang Chau. One of the mandarin's attendants still remained, and he told me that they had no official letter, and so were unable to escort me to Lo-shan Hsien, and that now I was free to do what I thought best. I talked to him, and asked him if the mandarin had not left him any money for me. He said, "No," but afterwards produced four hundred cash, and then left me in the darkness. There on the spot I prayed for guidance, and waited till the sun rose.

'Then I walked on past Lo-shan Hsien, intending to go to Sing-yang Chau, where I had heard that there were some foreigners prospecting for a railway. At Lo-shan the people called out, "The Bewitcher," and wanted to kill me; but others said, "He is only a Canton man." They followed me some distance, and then returned. At noon I stopped at a small inn four miles beyond Lo-shan Hsien. After dinner I rested till five o'clock, and then proceeded on my way, but I had only walked a short distance when I seemed to hear an inner voice saying to me, "Do not go on," and I returned to the inn. The landlord was surprised to see me back. I told him that I was footsore, and so could not get on that day.

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g the evening, some thirty men, armed with
d spikes, stopped at the inn, and asked very
if the innkeeper had seen a "foreign devil"
y that morning, and saying that they were
ter him to kill him. The innkeeper answered
ative, and the men began angrily cursing the

lying down on the floor with my face turned
and my head partly covered with my hand,
d not recognise me; but I heard all they said,
plans to overtake and kill me, and their con-
at I was farther on the road to Sin-yang Chau.
ed for a long while, but started off very early
rning. A little later, I too left the inn. It
ay, July 24; I had walked five miles, and was
ry weary, as if I could not go much farther,
time felt very despondent, when I saw a man
om the opposite direction. As he neared me
d and looked very closely at me, and again
We passed one another, and then he stopped
turned round, and then he asked if I was not
(Chinese name)



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on the farther side of the river, he returned and fetched money and dinner for me, and clothes. After dinner we went on towards Hankow, and by his help, after a week's more travelling, during which our lives were three times at stake, I reached Hankow safely. We journeyed partly on foot, partly by barrow, partly in sedan chair, partly by boat, and on Tuesday morning, July 31, we reached our journey's end, glad to have the dangers and sufferings over, and to be able to get rest and medical treatment.'

CHAPTER XV

THE EXODUS FROM SHANTUNG

Month of May 1900, the condition of the
Shantung seemed unusually peaceful and
since the time of the murder of Mr. Brooks,
occurred in the preceding month of December,
concerning the Boxer movement had caused
anxiety, especially to the large number of
residents in the province. The removal of
and the arrival of the new military Governor,
-k'ai, bringing as it did a policy of repression
the Boxers, made the situation more tranquil
aspects of peace more sure.

Ordinary work was being prosecuted as usual, and

becoming dangerous. This conviction impressed itself on Mr. John Fowler, the United States Consul in Chefoo, who, with characteristic energy, set about to secure the safety of the missionaries in the province of Shantung, of which a large number were under his consular authority, as citizens of the United States of America.

He secured the able and hearty co-operation of the Rev. George Cornwell, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Chefoo, as well as the no less able and generous assistance of the Rev. W. B. Hamilton, also of the American Presbyterian Mission, stationed in Chinan-fu, the provincial capital. These three took upon themselves the responsibility of urging upon the entire body of missionaries resident in the province, the necessity of seeking safety in flight to the coast. They placed before all concerned, by means of the free use of telegraphic communication, the gravity of the situation. When Governor Yuan received the fatal telegram from Peking ordering all foreigners to be killed, and the Imperial edict following endorsing it, he, while wisely refusing to issue it, communicated to Mr. Hamilton his fears for the safety of the missionaries in his jurisdiction and, while promising protection in going to the coast, urged that there should be no unnecessary delay in making the journey.

Then Mr. Fowler, on his own responsibility, hired a small Japanese coasting steamer in Chefoo, and sent her, with Mr. Cornwell on board, to the port of Yang-chiakou, which is at the mouth of the canal which connects the provincial capital with the coast, in order to receive the parties of missionaries, with their wives and families, who were seeking safety in flight. The experiences of one of these parties of refugees is as follows :—

The Exodus from Shantung

On the morning of June 21, a party of twenty-one, including the missionary community, left T'ai-ngan-shan (situated two days' journey south-west of the capital), to make their way to the coast *via* the canal. In this party were the Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Crawford, of the Gospel (the former over eighty years of age), and an infant a few weeks old, several girls, and a considerable number of women. It comprised Anglicans, Baptists, and Methodists. The leave-taking was very pathetic; the native Christians who had to be left behind did so with eyes filled with tears and voices choked with emotion, and the foreigners felt that in all probability they might never see them again.

All baggage had to be rigidly cut down to the minimum dimensions, and the time which had been given for the journey was so limited that everything had to be done in a hasty way, and no proper preparation for a long journey was possible. The cavalcade was a curious one, with luggage and passenger barrows, sedan chairs, messengers on bicycles, servants on donkeys, soldiers as foot and on horseback ; altogether the number

'Our soldier escort behaved splendidly throughout. There were several boat-loads of them, and at night half of them patrolled the river banks, while the other half remained in the boats. Every night we anchored near some village, and it was a pretty sight to see all the craft lighted up, and the different lights reflected in the still waters. One night, about midnight, the soldiers were all called up, as a band of robbers had arranged to attack us. An attack by Chinese robbers is indeed a terrible thing. However, when they found themselves met by such a splendid set of armed men, they thought better of their project, and decamped. Like many others, I knew nothing of the danger until morning had broken, having slept soundly throughout.

'So far every one had stood the heat and discomfort fairly well, while I had nothing much worse than an intolerable thirst, which no amount of tea-drinking would alleviate. We had two doctors with us,—an American lady attached to the Presbyterian Mission at Chi-nan-fu, and an Englishman belonging to the English Methodist Mission at Laoling, a station lying between Chi-nan and Tien-tsin. The latter had been married about a month when he had to leave. His wife told me that she had just put the finishing touches to her little home the day before they fled. Like ourselves, they had to leave everything behind. Poor old Dr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford were among the refugees. They bore up wonderfully, in spite of their eighty and seventy years of age respectively. Their great wish was to be allowed to die in China, having spent the greater part of their lives there—close on fifty years.

'On June 26 we arrived at Yang-chia-kou, a large trading village on the banks of the canal. There we exchanged our small boats for two Chinese junks, the

The Exodus from Shantung

mission getting into one, while the rest of us
the other. These junks are very rough
of boats, with one or two big sails, and a
poars at the stern, fixed, and worked to and fro
Chinese sailors, who sing in a curious, weird kind
as they swing backwards and forwards. Of
there is no accommodation for passengers, as they
y cargo boats—no cabin, no anything. But
t much matter, as we knew—or rather hoped
a few more hours we should be safely on board
rescue steamer now waiting for us at the point
er and sea joined. But the wind was dead
e, and the Chinese skipper said he could not
start until the wind changed—"The great God
s resting a bit," and a lot more to the same
And so hour after hour passed by, and a
culated that the little steamer had gone—that
wait no longer. We treated that rumour as
cally as we did most things then, only we
a favourable wind, and to make a start. Day
to evening, and evening into night, before we
welcome sound of the anchor being weighed,

work to do all they could to ensure us as good a night's rest as was possible under the circumstances, and to a great extent they succeeded. Of course it was intensely miserable, and we lay and shivered with the cold, in spite of blankets and rugs. We were very much exposed, and the wind whistled round us as we huddled together for warmth. Though so hot during the day, it was strangely cold at night. Of course, these are all minor evils, and are hardly worth remembering, but as I write the recollection of them conjures up a strange picture, and one never to be forgotten.

'And here I think I must say one word about the kindness of the missionary man, more particularly the kindness and thought of the missionary for his wife. Throughout that memorable journey, it seemed to me that they were always studying the comfort and wishes of the women, and never, never thinking of themselves. While we had the rugs and pillows, they were shivering about the miserable little deck, a place with hardly foothold. While we had hot tea or coffee (if we could get it), they were content to wait or go without. Not that we wished this—far from it; but we could not help noticing it, and remarking upon it. It was the same throughout—the husband for the wife, the father for his children, and the single man for one and all. During that eventful night, it was almost pathetic to see the husband or father creep up every now and then to see if we were all right, and to ask if we wanted anything.

'Our boat had ten or twelve of the Governor's soldiers on board. Early in the morning we were greeted with the intelligence that we had practically made no headway during the night, and, looking round, we could see the village of Yang-chia-kou close at hand. And all the time where was our little steamer? By this time I was

The Exodus from Shantung

very seedy, and could not manage to eat what was to be got; besides, I disliked having to be the hospitality of others, feeling that they needed little they had for themselves.

And so the day wore on, and our progress was nil. We spent a good part of the time in striving to get out the steamer amid a crowd of junks in the harbor—first one and then another declaring they could not see the smoke; jokes were never wanting, and as we were looking through the glasses even saw them in English, so plainly could we see what never was.

During the day, a boat met us with a kind of Japanese officer. He informed us that the steamer was anchored outside the bar, but that she could not get out later than the following morning about 6 a.m., as she was without bread and water, and had a number of men on board. You may imagine our anxiety. The Jap remained with us, and the day wore on.

Before evening it was decided that a prayer-meeting should be held, and so we all collected together—people belonging to many denominations: Church of England, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Gospel Missionary. My



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MISSIONARY PARTIES AT CHINESE INNS.





A Terrible Night

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and the lightning flashed from every part of the heavens at once. We were nearly suffocated down below, but it was far better to be there than exposed to all the fury of the elements, as the men were. And beside, missionary women are marvels of bravery and patience—one rarely heard a murmur, although we were so cramped and suffocated. I, for one, was in a partial stupor the whole night; at the same time I was fully aware of everything that was going on, and quite conscious that a sweet, kind-hearted girl was fanning me with her hat nearly the whole night through.

'The morning broke at last, but rough and miserable. However, our little steamer hove in sight, and we hoped our troubles would soon be over; but no, she was anchored some distance on the other side of the bar, and though we thought that directly she caught sight of us she would steam towards us, she never moved. We had by this time got into rough water, and in a very short time, with two exceptions only, we were all down with sea-sickness. Then the soldiers were ordered to fire off a signal of distress, and they fired off volley after volley, first from the side of the junk, and then from the prow; but still she never moved, and afterwards we were told the surprising news that never a shot was heard by any one on board that little steamer. Long before all this happened, both soldiers and boatmen had wanted to return. One soldier had been howling all the night through. The doctor said there was nothing wrong with him excepting fright. It seems they thought the gods were angry and that everything was against us, and really at one time it almost seemed so. The controlling spirit, however, Mr. Cornwell, insisted upon their continuing on their course, although we were in imminent danger every moment of capsizing.

The Exodus from Shantung

At this time the scene presented on that miserable junk was lamentable in the extreme. Every man was prostrate, and the boat was rolling to and fro in the drunken man. Once I closed my eyes as the boat rolled over on her side, feeling sure that the next morning I would find us struggling in the water, and I never thought of thinking what a mercy it would be to end our troubles so easily; but it was not to be. In the midst of all this wretchedness, we heard shouts, and saw that our Japanese sailor was battling for dear life against the cruel waves; he was safely hauled out, but at the same time was very ill. I never heard how he felt, for we were too ill to inquire.

There was also a fierce dispute between Mr. [Name] and the skipper, for by this time we were too far from the steamer. We were anchored, but it was impossible to board the steamer, as the sea was too rough. Two sailors swam across to us at the risk of their lives, carrying a rope; one collapsed midway, and the other was rescued with difficulty, and both were prostrate some time after. It was proposed to send us across



Return to Yang-chia-kou 259

save himself and his crew, leaving us to our fate. Mr. Cornwell had to draw his pistol, and the little Jap unsheathed his sword. This had the desired effect, and we were soon on our way back to the dreaded village of Yang-chia-kou, feeling that we were indeed forsaken by God and man.

'The little steamer did all she could, even offering to tow us out to calmer water, but it would have meant certain death to some of us, for more reasons than one, and so she steamed away, promising us help as soon as possible. And so we returned. In a few hours we had covered the distance—a distance that had lately taken nearly two dreadful days and nights. A big crowd had assembled on the shore, and it was considered by some very unwise to land; however, Mr. Cornwell and Mr. Mathews landed to make a tour of inspection. They found a splendid place for us—a large warehouse in the form of a courtyard surrounded by small rooms, so we were divided up into parties and distributed. The men's bedding was arranged in the yard, and the women and children occupied the rooms. It was lovely to be able to lie down, to have a wash, and to have a little decent food. The few that objected to our landing were overruled; we felt that, whatever happened, we could not stand another night in that awful boat. Of course there were many terrible rumours about, and we knew that the Boxers were there; but then, we had the troops, and so felt comparatively safe. In our little rooms we heard the men being called up for conference, and we gathered afterwards that they each had to be on guard in turn throughout the night. But the morning broke, and we were still alive.

'During the day, a message was brought that we were to wait for another batch of missionaries, and they

The Exodus from Shantung

ed in the afternoon, all looking bright and
No one looked at any time (except when *mal*
igned supreme) very miserable. Of course
ot know how long we might have to wait; it
for days, or it might be for ever. During the
a big prayer-meeting was held in the court-
the door behind me I could hear the Chinese
great noise, and endeavouring to peer through
performed our "sacrilegious rites." I could
the soldiers clearing them off with the flat of
Whack! whack! And so the day came to
and in the evening our little Jap of the steamer
bringing the glorious news that she had obtained
of water and bread, and had returned for us,
we must leave at once. At the same time we
that fresh Boxers had arrived, and were busy
nd that to spend another night in this place
an certain death to us—anyhow a big fight.
bout 10 p.m. we commenced getting ready,
midnight we had all cleared out of the inn. I
k any of us will ever forget that night. We

our realising our danger so little, but supposed that we should in the future, when it was a thing of the past. It is a curious thing that when one is face to face with death one fears it so little; the hurt comes when it is the death of those we love. That is agony of agony.

'At last all was ready. The candles had ceased to flicker across the compound, as the men and their "boys" put the bedding together. My husband came and sat down by my side, and on the other side my kind little girl friend (the one who fanned me through the long night on the junk), and so we waited. We were to be divided up into three batches. Gospel Mission were the first to go, then the members of the Mission that arrived that afternoon, and lastly we English. There were three junks in readiness in the deep water beyond the stretch of sand (now covered with water), and each party was escorted down to the boats by soldiers. The first party left us; there were a few quiet handshakes—a few tearful eyes, and they were gone—and we listened. It seemed a long time before the soldiers came back for the second party, but at last they went too, and we were left in the almost forsaken yard. But our turn came at last, and we stole out at midnight, amid a death-like silence. I could see faces lining the way as we went, but whether they were the faces of soldiers or others I never knew. I only know that we looked and felt like a funeral procession, and said so.

'In addition to our soldiers, the official had sent a body of soldiers of his own, and as they stood to attention near our boats they looked very picturesque, absurd, and imposing. "Absurd," because they had no weapons, only very long poles with little pennons and tufts on the top. It was a beautiful night, and the stars and lights were reflected in the still waters, and looked so calm and

The Exodus from Shantung

but when we heard every now and then the
some distant gun, we realised our position, and
be far away safe on our little steamer. At
re safely on our three junks, and the sampans
en returned to the shore. However, we had
r Mr. Cornwell, who had remained behind to
unts. We got fearfully anxious, as he was so
oming, and of course imagined all manner of
hings.

st by two o'clock we were off, the sails were
he soldiers made themselves comfortable, the
ng their boating song, and we lifted up our
thankfulness, feeling at last that a kind
e was protecting us, and that we were saved.
structions had been left with the official and
at no boats were to be allowed to follow us.
e ourselves as comfortable as possible—the
e hole and ourselves in another. Of course,
out of the question, but I sat and watched the
listened to the boatmen. Sometimes I heard
gnore by way of a change, and then, in the
was rewarded by seeing the sun rise over the

trancing. We looked through the skylight and saw a real table, a real cloth, and real cups and saucers—yes, and actually real foreign food. Presently the other junks came up, and then there was a general merry meeting among older missionaries. We were all refugees—seventy-five of us. The steamer was a little Jap chartered by the American Consul, I believe. The Americans are good to their missionaries. The missionaries seem to be *the* important people in American eyes. We were a wonderful mixture, and there were crowds of children. Some of the people were exceedingly nice, and evidently clever, well educated, and refined. There was no accommodation on the “boat,” as it was really built for native use; besides, it was very small, so we had to sleep on deck, and in the morning we smeared our faces over, using a rag and sea-water for the purpose. In the saloon the flies were so numerous, and the people almost as much so, and what they lacked in numbers they made up for in size, so that feeding was quite out of the question. However, they all tried to do their best, and an arrangement was made whereby we all went down in the parties arranged as we were in the inn.

‘But our one longing was to get to our journey’s end, and our little “Jap” went merrily along, ploughing through the water at a famous rate. We had one very exciting incident *en route*. We met a Japanese merchant vessel (steamer) like our own, on its way to Yang-chia-kou. Mr. Cornwell signalled to her, and she came alongside. He then told the captain that there would be a small party of refugees on their way from Chi-nan-fu, and would he bring them on, as it would be some days before he could get back himself? The captain took a letter, and he and the crew promised

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...y came up, they would not refuse them, but
...e them on board. The compradore (who is
...l, and a Chinaman) absolutely refused to have
...o do with them. As you may imagine, we
...vratful, and many were the bitter things said
...compradore. We could do no more than
...pray that the good little captain would
...ay. And he did, and the compradore was
...nd dismissed from the firm.

...iving at Chefoo, Mr. Griffith came off on a
...meet us, and the little bay was soon alive
...s,—such a bright, animated scene; the
...oo, was anchored there, as large as life, and
...ironclads belonging to different nations, and
...scene was just one brilliant picture. We were
...the house of one of the merchants, and had
...akfast; but after all we had gone through I
...verwhelmed.'

...her experience is worthy of record in connec-
...the exodus of missionaries from Shantung,
...e burning of the Weihsien Mission compound.

Mr. Chalfant that they had knocked the coping off from Dr. Faries' wall. He went out to see about it. Just at this time, one of the Chinese pastors was leaving on a cart that was loaded with the goods of a Chinese sewing woman. As soon as the cart was out of the gate, the pastor was struck and the things all stolen from the cart. Mr. Chalfant went back to his house to get a revolver, and told us that he had sent for *shenzas*, and we must go at midnight. Soon after, he came again, and said that we had better go to his house. We went there, and he went to face the mob. For over two hours he kept them back, first standing inside of the wall, and afterward on the outside. A letter had been sent to the Chinese official, asking for help, but no one came. One soldier carrying a message to another place came to the compound, looked around, and went back. After he left, the mob was worse than ever. Mr. Chalfant shot several times into the air. The people shouted that members of the Big Knife Society could not be hurt. Mr. Chalfant then fired into the crowd. Next, the mob attempted to get between Mr. Chalfant and the gate. He made a rush for it, and succeeded in getting inside. All this time the mob had been throwing brickbats, and it is wonderful that Mr. Chalfant was not killed. He was not even seriously injured, though the toe of one foot was crushed and was very painful. It is most plainly the power of God that kept him safe. When Mr. Chalfant came into the compound, the south gate had been broken in, the mob had come in there, and set fire to the chapel.

'In the meantime, Miss Hawes and I were in Mr. Chalfant's house. Some Christian women came there to see us. They were at first much excited, but soon quieted down. A boy brought us something to eat.

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some water and ate a few mouthfuls, but it is necessary to tell you that most of our time was prayer, and, indeed, our hearts were constantly prayer to God. The gate of Mr. Chalfant's bolted, and a man sat in front of it with a gun in his hand to defend us. Word came that Mr. Chalfant had been taken, and we sent one man to find him. It was then that the south gate was opened, and our men rushed there to keep the mob back. Mr. Chalfant came soon after.

We barricaded the doors and windows and went upstairs. Several Chinese women, a man and boy, with us. We were pounding downstairs and the breaking of glass. We saw the flames from the burning chapel and the ladies' house. We then went downstairs and out the east window. There was a ladder lying on the ground and no one in the front yard. Mr. Chalfant and a man put the ladder against the wall, and we climbed over. We were seen. Some one threw a stone at us. We heard a man calling, "The foreign devils are here: kill them!" but no one followed us. A man and a boy came with us to a place called

A Wonderful Escape

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We came to one place where the people were out on the village wall. They were hostile, and we turned aside and went around the village, through the fields. We rested several times. Once we sat down for a while, waiting until the road was quiet and people had gone to bed. We left our compound about eight o'clock, and reached Fangtze at midnight. The Germans were still up, and gave us a most cordial welcome. Supper was soon ready for us and beds prepared. I shall never forget the kindness of these people. They put everything they had at our disposal. There were no ladies there, only German engineers and miners, in all fifteen or sixteen men.

'As we look back upon the way God has led us, His love and care seem very wonderful. All the time of the riot, He seemed close beside us, and I kept thinking of the verse, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." When we went upstairs to Mr. Chalfant's house, we fully expected to die. So far as we could see, there was no escape, but we were all ready to say, "Thy will be done." My earnest prayer was that I might not in any way dishonour God, but that I might be close to Him to the end.

'We have many things for which to be thankful, and which show plainly that God was caring for us. If the riot had been earlier in the day, and we escaping by daylight, in all human probability we could not have got away. The ladder by which we escaped had been brought there only the day before for Mr. Chalfant to examine the roof. Just at this season there was no one in the fields. A little earlier or later, the men are out all night watching the crops. Humanly speaking, we owe our lives to Mr. Chalfant. He was *one man against five hundred*, and he held them back until nearly

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to the Chinese who came with us we owe a debt
ude we cannot repay. They risked their own
elp us. As soon as we reached the coal mines,
man of the place sent a telegram asking for
soldiers to escort us to Tsing Tau.

saved nothing except what we had on our
had been packing all day, and wore an old
t I expected to throw away. I did have my
n, but everything else is gone. Our school
was killed just outside of our compound, and a
badly beaten. Most or all of our helpers and
lost all they had at the station, but we have
of any others who were injured.

left Fangtze after four o'clock, Saturday after-
e 30, and went ten miles that evening. Next day
about thirty miles. Just as we began to eat
e heard a great uproar in front of the inn gate,
ed it was the beginning of another riot. The
sped their weapons and rushed out. They
l in quieting the people, but no one was hungry
t. Toward evening we crossed a river where
only one small boat, and it took several hours

‘After the way God brought us out of the fire at Wei Hsien, I can most certainly say that mine own eyes have seen His great power. With Him we are always safe, and without Him no place is safe. I believe that after this trouble we shall see a greater work in China than we have ever seen before. That night we were fleeing from Wei Hsien, as I looked back and saw the flames rising behind me, I thought,—These flames will kindle a wonderful work for God in this place, and then how glad and happy we shall be! I am more than ever anxious to go back and begin work again, and Wei Hsien and the people there are dearer to me than ever.’

Miss Hawes, in writing of those hours of crisis at Wei Hsien, says:—

‘Mr. Chalfant shot into the air until they closed about him, when in self-defence he shot into the crowd, and managed to get through a small opening in the gate and returned to us. The bricks were flying thickly about him as he did so. When he appeared, I said, “Oh, Mr. Chalfant, thank God that you are not killed.” He shook his head, and said, “Yes, but—” and as he sat down looking so pale I saw there was not hope in his face for our lives. He drank some fresh water, and we all ate a little for strength, and then we gathered with the Christians who were in one room waiting for the end.

‘We heard the smashing of our windows, and saw the flames on either side of us, and we prayed and shook hands together, expecting soon to be massacred or burned in the house. But, to Mr. Chalfant’s amazement, on looking out of the east window he saw no one in the east yard. We went through the sitting-room window, which reached to the floor, and, finding a ladder on the piazza, crossed the yard and got safely over the

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wall, taking our Christian women and men with us. The boxes which we had packed were all on one side of Mr. Chalfant's yard, and evil men were carrying them off, while we gained the chance of escape on the other side.

'After we were over the wall, we joined hands and walked through the corn-fields, praising God for our deliverance. We hid by lying down in the corn till dark and all was quiet, then we crept softly through the fields, avoiding the roads, and not daring to speak to each other until ten miles were done and we arrived at the German mines. The Chinese had already set fire to a large shaft belonging to these miners, causing a loss of several thousands of dollars.'

It is one hundred miles from Wei Hsien to Tsing Tau. Of five men who voluntarily accompanied the fleeing missionaries as far as the mines, two were non-Christians who had often been employed as barrow-men. The faithful Chinese women stopped in a village west of the mines.

Other striking incidents in connection with the flight of the missionaries from Shantung were: the total destruction of the Mission buildings belonging to the American Presbyterian Mission in Lin-ch'ing-chou, in the south-western part of the province, and also of the buildings of the English Methodist Mission at Lao-ling, near Wu-ting-fu. The missionaries and their families all escaped in safety.

The buildings of the American Presbyterian Mission in I-chow-fu were in part destroyed by the soldiers of the Imperial army passing from the south, under the command of the notorious Li-pingh'eng, the Governor of Shantung at the time when Kiao-chou Bay was seized by the Germans. On this account he was incited to

become, as he afterwards did, a leader of the Boxer movement.

The missionaries of the American Board Mission from the station of Pang-chia-chuang, in the extreme west of Shantung, were mostly away at a meeting of their Mission in Tungchou, near Peking, when the Boxer troubles broke out, and were amongst the number who were saved through the gallant action of Dr. Ament of Peking, who rode out with carts and brought the whole party in safety to the capital, where, however, they had to endure all the horrors of the siege.

The extensive Mission premises of the English Baptist Mission in Ch'ing-chou-fu escaped almost unharmed, though only forty miles from the Wei Hsien Mission compound, which was completely destroyed by fire by the mob. The premises, which were left in the care of the local magistrate, were extensively looted by the very men sent to guard them. The neighbouring station of Chou-p'ing, belonging to the same Mission, was preserved, mainly through the efforts of a friendly official, who had himself to suffer great indignity from the Boxers on account of his friendliness.

The missionaries who escaped in the exodus from Shantung were mostly congregated in Chefoo, where they remained for about nine months. They were followed in their flight by a considerable number of Christian natives, who escaped from the terrible wave of persecution which immediately followed the abandonment of the mission stations in the interior. The missionaries at Chefoo were not only useful in helping these their native converts, but were successful in obtaining relief for the persecuted Christians in the province of Shan-si.

It is only right to thankfully record the fact that no

The Exodus from Shantung

ary, or any of their families or dependents, lost lives in this most memorable flight. This was due, God, to the energetic action of the then Governor of the province, H. E. Yuan Shih-k'ai, who, at great risk and much anxiety, befriended the missionaries and by the aid of his well-disciplined troops secured their safety by providing efficient escort to the coast. Not only did he act consistently in his efforts to protect all foreigners in his jurisdiction, but, by means of his couriers, kept in constant communication with the Legations all through the troubles, and reported constantly and confidently the continued safety of the Legations. When all hope had been given up in other quarters. He, on receipt of a communication from the Legations in Chefoo, thanking him for past help, and for a continuance of his vigorous efforts in the face of the Boxers, sent a most courteous and manlike reply, which put missions and missionaries in the province in a position never before enjoyed under any previous Governor. His subsequent action in summoning Rev. W. M. Hayes, D.D., of the American Presbyterian Missionary College, to Teng-







CHAPTER XVI

THE DESTRUCTION OF MISSION WORK IN MANCHURIA

THE home provinces of the Manchu dynasty have been, within recent times, the scene of some of the most remarkable successes in modern missionary work. The Manchu race, composed of many warlike tribes finally welded into one by the force exerted by the founder of the present dynasty now ruling over China, has never fully occupied the magnificent territory which they had as a natural heritage. Consequently, immigration by Chinese from the provinces of Chihli and Shantung has been going on for generations; and of late years, owing to famines and floods in Shantung, has been greatly increased and even encouraged, especially from that province. Those who have gone have been, for the most part, young, unencumbered men, drawn out from their paternal homes by force of circumstances, becoming settlers in new territory, and gradually, when able, gathering friends about them and founding new homes in new surroundings, and thus more ready to accept new ideas and make new developments.

The work of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, now known as the United Free Church, and the Irish Presbyterian, especially amongst these settlers, has been, of recent years, almost phenomenal in its

The Destruction of Mission Work

Up to the time of the outbreak in June 1900, and inquirers had been numbered by thousands years previously, and it seemed as if a general of the populace in favour of Christianity was taking place.

The Japanese war of 1894 had stirred them deeply. With which the little Japs conquered by sea culminating in the overthrow of what was the impregnable fortress of Port Arthur, and their surrender to them almost without a blow of the Liao-tung peninsula, was to all concerned a stunning revelation of the utter weakness of the Chinese and Manchu authorities in that province, as well as other parts.

The subsequent combination against Japan, and the handing over the fruits of their victories to the Russian Government; the rapid Russianising of Manchuria by the aid of a branch line of the Great Northern Railway running through the heart of the province and connecting with the new Russian Port of Vladivostok. All these rapid and momentous changes made the population restless and uneasy. Constant

Troubles at East Moukden 275

give. One of the most exciting of the adventures of the escaping missionaries is related by Rev. F. W. S. O'Neill, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, who writes:—

‘ Though we had had warning, yet the trouble came to a head with unexpected suddenness. On Sabbath, July 1, I preached in our new church premises, on the power of united prayer when God’s people were in danger (Acts xii. 5). It is true, the notice had been posted up in Fakumen to the effect that, on the following Sabbath, July 8, we were to be killed, and the chapels burned; both Protestants and Roman Catholics being included. But we did not take the threat as really serious. On Monday, however, news came that the East Moukden church had been burned. Several of us were together—deacons, members, elders. We discussed the situation; we prayed, some in tears. They pressed me to leave Fakumen. So that night I packed up, and next morning set out about dawn, dressed in Chinese clothes. Hoping to get a train to Newchwang, I made for Tiehling, an important station on the Russian railway, thirty miles eastwards from my home. That evening I reached my destination, and lodged in a Chinese inn without disturbance.

‘ Next morning, I missed what turned out to be the last train that presumably got through to Newchwang, for on the following day the train on which we were was attacked by a company of perhaps two hundred Boxers, or Imperial troops, or both. Some twenty miles north-west of Moukden we had stopped. Looking out from the waggon, I saw the enemy crouching in a field a little way from the railway line. Not many men were on the long train. The Russians fired. Then the Chinese began a sharp fusilade, and the train speedily put back. Many bullets struck the locomotive, but no

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Our side was injured. The track was broken. We went back some distance for help and materials, and then went down the line that night. We found a fire, flames from piles of wood still burning. The damage to the line was too serious to repair then. So we returned to Tiehling in the morning to find that an attack had been made on the mission there by a strong force, and repulsed with, it was said, over forty Chinese killed.

It is curious to observe the mixture of superstition and fanaticism. To enter the Boxers' Society a charm is used after which the person swoons, and, on regaining consciousness, is supposed to be able to perform feats untaught; to be, in fact, "possessed"—through imaginary demonism, or real demoniac possession is hard to say. Young girls also enter the Society and they especially are said to be bullet-proof. On the occasion of that first attack at Tiehling the Chinese troops were led by a maiden on horseback. She was shot in the head, and died, of course. But the next day she became alive again.

On the day, Saturday, July 7, sustained fighting



'Death stared us in the Face' 277

It was an impressive sight. The news had already reached us of the destruction of Moukden Roman Catholic cathedral, and the death of the bishop with a French priest and two nuns, and it was said about three hundred Chinese Christians, the place having been bombarded by Imperial artillery. We heard that the Chinese troops had come on to Tiehling. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches of Tiehling had been burned. From the train I had seen the remains of the spire of the latter, and clouds of smoke that may have come from our church or street chapel.

'That night death stared us in the face. The same day a copy of a recent *Peking Gazette* (Chinese) was secured through the capture of a letter-courier. In it was a proclamation from the Empress-Dowager, authorising the people to destroy chapels, buildings, and property, and otherwise avenge themselves on foreigners for taking the forts of Taku. It was decided by the engineers and officers to leave Tiehling at once. The Russian soldiers on the spot were for the defence of the railway against robbers, but were not sufficient to make war. As the way to Newchwang seemed too difficult, we were to make for Harpin (or Charbin), the great Russian settlement in the far north.

'That night we did not sleep. We prepared for flight. Three boxes which I brought from Fakumen were thrown aside. And as my house was likely to be burned or at least the contents destroyed, my equipment was reduced to a portmanteau and such things as I could carry along with it. This baggage had come with me so far, minus an umbrella. I was more fortunate than several others. One acquaintance, an Italian contractor, had lost all but the clothes he stood in. But these things were trivial compared with the sacrifice made by the

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In order to save the Chinese Catholics, the carts being limited, Mr. Kasignery, the chief of Tiehling, decided to leave behind half a million roubles (about £50,000). Such an act of generosity under such circumstances is deserving of the highest praise, and is of a piece with what I afterwards learned of this gentleman.

At dark we pushed out, and had abandoned the carts by dawn. A lurid blaze shot up behind us, and the Russians set fire to their own houses themselves. A motley throng of five or six hundred souls, in twenty carts. A large portion of the procession consisted — soldiers, engineers, employees. Not a horse, I went on foot that day, and afterwards on foot or the back of a horse, and latterly on foot of the cart in which were the French nuns. This was a remarkable journey, apart from the fighting, the difficulties were to get enough food and sleep. On occasion I was glad to make a meal of a piece of bread and some dirty water, which, being cold, was welcome. And as for sleep, one snatched an hour on the ground when one could get it. I usually

the enemy had time either to advance ahead of us, or, which is more likely, to send messengers to the Chinese troops along our route.

'The first day, Sabbath, July 8, was quiet, without molestation. But on the second day, beyond Kaiyuan, we saw the Chinese in force on the hills in our rear. I was staying behind to observe, when quite near me a Russian soldier cried out, being wounded in the leg. Across the valley the rattle of musketry lasted for a time. The caravan hurried on. Then our troops retreated, the Chinese following, and thus at intervals the firing continued. At last we reached the shelter of the Russian station, Sa-hetzu. The casualties on our side were not many. I heard that many Chinese were killed. Possibly this was the cause of their not attacking us again that night.

'A short stage of eight miles brought us next day to Shuang-miao-tzu ("Twin Temples"). The Russian General at Harpin had telephoned that he wished us to remain at this place. But events proved such a plan to be quite out of the question, with our small body of some three hundred soldiers, and another one hundred or so armed engineers and railway employees, while the opposing forces might number thousands. On that day, July 10, we had breakfasted, and I was settling down to have a read and sleep; indeed, I was just dozing, when I was rudely awakened by the hurry-scurry around me. The Chinese Christians came together into the backyard of the house, and knelt down to pray. Bullets whizzed in the trees over our heads. Where was the enemy? I ventured out to peer around. The settlement was on an eminence. Native houses, trees, or crops offered shelter for the attacking parties. Mounted and foot poured out for

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ce. But this time it was not to be a mere "ad-run-away," a device of which Celestials are so fond. From more than one side, the attack was made with determination. By and by, our men were on the three compounds on the hill where we were lying. From roof and from embrasure, crack, crack, went the deadly Russian rifle. It was a solemn thing, I wondered whether God meant me to live or die. Then there came to my ears the confused sound of many voices and a whistling, which seemed possibly the rallying of the Chinese for a final assault, when I afterwards thought may have been their retreat. No one of our company was killed, but several were wounded.

At the dead of night quietly we slipped away; but we met the teeth of the foe. Next day for the first time we were met fairly in front. The caravan called on our fearless Cossacks charged. In one volley, I think, fifty of the enemy were killed. They then changed their point of attack, but numbers were no match for skill and pluck. We took two companies of Imperial troops and the other with the

having perhaps run out from a burning house close by. Once at a burning village I saw some Russians threatening a couple of Chinese who looked like farm labourers. I went up and stepped between. When I spoke to the Chinese, they implored me despairingly to help them, saying they were innocent. Knowing but little of the Russian language, I turned to those beside me with the words, "Not soldier." "That's a highway robber," replied one of them; "see his hand" (which perhaps was bloody). Crack went the Russian's rifle without further parley, and I turned away from the sad spectacle. How could I or any one tell for certain that inoffensive-looking Chinese were not really Boxers? A soldier one easily knew by his uniform, but to judge by the reports one had often heard before the fighting began, the whole country swarmed with them.

'On Thursday, July 12, we had a long day's march from 12 p.m. to 10 p.m. Next day men and horses were too done up to go on, so we remained all day in the village where we had quartered the night before. I had sought out a quiet place below a hedge of trees to have a sleep; but a soldier ordered me in nearer the others, while out poured the hard-worked mounted Cossacks on the far side of the hedge. The threatened attack, however, collapsed, for the Chinese fled, and our rest was not further disturbed.

'Saturday, July 14, saw us off once more under the burning sun. This night we encamped about thirty miles from K'uan-ch'eng-tzu. No definite news from the Russian settlement there, but bad rumours. The sight of telegraph posts sawed off near the bottom did not help to make us hopeful. A small party of Cossacks was sent forward to find out. They returned the follow-

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With the ominous information that the Russians had taken the settlement and that their settlement was in the hands of the soldiers. This was enough to make us give Meng-tzu a wide berth. And if more were to come we had it, for that morning we sustained the attack of any on our route. In front, from a clump of trees not far away, came the fusillade of the unseen Chinese. The carts had to cross an open space before they could reach shelter. It was dark, with the bullets whizzing over our heads. Under friendly trees and some houses we halted. Some were killed. The "hurrah" of the Russian charge rang in one's ears. When the fight was over, three Russians had laid down their lives, and five were wounded.

On a sunny hillside, amid the tall green unripe millet, a grave was dug, and the three were buried in it. Then for the first time I heard the beautiful chant of the Greek Church Burial Service sung by the soldiers themselves. The devout sang themselves now and again. Père Lamasse made the sign of the cross, and threw in some earth. The last handful of earth was thrown in by

sound of firing again! Can we never get free from the Boxers and their Imperial allies? By and by, the conquerors return, bearing aloft a fine Chinese standard, with the loss of one Cossack killed.

'We halted for food at a deserted railway station—ice still in the ice-houses. The occupants had not been gone many days, and the houses were not burned. I had had a meal in bits, looking out for anything that turned up at headquarters,—glad, too, when I could get a mug of tea. Two respectable-looking Chinese were brought in on the charge of being spies. They said they had come from the Sungari that morning, and that all was quiet—steamer on river, and railway on far side intact. The news seemed too good to be true. "Ask them," said one of the engineers to me in French, "is it really true?" The men held firmly to their word. They said they were foremen, in charge of labourers on the railway, going to their chief office to get money to pay their men. After a little, some more Chinese were dragged or pushed in, along with the first two, before the officers. One of the interpreters translated for the accused. But it was of no avail; they were executed. I felt pretty sure that those two had told the substantial truth. As I was going over to where their heads were being cut off, an engineer told me they had been caught with several guns. That was a decisive piece of evidence. Poor Manchuria, bleeding, in flames, hundreds of homes deserted, crops untended, the avenger sweeping up and down the land to-day!

'The same evening, as we defiled in a picturesque coil over hill and valley, there came cheering from the van. Slipping from my seat on the cart-shaft, I went forward to inquire. Hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah! We are safe at last, for one hundred and forty Cossacks have

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meet us, and the way is clear for Harpin. You
ess the load that was lifted from every man and
in our strained and weary company. The file
s was now mostly occupied with wounded ;
four of them,—sometimes two on one cart,—
flows, patient and uncomplaining, jolted, jolted,
er day. Altogether, eight had been shot dead
of wounds. One of them was a cheery, brave
technical engineer, with whom I had felt quite at
He could speak some Chinese. As he lay in
t slowly dying from a chest wound, I tried to
m to God. He made no reply, and perhaps he
understand. His breath came in gasps, his
led. I felt that in Mr. Bagisloosky I had lost a

was pitch dark when we reached the "Second
" station, Lao-shao-kou. It had been raining.
en to sleep on wet grass, with only a little straw
ne's wet waterproof, could not make one miserable
he haven was sure. The chief engineer and staff
eady cleared out not long ago. The engineer's fine
as in charge of Chinese soldiers when we arrived

white jackets with epaulettes, shaking hands. Hungry, we go to the club, where a feast is awaiting the favoured ones. A long dining-hall and many guests, civil and military. "England and France may declare war against China, but Russia will not," said the engineer-in-chief of the railway to me. After dinner there were toasts and speeches. General Guerngross, in command of the Russian forces in Manchuria, was carried round the room. The Greek Church priest, a gentlemanly-looking man, in a long robe with wide leg-of-mutton sleeves, rose to speak. He is proposing "The Missionaries,"—explained the doctor beside me, in English. Père Lamasse replied in French. It seemed to me that, as the only representative of the Protestant Mission, I should also speak. So I went forward, and in my mother-tongue thanked the Russian officers and gentlemen in the name of the Protestant missionaries for their very great kindness. It was not much return to make for all the favours I had received at their hands. Not very many of the company could have understood me, but they cheered nevertheless. During the proceedings, my respected friend, Mr. Shidloosky, head-engineer of Liao-yang (whose protégé I had felt myself during the march, for he spoke a fair amount of English, and had been very kind to me), came up and kissed me warmly. There was much kissing, according to the Russian custom.

'Dr. Naumov was to be my host, so I was driven in a drosky to his house, near the hospital. I was surprised at the size of the town, or rather towns, scattered in three separate places. The settlement on the bank of the Sungari, with its high flour mill, police station, and shops, strikes one as a busy place in its way. One more experience. Lest the laundress might not

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My dirty clothes ready in time for the steamer, as overdue, I tried my hand at washing them

right once again! Unexpectedly word came late on the 22 from Tsitsihar, from the Governor-General Tung-chiang (the most northerly of the three provinces of Manchuria), that all non-combatants were to be evacuated to Harbin. Next day the river bank at the wharf presented a varied scene,—crowds of Russian clerks, employees (men, women, and children), and Chinese (men and women), boxes and chairs and samovars, tents and railway trucks, loaded from the hospital carefully conveyed from the barge, men eager to get quickly on board and eating with those in charge, a pile of large loaves of bread for the wounded, and individuals with private stores of eatables. By evening we had moved down, and next morning at dawn two paddle steamers, each towing three barges, in all containing three thousand souls, left the moorings. While the evacuation was in progress, the principal of the two steamers went through the crowded barges in gold-laced



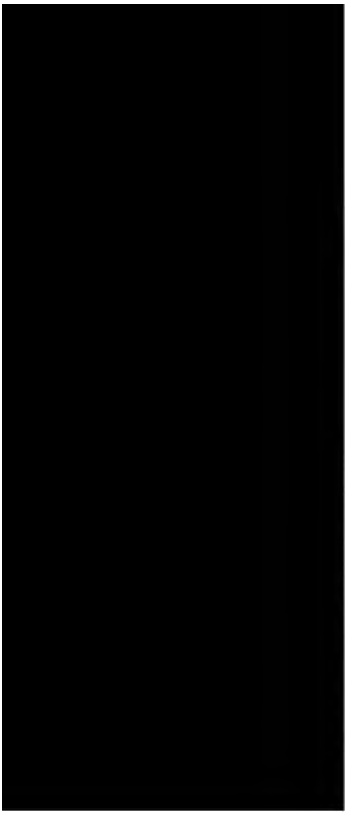
ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

A STATION IN MANCHURIA.

STEAMER ON THE AMUR.

HOUSES FOR MILITARY GUARD.

ZIGZAG AT GENGHIS.



we met the Russian fleet of steamers and barges that was convoying an army of three thousand, it was said. Just a short time before we reached them, they had captured the important fort near San-shing, which commands the river.

'The previous steamer that had gone from Harpin had been fired on with effect. Had we started on the 23rd, as we were ordered to, we might have had a bad lookout. The remains of Russian settlements along the banks showed the hand of the incendiary. But during our voyage we were nowhere molested. We had no military guard, and so were not in a position for defence, had there been trouble. The man next me in the hold had a nasty wound in his arm, received in fighting at the settlement near San-shing. The bullet which struck him had been flattened by first penetrating six sheets of corrugated iron, and so the wound was a wide one. He was evidently in pain; I could not do anything to help him except sometimes light his cigarette. The Russians are great smokers of cigarettes under almost any circumstances. I have seen a lady light hers between the courses of a meal, and a man puffing away as he stepped on to the spring-board for a plunge in the sea.

'After a voyage of five and a half days, on July 29 we reached our destination, Habarovsk, an important town, beautifully situated on the Amur, in Eastern Siberia. Of the one hundred and twenty or so wounded that were with us, three had died, and seven had lost their reason. Here again the "Orthodox" Church showed how she keeps in touch with public life. On the river bank, or street, at the landing-place, in the midst of a downpour of rain, two priests in vestments held a thanksgiving service. There was again the kissing

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cross by the bystanders, while we on the landing stood bareheaded. Certainly, if ever there were occasion for thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, it was then. God had wonderfully, and sometimes, as it seemed, miraculously preserved us amid many perils.

Next morning, I took the train for Vladivostok, leaving on July 31, and finding, to my surprise, that many of our own Irish Presbyterian missionaries were still there. It was a sad group, for Mrs. Greig, of the mission, had been buried that morning. Though we talked of separating, and some of going to America, we remained there some time. Vladivostok is a city resolutely built on hillsides along a neck of land that projects out into a long arm of the sea. Besides the Greek church, there are Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches. We acted on the assumption that we could resume our work in Manchuria when the war was over, even if Russia is then the avowed owner of the country. I was told that the Greek Church has decided to do at home, and will not send missionaries to the Far East, and, moreover, will not interfere with our

of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and two children, Dr. and Mrs. James A. Greig, Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Fisher and infant, Rev. A. R. Crawford, M.A., Rev. W. Miskelly, M.A., of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. During the month of June the two latter were out-on-tour in the Ku-yu-shu district, north of Kirin, and saw nothing disquieting in the state of the country. On their return to the city of Kirin, however, they learned from Dr. Greig that all sorts of evil rumours had been circulated in the city, and that placards and handbills, denouncing foreigners and exhorting the people to practise Boxer drill, were being disseminated everywhere. Meanwhile, chapel-preaching was carried on with redoubled energy, and the audiences were large.

'On the second day after the return of Messrs. Crawford and Miskelly, a code telegram was received from colleagues in Newchwang, which said that war had been declared between China and the Powers, and warned us to hold ourselves in readiness for flight. This telegram had taken nine days to come from Newchwang, and we learned that the Tartar General had taken charge of the telegraph office, and was now allowing no private messages. As the Tartar General, Ch'ang Shun, had the reputation of being anti-foreign, and we had cause to know that his reputation was not undeserved, we decided, on consultation over the belated telegram, to take advantage of the kind offer which had on the previous day been pressed on us of hospitality and protection in the Russian colony at the west end of the city. The city front lies along the bank of the Sungari, which here runs almost exactly east and west. The Russian colony was situated outside the west gate, and the mission houses outside the east gate,



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the whole city lay between us and our friends. We were, however, able to communicate by Russian sign language, from a little station where timber was landed, the engineer-in-chief at the colony at once replied, inviting us to get on board a little railway steamer, which happened to be lying at said station, without

having packed up a few necessities, we started off at midnight by the light of lanterns for the place where the steamer lay. We had to pass the arsenal on the way, and the unusual procession of lanterns seems to have attracted attention, for a gun was fired from the city wall, whether at us or not we did not know, but we were relieved that the shooting was not repeated. We steamed slowly up river, past the sleeping city, and reached the Russian colony in the grey dawn, and were kindly received and attended to. Later on in the morning, the prefect called, and informed Engineer Smith that he could not guarantee the peace of the city; that affairs looked bad, and within a few days the soldiers and populace might be beyond control. He urged Mr.



A Long Steamer Journey 291

are not easily hurried, and it was about nine o'clock and full daylight of July 2 when the little steamer, laden with some eighty, mostly deck passengers, glided swiftly down stream in full view of the city. As we passed the Tartar General's palace, which fronts the river, our dauntless captain gave a long salute of the steam whistle by way of farewell, which had the effect of attracting crowds of people to witness our departure. At the east suburb wood station we made a long stop to take in firewood, but finally got safely and quietly off. It looked more like starting for a picnic than flying for our lives, and some of the Chinese who saw us off seemed to think it was a picnic such as the Russians had had not long before.

'The weather was dreadfully hot, and as the deck was only protected by a strip of canvas about a yard wide, the ladies and children had a very trying time. The water in the river was low, and our steamer ran aground frequently, although sounding was maintained all the time with a long pole. Often we lay for hours before our crew could lever us off. We also stopped usually once a day for firewood. This gave us opportunities of cooling ourselves by having bathes from the rafts moored at the wood stations. We lay to at night. In three days we arrived at Lao-shao-kou, where the railway bridge over the Sungari (north of K'uan-ch'eng-tzu) is to be. We were glad to hear that trains were running to Harpin, but we had to sleep another night on the deck of the little steamer. It turned out to be a very wet one, and we (most of us, at least) got well soaked. Meanwhile the missionary party from K'uan-ch'eng-tzu had arrived, having travelled thence by Chinese cart.'

Dr. J. R. Gillespie, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission

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Kuan-ch'eng-tzu, thus describes the flight of

In June 1900 the following missionaries of the
Protestant Church were living in K'uan-ch'eng-
about ninety thousand inhabitants, situated
hundred miles north of Newchwang, and e
west of Kirin: R. J. Gordon, M.A., M.B.,
and five children; Rev. A. Weir; and
Gibbie, M.A., M.B., and Mrs. Gillespie. In the
of the month, Boxer agents began prac
the street; and even, it was said, in the Y
ds also were posted in the streets, urging
tion of the foreigners,—a thing unpreceden
ch'eng-tzu.

Mr. Gordon, who, on account of medical se
ed to his wife and his brother, was on fri
with the mandarin, sent him a copy of an
placard. The mandarin responded by issu
nation threatening imprisonment to those
speak ill of foreigners, or circulate pla
to them. The placards ceased, but there

said that the missionaries there were going that night, under cover of darkness, to the Russian settlement, and were to leave next day on a river steamer, *en route* for Harpin. We decided to follow them, and were busy next day packing when the Newchwang reply arrived. It said: "Moukden houses, churches, hospitals burnt; go north." The Russians kindly promised us an escort of two Cossacks to Lao-shao-kou, a newly arisen town on the River Sungari, from which we could get by rail to Harpin. We informed the civil and the military magistrates of our intended departure, and entrusted our property to their care. They promised to send soldiers twice a day to see that our property was not molested, and sent a guard of six soldiers with us to Lao-shao-kou.

'We set out in carts at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, July 3. Quite a number of the Christians came to see us off, and a good many of them accompanied us as far as the Russian settlement, about three miles. After a little delay there, we set out with our curious guard of two Cossacks and six Chinese soldiers. At first we kept along close by the railway bank, at which work was going on as usual. At midday, we stopped at a Russian settlement, and took our midday meal in the open air in a little grove of fruit trees. The Chinese soldiers and carters did not like this, however, as their wants are more readily supplied at a Chinese inn. Accordingly, at the first opportunity, they insisted on going off to the Chinese road; and the Cossacks, who had orders not to leave the railway route, left us, and we saw them no more. From this point we kept to the Chinese road, and stayed at Chinese inns at night, but without meeting with any incivility. Our Chinese escort was polite and obliging, helping to carry things into the inns for us.

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‘Our first day’s journey was so uneventful that Dr. Gordon was disposed to go back to K’uan-ch’eng-tzu next day. Had he done so, he would have arrived on the eve of battle between the Russians and the Chinese. On the evening of our third day out, we arrived at Lao-shao-kou, where we were made comfortable by a Russian captain, whose child had been treated medically by Dr. Gordon some months before. Here we found that our Kirin friends had arrived the same day.

‘Next morning we were taken across the Sungari in a steamer, and got on board a train, which started about 1.30 p.m. We shared with Mrs. Daniel, wife of the chief engineer at Kirin, the only passenger carriage there was, a third-class one. The rest of the Russians were in covered waggons, and there were in addition large numbers of Chinese on open waggons. We reached Harpin about 8.30 p.m., and were allowed to sleep in the train all night.

‘Next morning we established ourselves in a Chinese inn close to the station, but the Russians did not consider this a safe place, as it was outside their settlement. They put their school at our disposal, as the school had broken up. Here the ladies and children occupied one large room, and the gentlemen another. We had meals in a hall between the two rooms; two meals a day were sent gratis from a neighbouring hotel; the rest we were easily able to provide for ourselves. We were just about settled in the school on Saturday afternoon, July 7, when some of our party met Dr. Muir, of the United Presbyterian Mission, who had just come in from Ashiho, his station, to get news; having received a warning letter from K’ai-yuan. Ashiho was within easy reach of Harpin, being a station on the railway. Mr. Miskelly accompanied Dr. Muir next morning to

render assistance. Large numbers of Chinese soldiers had assembled at Ashiho, and it was felt that the greatest expedition should be used.

'On arrival, they found Rev. Mr. Robertson preaching. They went into the chapel and sat till the service was over, but managed to slip a note to the preacher, with the news that they must all leave at once. As soon as the congregation was dismissed, a hurried consultation was held, carts were procured, and a few things hastily packed. The whole party, consisting of Rev. D. and Mrs. Robertson, Rev. Mr. M'Intyre, and Dr., Mrs., and baby Muir, reached Harpin safe that night.

'Meanwhile things began to appear threatening in Harpin. We were told that the Chinese had attacked the Russian settlement at K'uan-ch'eng-tzu, two days after our departure, and that the Mission houses there were burned. The Russians decided to send their own women and children all away, down the Sungari. They very kindly allowed us to travel in one of the four barges. We got on a train on Tuesday morning, July 10, and went down in open trucks to the river bank, considerably more than an hour's ride on a slow train. We were towed in a barge by a stern paddle steamer, and had an uneventful voyage, lasting a little over four days. It was feared we might be fired on at the San-shing (Chinese) forts, but we were allowed to pass. There were a few cases of sickness on board, but not of an alarming nature. On Saturday afternoon, July 14, we passed fifteen steamers, mostly towing two or three barges each, going up with soldiers, guns, and horses to the relief of Harpin, which was besieged a few days after we left. The same evening we arrived at Habarovsk, at the junction of the Amur with the Usuri. We were now out of Chinese territory, and thankful

The Destruction of Mission Work

escaped without seeing any fighting or ot

st these and similar events were in progr
struction of the property of the Irish and Sco
was accomplished. The headquarters of b
is in Moukden, and large residential premi
ome chapel and well-appointed hospital a
ldings, had been erected there. The tale of
on of these buildings is graphically told
an Ross, D.D., the pioneer and founder of
work in Manchuria. He writes as follows:—
a-jen, or "Number Two Excellency," is
eculiar to Moukden, the "second" capital.
d in power and influence as in rank to

The latter is over the "Three Eastern I
as Manchuria is called. The "Second" is c
Manchus, but subordinate in the office to

Both officials must be pure Manchus, i
supporters of the throne. Ching Ch'ang
e of the second official in 1900. His youn
was high in office in Peking, and had intim
with the Court. He had the fullest knowle
actions and the aims of the Boxers and t



The Boxers at Moukden 297

utility of the Boxer movement; his colleague was insanely enthusiastic in their favour, hoping by them to oust the disturbing foreigner from the sacred soil of China.

'When the Boxer representatives came to Moukden, they passed the Viceroy's palace and made for that of Ching Ch'ang. Not only did they find this official favourable, but several superior Manchu officials. For here we have five of the six Boards of Peking, the officials in which are all Manchus. The Boxers boldly began the work of initiating members publicly in the squares and along the city walls. Their presence and action—preceded by the stories of Shantung and Chih-li—caused an abnormal excitement. The attention of the Viceroy was possibly attracted to them. Though he is a very gentle man, and is a devout believer in *laissez faire*, he felt constrained to take action against those who, by their hallucinations, were threatening great disturbance of the peace. He issued a proclamation against the Boxers, in which he denounced them as rebels, and threatened severe measures if they performed in public. This proclamation was dated the 18th day of the 5th moon. It gave great satisfaction to the peace-loving people, who are the majority and the best of the dwellers in Moukden. The proclamation was posted on the eight gates of the inner city.

'Meantime considerable numbers of youths and maidens resorted to the Boxers and practised in private. The soldiers and the majority of his officials largely sympathised with the Boxers. The Viceroy was denounced as unpatriotic and the "friend of the foreigner." Daily he was urged by Ching Ch'ang and his fellow-believers to issue a proclamation in favour of the Boxers and against the foreigners. They even threatened to

the Destruction of Mission Work

life if he continued obstinate. But obstinate he
nue until more potent influences made them-
t. The excitement was intense as the official
ment was noised abroad. Foreigners in the
drawn into its vortex, through the Christians,
w all that was going on, and were thoroughly
So many riots and troubles have threatened
den which never came to anything, that the
perienced foreigners were perhaps less alarmed
sequent events justified.

he endless buzz of excitement, the whole city
rified at seeing on the city gates another pro-
, by which all the threats were withdrawn, and
Boxers were gently exhorted to keep the peace.
published on June 19. To the Boxers this
gn of the capitulation of the Viceroy, and
acity knew no bounds. It was believed at
—it was made publicly known afterwards—that
erval between the two proclamations a secret
come from Peking, binding the hands of the
and compelling him at least to permit them
y to enact their own drama. Indeed, the edict

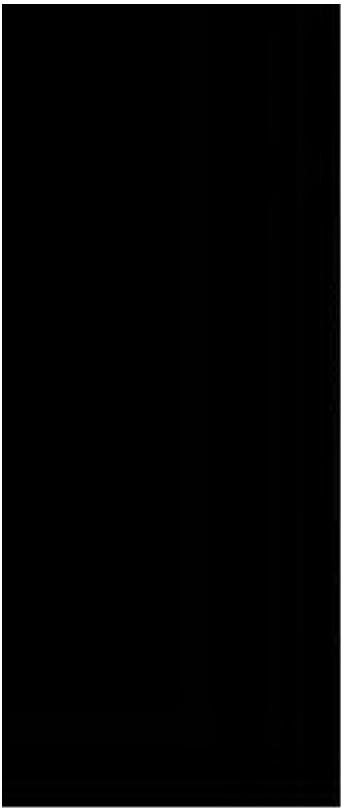


ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

TRAIN AT BAIKAL STATION.

TRAIN DE LUXE, WITH OBSERVATION CAR.

A SIDING STATION.



the anarchy in the city, and the insubordination of the soldiers. He urged that the foreign women and children should go at once, and only a few men remain, who could get away easily a day or two later. He called at night and by stealth ; but it is believed that he did not go unknown to the Viceroy.

'The missionaries and elders connected with the Presbyterian Church in Manchuria had met in presbytery for a fortnight in the beginning of May, to discuss the affairs of the Church. Except the desultory attacks of the Tsai Li sect, there was not a cloud as large as a man's hand over the Manchurian political horizon. The Presbytery deliberated, decided, and was dismissed, without any special reference to possible upheavals in the future. They parted, each to his own sphere, in perfect peace, and with great hopes of a most prosperous work during the following year. Over five thousand baptisms had been reported for less than twelve months, and more than seven thousand names were on the lists of applicants for baptism. "Enquirers" into the doctrines of Christianity were too numerous to be noted. The only reference to politics in the Presbytery was a resolution to have nothing to do, as a Church, with Yamen business. This did not, of course, imply that no effort would be made in behalf of a Christian who was in serious danger of persecution on account of his faith. Probably for the first time the native elders were on this matter completely of the same mind as the missionaries. The doings in Shantung and Chih-li were known from the newspapers and by gossiping rumour. But they seemed as far away as the war in the Transvaal. But now, a month after the Presbytery separated, the missionaries are warned by a friendly official to flee for their lives; and this official dared

The Destruction of Mission Work

ear by day. So sudden and so overwhelming-
complete was the anti-foreign craze set ablaze
Boxers.

native pastors and elders daily urged the
vice as the friendly official. They showed that
had become so serious that it was impossible
missionaries to save themselves; much less
y be of any service to the native Christians.
eroy had completely lost control of his sub-
officials and of the troops, the latter especially
fraternising with the Boxers. The city magis-
sien) was brave enough to imprison a few
aders for disturbing the peace. Chin Ch'ang
erson and bailed them out. From that hour,
authority there was in the city was in the
the Boxers.

Saturday morning, June 23, the ladies and
accompanied by junior missionaries, started
railway. By the courtesy of the Russian
they arrived, by the construction engine,
Newchwang. Dr. Christie, Mr. Fulton, and
g remained, as they could move away more

Christians. Yet they remained over the Sunday for further developments.

'Dr. Christie had long been superintendent of the Sunday school, which is attended usually by about two hundred men, who come for fuller Christian instruction. On this day, the usual number was present. The work of the day went on, but with a feeling of suppressed excitement. The Hsien had sent thirty soldiers to guard the door, as there had been threats of burning down the church that day. After the Sunday school, the native Pastor Liu entered the pulpit. His text was the story of the offering of Isaac. As the subject of discourse, he selected the topic of the intervention of God when the resources of man were exhausted. When man's hand fainted and fell down in utter hopelessness, then was the time for the manifestation of the hand of God in power unto salvation. A more eloquent and impressive sermon the hearers never listened to. And Pastor Liu can be as impressive and eloquent as almost any preacher in any tongue. After a discourse of about an hour's length on the topic, he wound up with a fervid exhortation, concluding with the appeal, "Be faithful unto death," whatever occurs. It was a notable and fitting commencement of the week, the end of which was to see the beginning of a revolution in Manchuria which has already wrought such immense changes—changes which will continue to go on—till when? towards what?

'During the whole of that day, the streets everywhere resounded with the unearthly shouts of the Boxers, "Slay," "Burn." They were accompanied by great crowds, some from curiosity, most from sympathy. The Christians, who live all over the city, knew that the rioters had decided to act, and the missionaries were

The Destruction of Mission Work

pealed to. When they consented to leave on the next day morning, the Christians were relieved of the overwhelming weight of responsibility. They were more anxious for the foreigners than for themselves. The friendly officials were also gratified at the result.

That morning early the three brethren departed for the friendly railway, twelve miles distant. A day later the railway was no longer available, it having been blocked at several points. It is particularly notable that scores of stories—of safety at the very moment—have been repeated to me from all parts of the country. The last story told me was of an advanced Christian, who was apprehended, taken before a Boxer tribunal, and condemned to death. The missionaries and villagers of eight villages came to plead for his life. They were refused. The executioner four times fingered his neck prior to striking the fatal blow. The man had given up all hope, for some reason unknown to him he was released.

The Viceroy meantime continued sceptical as to the persisting faith of the Boxers. They were so loud

hubbub the Viceroy ordered his head off, as a "false" Boxer and deceiver of the people. This aroused the greatest commotion among the insane crowd, who threatened to kill the Viceroy, who had no right to dismember the man. For "had he not been beheaded the teacher would have brought him to life again." This proved how reason had abandoned the multitude.

'On Wednesday, June 29, a crowded congregation collected in the church to discuss the situation, which was as critical as it could well be. The large church could hold about one thousand people. There were about six hundred men in the area. No woman dared appear, and their gallery was empty. They had heard that the Roman Catholics had made provision for defence by firearms in their cathedral. Some young men urged that the Protestants should follow the example, and defy the Boxers in the church. The native pastors, the elders, deacons, and the more experienced of the members, regarded such a plan as useless, even if it were right. In the circumstances, they considered such resistance wrong. By that time all actual authority was in the hands or at the dictation of the Boxers and of those officials who were openly on their side. The soldiers, almost to a man, were wholly with the Boxers. Resistance would therefore mean resistance, not against the Boxers alone, but against the constituted Chinese authorities. Knowing the existence and nature of the Imperial secret edict, resistance was to them tantamount to rebellion.

'After considerable discussion, it was agreed that the Christians must regard themselves in a position similar to that of the Twelve when sent out by the Saviour. They were but a few weak sheep, among a great herd of furious wolves. Their policy, therefore,

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harmlessness of the dove and the wisdom of the
When persecuted here, they must flee there.
s their only plan. Flight was their only
as far as human means could take them. But
nt would be ineffectual while the whole country
ywhere simmering with hostility, if He whom
come to know and to serve would not deliver
They therefore made an agreement daily to
three things, wherever they happened to be:
the Church; second, for the Nation; third,
. Having so decided, they engaged in prayer,
the first time since they became a large con-
p, they all with one accord fell on their knees.
ual posture is standing. They would be guided
his own wisdom as far as it could lead him.
r one hope was to be in God, who could, in
possibility, provide a means of escape. And
angely was the hope attained in many scores
ces. Next day came the outburst.

the morning of Saturday, June 30, messages
t by word of mouth or in writing to every
and to every restaurant and tea-shop, that in

The Compound Destroyed 305

was usually open all day. Directly north from this gate was the usual heavy, solid wooden gate, opening on to the church, which stood with its imposing tower facing south. This gate was the centre of a set of buildings fifty feet long. To the right was a hall for small meetings; to the left, the dwelling-house of the caretaker, with a room for country preachers and students when they came into town. Between the two gates, and to the left after entering the gate of bars, was a small door leading into the pastor's house, standing in a small compound of its own.

'In the early afternoon several young men hovered about the outer gate. They soon became a small crowd, and passed in through the wicket. They appeared to be country bumpkins, or other idle sightseers; but all wore the cold, impassive, stupid-looking expression the Chinese can so well assume when really excited. The caretaker asked their business, but got no reply. He wished them to go outside if they had no business, and was answered by a stone. He appealed to the pastor, who persuaded them to go out. The wicket was closed, and the pastor retreated to his own dwelling. The men continued to stand in front of the gate. They became first slowly, then rapidly, a crowd which packed the street. There arose the buzz of a universal talk, and then some man's voice shouted, "Don't heave bricks." And the bricks began to be heaved against the pretty windows of the hall. "Don't throw large bricks," came another shout, and large bricks began to fly, till not a bit of glass remained in the fifty feet front. There arose the usual noise of an excited mob, when a clear and commanding voice shouted, "Make way, make way!" The pastor, looking out, saw several officers in uniform and on horseback, and believed there was deliverance

The Destruction of Mission Work

He also observed a considerable number of

A great crowd crushed through the barred gate, and in a few seconds there was the "ping, ping" of falling glass all over the church. In a few minutes the panes of glass in the two rows of windows, higher and lower, were in atoms. The cry of "fire" arose, and while the immense crowd were intent on the fate of the church, the pastor and his family clambered over the wall separating their house from that of a widow, also a Christian. Some of the Christians who were not speaking were looking on in the utmost anxiety for their beloved church. The compound was surrounded by a mob of all classes and ages. Between the crowd stood in array the soldiers under their officers. They stood to protect the couple of youths who were rapidly making their preparations for the burning of the church. Seats were piled up against the tower, heaps of dried millet stalks were scattered about, and kerosene oil poured over the whole. In a moment a great shout, such as Moukden has rarely



The Church Burnt

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commanded the soldiers guarding the incendiaries were the only men in uniform. Rich and poor were there, men and women and children. The high east wall of the city overlooking the church was a mass of human heads. The wide space between this wall and the church was crowded by tens of thousands of spectators. As the flames mounted high, a tremendous shout of triumph ascended from this immense multitude. The faces of all, official and private, rich man and coolie, were lit up with a wild delight at the sight of the great burnt-offering. "There goes the last of the foreigner!" they joyfully sang out to each other. A very few, an insignificant fraction, wrung their hands, were very grave, and said, *sotto voce*, as if afraid to be heard, "This is the beginning of woe to China!" But the voice was heard by few, and heeded by fewer, in the great mass of joyous noise which roared in the air overhead. The whole city seemed to be there, and to be of one mind.

'The Boxers were apparently not bold enough to raise the defiant flame. But after the deed was done by youths of the Tsai Li sect, the real Boxers appeared on the scene, and at once the post of honour to which their magical power gave them claim was conceded. To the last, many people would not believe that any men would be bold enough to do the deed, despite the inhuman threats which were daily and all day roared in the street. As soon as the church was fully ablaze, the Boxers broke up into two firing parties. One went east nearly a mile to fire our dwelling-houses, dispensaries, and hospitals. The other went south and west about the same distance to the Roman Catholic cathedral.

'When the crowd broke up to follow these parties, or to retire to privacy, the pastor emerged from his

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as position. He urged the widow and his wife together to some friends in the country to the he went westward into the city. Passing through he did not meet a single soul. Everybody to be with the incendiaries.

Boxer party which had gone east went first to the hospital and dispensary for women. There were large compound several halls for the prosecution of the work by the four ladies who were enthusiastic and successfully carrying on the work. They had also a commodious dwelling-house. The first went into every dwelling, to see there was no man being within. Giving their report that all houses were empty, the incendiaries went forward to work. The Tsai Li sect outnumbered the Boxers.

While the Boxers and their allies were actively at the extensive premises here, soldiers from a neighboring barracks, together with the people from the region around, were busy as ants carrying away anything they could seize out of our houses prior to the destruction of the sacred place. The Boxers themselves



Further Destruction

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the crowd, dreading to be made known, yet fascinated at the judgment and filled with amazement at the spectacle of well-to-do people, labourers, and men and women, expressing their keen delight at the devastation.

‘Expressing my surprise at this manifestation of undreamed-of hatred, I asked for some probable reason. We had always been very careful to study the etiquette, the manners, even the prejudices of our neighbours and townspeople. We had always endeavoured to be kind, and do all in our power to remove ill-will and suspicion, and to gain their good-will and respect. The reply was, that the joy at the dismissal for ever thus given to the foreigner was not because of anything we had actually done, but because they were now freed from the dread, ever hanging over their heads, that the foreigner was here to take possession of their land. Not hatred for the past, but fear for the future, made the retreat of the foreigner so acceptable. Of course, they believed that after this terrible exhibition no foreigner would ever again show face in Moukden.

‘On the same day the premises of the Bible Society were destroyed, and two street chapels for public preaching to the general public were burned, and every brick carried off. Other chapels rented were gutted of all their contents; but as they belonged to non-Christians they were not burned. Next day the buildings belonging to the Irish Presbyterian Church in the west of the city were reduced to ashes.’

Thus the work of many weary years in Moukden, as well as in the other stations in the province, was wrecked almost in a day, and it looked to the heart-broken workers as if their life-work had been destroyed. This, with the amazing virulence of the persecution against

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Christians referred to elsewhere, seemed to give
force to the belief that the day of mission work
in Manchuria had passed, and that nothing remained
but to acquiesce in the fact.

It is only necessary, perhaps, to add here that all the
missions have returned to their stations throughout
Manchuria; that compensation has been secured for
the destruction of property in Moukden and elsewhere,
and that the buildings are in process of reconstruction.

CHAPTER XVII

ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE

THE WANDERINGS AND FINAL ESCAPE OF MR. AND
MRS. C. H. S. GREEN AND FAMILY AND MISS J. F.
GREGG, JULY TO OCTOBER 1900

MR. and Mrs. Green and family, with Miss Gregg, of the China Inland Mission, were stationed at Huai-lu, in the province of Chih-li, near the border of the province of Shan-si, and a short distance from the entrance to the famous Ku Kuan mountain pass which leads up to T'ai-yuen-fu city. Mr. Green had returned to his station in March 1900, and from that time on the Boxer troubles in the province of Chih-li became more and more serious, terminating on July 3 in serious rioting and disorder. It was only after Mr. Green had spoken to and quieted the mob that threatened their lives and property, that they gradually dispersed.

On July 5 the tension in the city increased, and, by the advice of friendly natives, they decided to leave their house and go to a temple on a mountain near the city. This they did, and later on, under the guidance of friendly Chinese, took refuge first in a temple, then in a cave, and later on in a lonely farm among the hills.

On the Brink of the Grave

point we take up the narrative in Mr. Green's

Thursday morning, August 10, we suddenly
selves in the hands of a band of armed Boxers.
was given that several men were approaching,
quickly hid ourselves in the cave, while the
covered the entrance with household chattels.
as hopeless. We were walled in securely; the
was through the house, now being looted and

Looking up to our God, whose own peace
our hearts, we waited with bated breath to
Boxers would discover the concealed doorway.
steps came nearer, the voices grew louder, there
ging of utensils, then a shout of triumph!

one voice we lifted up our hearts, crying,
t worthy." We thought of the dear children,
eous queries—"Will they kill us?" "Are they
kill us now?"—pierced deeper than any Boxer's

we told them that very soon we should be
s, and I was led to go out and plead with these
he lives of the ladies and little ones. Groping
along the passage, I stooped and lifted the

'Then I made my way back into the cave, and said to my wife, "They have shot me in the head, dearie; 'tis certain death for us, only a matter of time now. We are not worthy, but He is worthy."

'Fearing we might be armed, the Boxers did not venture into the dark, unknown passage, and now we heard them battering in the recently walled-up doorway of the cave. Then the battering ceased, and soon the farmer himself came through the passage. He told us they had robbed the place of everything movable worth taking away, and now threatened to set fire to the house unless he could persuade us to come out of the cave. They promised not to kill or injure us in any way, but would take us to the local magistrate, and let him do what he liked with us. This was so far removed from any known Boxer policy, that we were sure it was only a ruse of the farmer to save his property.

'To die in the cave or outside in the yard was all the same to us, and if the man's house could be saved, why should we prolong this terrible waiting? So we sent Mr. Kao to tell them that we would come out into the yard, and, after briefly committing each other to our faithful Creator, made our way through to the kitchen. Not a soul could be seen through the open doorway, but as I stepped on the threshold I saw a man standing on each side against the wall, with their huge ghastly swords uplifted. Stepping back for a moment to tell the ladies to be prepared, I walked out with one of the children in my arms, the ladies following with the other child.

'We were immediately seized, and those great knives brandished above our heads. Then the word was given, "Bring them round to the back"; and they dragged us

On the Brink of the Grave

court, round the buildings, and up an embank-
ing on to the flat roofs of the north rooms.
Without releasing us or removing the swords from
us, they demanded to know what things we had
that they could find them. Seeing the distress
of the children, they told us to tell them that they
would not kill us. Having secured all that was left
of our property, they proceeded to search our persons,
striking off of my wife's wedding ring, keeper,
and keys. The only thing Miss Gregg had with
her was a small Bible, which she was led to slip into
her pocket as we left the cave. It was examined by
one of them; then, although divided in opinion,
she handed it back and said she might keep it,
but if you read that, you can get to heaven."

Our gracious God made provision for His
people, and this little treasure, positively the only
thing we possessed, beyond the few clothes we were
wearing, was an untold help, blessing, and constant
comfort to us through the rest of our trials. "I have
heard the words of His mouth more than my
food." Once, on a later occasion, it was taken

'They are going to Kill Us' 315

I knew, too, from the dialect, that these men came from the Pao-ting-fu district, and shuddered as I imagined they were probably part of the company who killed the missionaries there, including Mr. W. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their little girl. There was real sympathy on the part of many in the enormous crowds lining the streets as we passed along, and among them was the tear-stained face of our own serving-women, to whom Miss Gregg shouted as we passed, "We are not afraid ; God is with us."

'On arriving at the familiar doorway, the crowd was held back, and not allowed to enter, while we were taken up into the dining-room, and the door was immediately fastened. The uncertainty and suspense were terrible, but when they proceeded to examine and wipe their swords, I said to the ladies, "They are going to kill us now." Then word was given that all should repair to the back for worship (this plays an important part in the Boxer propaganda), and we were left alone in the room, with the doors securely fastened. Seeing an empty bedstead in the inner room, we passed through, and were very thankful to sit down after our three-mile walk in the hot sun. After a while the door opened and a man entered, the sight of whom filled my heart with hope ; he was one of the local policemen. After some commonplace talk, he managed to whisper in my ear, "Don't fear, there are several of us here on the alert, and the mandarin will be here directly." Could it be that they were really handing us over to the official, as they said ?

'When the official arrived, we were formally handed over to him by the spokesman of the Boxer party, now dressed up with fan and gown, and using language which proved him to be an educated man. Without

On the Brink of the Grave

ay we were escorted outside, and a new pro-
rmed. We were taken to the Yamen in the
the city. There the mandarin blamed me for
g sought him earlier, that he might have sent
efore this trial came upon us! When I tried
him that I had sought his protection, he
ly talked about something else. As this was
staff, and he had his "face" to save, and as I
helpless he was, I did not press the matter.
aid he would send us to Cheng-ting-fu on
ow, hoping the bishop there would receive us,
ich we should be escorted from city to city up
g-fu, and the Governor of the province would
means to enable us to leave the country and
our own land. He then gave orders that a
should be found for us within the Yamen
for safety, and we were accordingly led off to
mple, professedly the only available place they
e relief of finding ourselves really out of the
the Boxers, and the deep thankfulness in our
God for this second deliverance from death,
with the hope of soon seeing our friends in

the twenty-mile jolt in a cart the next day, were more than enough to keep me from sleep. How I longed for a soft pillow ! but the only one I had was a couple of bricks. Every now and then the blood all seemed to flow to my head, and I was obliged to get my wife and Miss Gregg to help me up, and walk me up and down the place for some relief.

'We were out very soon after daylight, and had not been long in the yard when our helper, Mrs. Liu, arrived. She had tried the night before, but could not get to us, and had been waiting outside the Yamen since long before dawn, hoping for an opportunity to see us. She had been told by neighbours that we had been executed in the prison, and that we died singing hymns. Her reply was, "I do not fear ; our God is with them." The interview was most touching: she took up the two children in her arms with a loving tenderness rarely seen in this people ; and when leaving she embraced and kissed my wife and Miss Gregg, regardless of all onlookers. Her calm, strong faith in God, and loving, helpful words, with the recollection of others in our little flock, enabled us to share St. Paul's joy when glorying in his Corinthian converts. "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation." Returning home, she sent us a thick, wadded Chinese coverlet to spread in our cart, with some fruit and cakes for the children.

'By about 7 a.m. we left the city ; the country was looking beautiful, especially to us after our month's imprisonment. On arriving at the east gate of the city of Cheng-ting-fu, we saw a large crowd gathered, and several Yamen people about. The cart was stopped, and the official papers concerning us handed over by our escort. Then followed a long wait while the papers

On the Brink of the Grave

n to the Yamen. It was early afternoon, and sun, with the great crowd swarming almost on made the heat unbearable ; but there we sat, perspiration, travel-stained and dishevelled, on by a continually moving stream of curious two hours. It was during this trying time of when we expected every minute to be taken city and to the mission-house where we should friends, that the Lord gave to my wife this text, ng thee from the people unto whom now I send ad previously in the cave, as we sat moment- ecting death, to Miss Gregg was given the 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh hese two remarkable texts, seemingly so in- te at the time, were used of God through all experiences to keep us in the assurance that it urpose to save us, and over and over again He remind Him of His own word.

ly, a man from the Yamen came to say we had rry up and order some food, as another cart ly waiting in the yard to take us on the next

A Trying Journey

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some, knowing there would be no getting any more during the next stage. The mandarin at Huai-lu had given us five hundred cash for travelling expenses, and now they brought me one thousand from the official here for the same purpose. Even while getting food they came again and again to hasten us.

'The children slept most of the way, and Fuchingi, the next posting station, fifteen miles distant, was reached about midnight. Instead of being allowed the rest we were promised, we were transferred to another cart at once, and proceeded on our journey to Sinloh Hsien, the next stage of twenty-three miles, which we reached at daylight the following morning. Here the Boxers brought us some millet soup and a few bread cakes, and we begged a drink of hot water from some of the Yamen men. After sitting in the cart for about an hour and a half, we were once more transferred to a fresh cart and started for Tingchoo, the next twenty-mile stage. This was the place where the postman had been murdered, and all around the neighbourhood the Boxers had pillaged and burned the houses of the Roman Catholics, killing every man, woman, and child they could find. It seemed so improbable that we should be allowed to pass through the place alive, that our hearts were kept lifted up to God that we might be prepared for His will, whatever it might be; our desire was that He might be glorified in us, whether it were by life or by death.

'The cart was stopped in the street of the south suburb of the city while some of the Boxers paid a visit to a local branch of the fraternity, and of course a great crowd gathered. As we passed along, the streets were lined on either side, the great crowd following in the rear. Arriving at the Yamen about noon, we were

On the Brink of the Grave

lad of the quiet afforded by the little prison room which we were taken, and we also received some mess from the keeper. The keeper made us tea, and his boy to go and buy a couple of cheap fans and a small piece of Chinese calico for a handkerchief, only had one left between us.

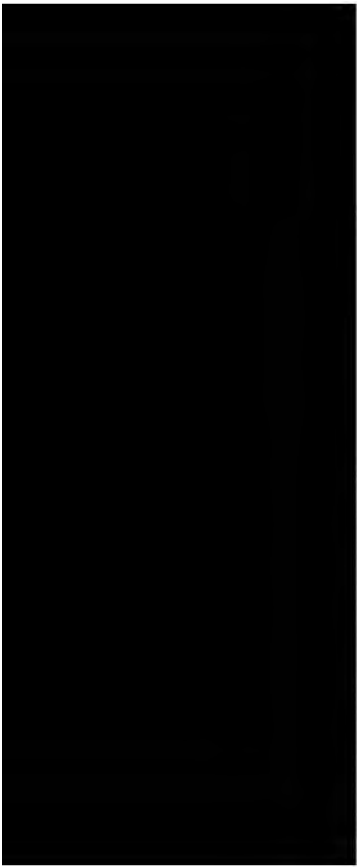
About 3 p.m. word came that the cart was ready, and once more a start was made. Wang Tu Hsien, next stop, was twenty-three miles distant, and the road was in a very bad condition. Heavy rain had fallen and we were ploughing through mud and water to the axle of the cart for a great part of the way. It must have been near midnight when we arrived at Wang Tu. Only those who have travelled by cart in China will understand what this journey must have been to us, practically without a rest, day and night for forty hours. God most certainly gave the strength and grace, or no ladies could have taken such a journey, to say nothing of the children, and I wounded myself. A shake-down was made for us on the floor of the prison room: first a spread of straw, then a reed mat over which we spread our coverlet. The official's



THE MONGOLIAN MARTYRS.

C. J. SUBER.	N. J. FRIDSTRÖM.	D. W. STENBURG.
H. ANDERSON.	C. ANDERSON.	H. LUND.

[See p. 80.]





Again at Pao-ting-fu

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missionaries. About 9 a.m. we left the Yamen for the station. Alas! there was a hitch somewhere, for as we came in sight the little train moved off. No one knew why. Hour after hour passed, until at last, about 5 p.m. word was given that we must go on by cart. This meant travelling all night, and thirty miles more of that awful jolting over bad roads. Again His grace was sought and given. The next thing to look forward to was a rest and some food while the animals were fed at a place ten miles on the way. Here we had a nice supper and the children got a little sleep. Then, leaving about midnight, we arrived at Pao-ting-fu, August 13, soon after daybreak, the city gates being still closed. As we waited there for the gate to be opened, it seemed to us that we understood as never before something of what our Lord must have felt as He went up to Jerusalem. Very soon we were able to enter, and were taken straight to the district Yamen. Alighting from the cart, almost before I was aware of what was happening, we were separated, the ladies and children being taken to the women's lock-up, and I was marched off to the men's common prison. I found myself in a filthy yard with some twenty prisoners in various stages of dirt and wretchedness. Spreading my coverlet on the damp ground, I lay down and cried, not for the ignominy heaped upon me, but the thought of being separated from my dear wife and children at this time was unbearable. Perhaps I had lain there about half an hour, when I heard a call for the "foreign man." Some one had been sent to fetch me back to the cart, which was still standing where we left it. I was rejoiced to find the ladies and children already there, and looking refreshed for the hair-combing they had been able to get, through the kindness of the female prison keeper.

On the Brink of the Grave

soon learned that the district magistrate had refused to receive either us or the official papers concerning us, and intended to send us back at once to the place we came from. A fast-increasing and excited crowd was surging about the cart, and a number of the Boxers appeared with their guns and great swords, took up their position all around us. Not one of our officers or official escort who had brought us were to be seen. The heat became intense, and we sat like this for at least two hours. On first rejoining the cart, we heard the spokesman of our Boxer party say, "There will be trouble here very shortly." To that man, thank God, we undoubtedly owe our lives on this the wonderful deliverance from death. He had gone to the mandarin and pleaded for us, showing him that we could certainly be killed as soon as we got out of the city, even if we were allowed to get that far. Finally the official had relented, and gave orders that we were to be received into the Yamen, and he would see what could be done with us. So it came to pass that, with some considerable shouting and hustling, we were made through the crowd for several under-



Help from a Mandarin

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lock-up should be cleared for us, and I was taken off to join the ladies and children there. The joy of finding ourselves together again, and the reaction after the tension, were too much for my now weakened body, and I could only lie down and cry.

'The next day, Tuesday, August 14, about 10 a.m., one of the Yamen men came to say that arrangements had been made for us to be taken to Tien-tsin by boat, and that we were to start that day! Such a lot of running to and fro from one official to another had been going on all night about us, and everybody had been "troubling their hearts" and planning for us, with the result above mentioned.

'The mandarin sent me one thousand cash for travelling expenses; his son, who came to see us, moved to pity, sent another one thousand. We were advised to procure what we needed for the journey before starting, so that no risk should be run by stopping to buy on the way. By travelling day and night we should probably get there in forty-eight hours, with the strong current in our favour.

'At 3 p.m., two carts arrived to take us to the riverside, and we were officially sent off by the mandarin's headman and several secretaries. On arriving in my own country, I was told to be sure and tell our Emperor that the Governor of the province at some considerable trouble had sent us home! Twelve runners with gowns and dress hats went before the carts, while several Boxers with drawn swords also acted as escort. Arriving at the riverside, we were soon in the boat. Eight of the Boxers who brought us from Huai-lu then came on board, with four or five of the local men, and in a little while we were making good progress down stream.

On the Brink of the Grave

seemed too good to be true that we should so
in Tien-tsin and our troubles at an end. Yet
had worked so many miracles on our behalf
knew He was able to do this thing also. Yet
said there was some misgiving in our hearts when
that there was no official representative in our
Three miles out, the local men left the boat,
went on far into the night, anchoring in mid-
or about two hours to give the boatmen a rest,
again long before daylight.

After sunrise we were passing a walled city,
remembered was thirty miles from Pao-ting-fu.
Later, while in the act of eating our humble
of dough cakes and apples, the boat stopped
moored to the bank. Saying something which
not quite understand, the spokesman and the
went ashore together. My wife cried, "Oh, Charlie,
ing is wrong; do ask the other men what it is."
to one of them, but he only wrung his hands
," "This is terrible! terrible!"

When the two men returned, and the leader said, "It
lie about your being taken to Tien-tsin; it is

reeds until evening, then go west to the city we had just passed, and see what the mandarin there would do for us.

‘Protest was useless ; we were simply stunned, and as if in a dream. Gathering together our few belongings, the bedding, bundle of food, and the cloth containing our cash, part of which we left as too heavy to carry, we took the children in our arms and went ashore. Getting quickly over the embankment, we were soon out of sight among the reeds and thick undergrowth, without having been seen by any one. Making sure of being completely hidden from any one who might pass along, we spread out our bedding and sat down to think and pray. Both were difficult for a time, until we had somewhat got over the shock of this sudden turn in our affairs.

‘Slowly we began to realise that for the fourth time our God had delivered us from a cruel death, touching even the hearts of these Boxers for us, and especially, I believe, for the two dear little children. All the way from Huai-lu we had maintained a quiet, respectful demeanour towards them, and they played with the children, often buying them fruit cakes. Many times during the days of our hiding in the temple and cave, and at the farmhouse, we had said how much easier it would be without the children ; but in our later experiences the Lord had undoubtedly used the children to move the hearts of our enemies, giving us favour in their eyes ; thus reproving us for murmuring about them.

‘But for the little band of refugees hiding in the reeds what a day that was ! Most of it spent in prayer. At every sound of footsteps on the bank we held our breath. Asking my wife what the Lord was saying to her, she replied, “I still have my text, ‘Delivering thee

On the Brink of the Grave

people . . . unto whom now I send thee.'"
egg's answer to the same question was, "I have
ing all day for a little bird to bring us a letter!"
ned at the time, but you will hear more of this
rd" later on. What should we do? Knowing
were in the very heart of the Boxer country, our
seemed so hopeless.

were terribly bitten by mosquitoes, and all day
children were pleading for drink. We too
ering much in the same way; but, apart from
of going to the river to fetch water, I had nothing
it in.

en it was quite dark and everything seemed
e all went to the riverside and quenched our
m a straw-hat drinking-cup. And now by the
lightning and gathering black clouds we knew
was approaching. Then came the fierce wind
the reeds low to the ground, and very soon the
an to fall. Covering the children as much as
with the bedding and our straw hats, we sat
those miserable two hours; all were very soon
he skin and chilled to the bone. O Lord, was

seeing a light in the window. I said, "Let us ask them to help us." Making our way towards the back, we saw a youth crossing the yard carrying a light. Telling him who and what we were, we asked him if he could help us to get a boat. He was distressed at our pitiable condition, and talked of the wickedness and cruelty of the Boxers; then he said he would go off and see if he could persuade a friend of his to take us in his boat.

'Could it be that the Lord had guided us to the very one who was willing to help? We knew that He was able for this also, and had He not reminded us of the promise, "For six troubles I will be with thee, yea, in seven I will deliver thee"? So, encouraging each other in Him, we took shelter under a tree, as the rain had begun again, and waited the man's return. He was not long away; his friend was sleeping in the city that night, and the gates were closed, but he had called up another man who had a boat, and who would be along directly. Inviting us into the house, he got us water and offered us melons to eat. We were glad to put down the tired children, who soon fell asleep on the brick bed, while we ate one of the dry cakes we had with us.

'Suddenly we were startled by an unearthly sound in the yard outside; it seemed a combination of a hiss and a growl. With a slash of a drawn sword, the reed curtain at the door was dashed down, and we were again face to face with a crowd of fierce Boxers. "Betrayed!" was the first thought that flashed through one's mind. The next moment all was confusion. I was seized by the hair, dragged to the ground, and was conscious of blow after blow on different parts of my body, then of being trampled on by many feet, as others rushed over me to seize my wife and Miss Gregg. I

On the Brink of the Grave

...a pang as I heard the heart-rending shrieks of children, and then a calm filled my soul, and I ... my spirit to God. Comparing notes since, ... each been able to testify that this was the ... moment in our lives, so soon to be given up to ... never doubted for a moment that we should ... be killed. With joy my wife accepted this ... of the promised deliverance, that it should be ... Father's presence.

... were dragged outside, and thrown in the mud, ... hand and foot, the Boxers using their feet as ... their hands to get our arms and legs into the ... they wanted, though we were quite passive. ... suddenly missed the cries of the children, and ... that the lambs had "gone before" and were ... more of these terrible sights. Miss Gregg was ... y the hair into a kneeling position, and her ... ssed down on to a stone table in the yard, used ... ng incense, and one cried, "Who will strike?" ... r voices overruling cried, "No, take them all to ... ters first." As we lay there bound in the mud, ... another struck us heavily again and again with

fainted with the excruciating pain, had it been much farther. On entering, my face struck heavily against a large earthenware water tank, and the next minute I was thrown down in the courtyard. Hearing the dear children cry, I knew that they had been brought off at once, and not killed, as I supposed. My wife and Miss Gregg were carried in a similar way, the former suspended by both hands and feet, the latter by one arm and one leg. Little John was tied hands and feet and carried, while Vera with hands tied behind was made to walk, having her feet bound when they got there.

'Now all had arrived, and there was much rejoicing and mutual congratulations that these "devils" had been captured. Presently a tall young man arrived, who by his authoritative voice I soon knew was recognised as a leader. He came and put a brick under my head for a pillow, and spoke encouragingly to me, telling me if I had anything to say, not to be afraid to say it. I requested that if they intended to kill us they would do it quickly, and not let us go through any unnecessary suffering. Being questioned as to who we were, I explained where we were from and how we came to be there, but they would not believe a word I said.

'I suppose it must have been a strange, unlikely story to them, as they were convinced we came from a neighbouring Catholic Mission against whom they had a special hate, two of their townsfolk having recently been killed in an attack on the Romanists there. Later on, they lifted me up and gave me a stool to sit on, that I might be better able to talk to them. In my new position I could see the ladies, and at my request my wife's head was moved out of a pool of dirty water, and Miss Gregg's hands were loosened and tied in front instead of at the back, a favour they would not grant

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lf until next day, though I suffered intensely of the shot wound in my left arm.

y could not pacify the children, who had been into the house, so at last they let them come out another, and one after another they tottered with their shoes having been taken from them, and, down on the wet ground, buried their heads on their hands and sobbed themselves quiet. Just before we were carried through into the main temple where some reeds and a mat had been spread on the floor, upon which we were laid. A guard of five being left in charge, the remainder dispersed, understanding that our case was to be decided in the

s for the fifth time we find ourselves delivered with, for although we could not say how our case would eventually, the Lord had stayed their hand and prevented our being killed on the spot when

As we lay there, wet, muddy, bound, and helpless, we appreciated the brief time of quiet that was spent in prayer and in encouraging one another in the Lord.



Reply from Pao-ting-fu

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mouth full of Huai-lu dialect, another that he had seen a boat the previous morning answering the description given, while a third declared I could not be a Romanist priest, because I had two wives and children! Our cords were now removed and food was given to us, and we were told that they had decided to send two of their number to Pao-ting-fu, to obtain of the officials there confirmation of what I had said. One fact alone I had withheld from them, and that was the Governor's order to the Boxers to kill us. I simply told them that they had declared it was impossible to take us to Tien-tsin, as promised by the Governor, and had made us leave the boat. Feeling sure they would learn the truth at Pao-ting-fu, there seemed very little hope of our lives when the deputation returned.

'On the Saturday night I was brought round to their meeting-room, to hear the result of the deputation's visit to Pao-ting-fu, and found myself in a room full of respectable tradesmen and scholars. These were the civil members of the company of Boxers whose military people had captured us. I learned that the society had been formed here in self-defence, as only in this way could they be safe from the depredations of the numerous societies in the district; and that their city had no resident magistrate, but was governed by an adjacent larger city, with the help of the neighbouring tradesmen and gentry.

'The Governor of Pao-ting-fu had been very angry when he heard we had been let go alive, and that these people did not kill us as soon as they found us, and he had now given to them the same orders that he gave the others. The civil part of the society we were now held by being much stronger than the military, they had overruled any other wish there may have been,

On the Brink of the Grave

etermined to protect us, and send us down to
n when the way was clear. They had won over
her element by the promise that, as long as we
ere, and they had to guard and protect us, the
ompany, about forty, should be provided with
d towards this expense all the tradesmen sub-
liberally.

ly it was "a wonder to many" that we had not
led again and again, as we should have been
fallen into the hands of any other society in
rict. Only a quarter of a mile below where we
boat, a native Roman Catholic had been killed
day when we were hiding in the reeds, and we
certainly never have passed a place five miles
down the river. And here we were, a little
company, allowed to escape by those who had
est authority for killing us, while a whole city
y and tradesmen were turned to be our pro-
and friends! Yes! Those who know not our
y well marvel at all He wrought on our behalf.
ot their decision was largely influenced by their
ion; the fact that we had been spared by one

a constant source of trouble to us ; in fact, it was impossible to keep ourselves free from them. The daily and nightly discomforts, mentioned above, continued throughout our stay, with the addition of cold in the night during the last week or so.

'One day, early in the afternoon, when there were few people about, I was standing over the ladies and children as they slept, keeping away the flies with a fan, and looking rather gloomily, I am afraid, out through the open trellis-work of the door. Our guard were all having a nap, and one solitary sight-seer was peering through at the foreigners. Presently a little crumpled tuft of paper was dropped through on to the floor. I saw him throw it, but thinking it more an act of contempt than anything else, I took no notice of it. The man had moved off to the outer door, then stopped, and seeing I had not picked it up he came back, motioning to the floor where it lay, and again walked off. My curiosity was now aroused, and I took it up, opened it, and found within, in a good bold hand, "Don't be afraid for Chinese robbers, nearly all have been killed by both Chinese and foreign soldiers. Peking and Tien-tsin belong to Europeans. Now I will go to Tien-tsin and tell your armies to protect you. You may tear it into pieces when you have seen."

'Looking up, I motioned my thanks, and my unknown friend left hurriedly. The idiom was certainly that of an English-speaking Chinaman. I was so excited that I woke the ladies to show them. Miss Gregg at once claimed it as the "little bird" and letter she had looked for that day in the reeds. We were all elated, and for a time our hardships all seemed much easier to bear for this little gleam of hope which the Lord had sent us. If this friend really went to Tien-tsin and made

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our position to the British Consul, we felt sure
g would be done for us; nor were we wrong,
quel will show.

Monday, September 3, a large company of
visited the place, and we noticed that their
towards us was more unfriendly than usual.
st the muzzle of his gun into my wife's face,
something to the effect that they were "going
business to-day." The place was packed with
more than two hours, insomuch that they were
leading upon us. The children were especially
d, and I was kept in constant conversation the
ne. If any of our own guard were about, they
olitely asked them to move on when they had
t us. We were greatly relieved when all had
n; but the following morning early we were
that something unusual was abroad. We had
reading together Psalm cxlvi., and had laid hold
venth verse, "The Lord looseth the prisoners."
eared that the mandarin from the neighbour-
had come, but we could not gather if his visit
our account. Soon after our morning meal,

hundred tradesmen and gentry, and by good words, apologies, and promises, they had succeeded in preventing an attack on us. So busy had they all been, that not a soul had been near us since early morning, and they forgot to bring us our afternoon meal till very late. When the secretary with one or two others came at last, we had just passed nearer the point of despair than we had reached all through our trials. Sick, ill, tried, cold, hungry, and uncertain, the black pall of despair was settling down on my soul. As evening came on, with tears I implored my wife and Miss Gregg to pray for me, when suddenly there was quiet and music in my heart. I listened to catch the tune, then my lips tremblingly took up the strain, and sang—

"Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him.
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have and are."

'The ladies soon joined, and as the warm comfort of the Lord's own peace flowed again in our hearts, we did not try to keep back the tears that would come.

'There was quite a consternation when they suddenly remembered that, amidst all their troubles, they had forgotten us. Very soon three or four different kinds of cakes and food were brought along, and while we ate we learned something of what had happened. Later, I was invited across to the meeting-room, and was told that we were to leave that evening by boat for Pao-ting-fu. With many assurances they tried to set our hearts at rest, but to us it seemed like going to certain death again, until one gentleman, taking advantage of a moment we had alone, told me that the English Consul, having heard that we were

prisoners at Sinan, had sent to Pao-ting-fu, demanding protection and safe escort to Tien-tsin, and that a Special Commissioner had been sent from Pao-ting-fu to fetch us. He had come with the mandarin the previous day, but they, being just in the midst of their trouble, had refused to hand us over, having told the Boxers that we had left the previous day; but they promised to escort us to Aucheo, the neighbouring governing city, and hand us over to the Commissioner there.

‘So the door of our prison was opened and prayer answered, but not to go east to Tien-tsin, as we hoped, but to return to Pao-ting-fu, as His perfect will saw good. We knew that, owing to the Boxer movement being so strong and widespread, the way to Tien-tsin was practically impassable for a foreigner, and so had the Lord led us to trust Him that we went forward, knowing all would be well. “When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.”

‘About midnight on Wednesday, September 5, we walked down to the riverside, where two boats were waiting. Ourselves and six or seven of the escort embarked on one, some of the gentry and the rest of the escort on the other. I almost carried my dear wife, who was too weak to walk. Food had been made for us before starting, and now we were sent off with many expressions of goodwill from the little throng who had come down with us.

‘It was only six miles up stream to Aucheo, which we expected to reach easily by daybreak, but a heavy thunderstorm came on when about a mile out, and after anchoring till the rain ceased, they elected to return to Sinan, get some refreshments, and start again at daylight. Consequently, we arrived on

September 6, about 8 a.m., having met two boats with soldiers, who had been sent out to look for us, as we had not turned up as early as had been promised.

'At Pao-ting-fu the Commissioner now came on board again, and gave us five hundred cash and more cakes. He asked how the Consul at Tien-tsin knew we were at Sinan, and a few other questions, then, promising we should not be separated, told the escort to take us down to the district Yamen. We quite expected a cart would be provided. As it was nearly a mile away, I explained to the soldiers that I was afraid my wife could not walk so far, and they told me to carry her on my back, and they would help with the children and our few belongings. Although she was now exceedingly light, I was correspondingly weak, so she attempted the walk, and with Miss Gregg's help, and by going very slowly, was enabled to get there; the Lord giving the strength.

'What a changed aspect the city now wore! One could hardly recognise it as the same place. Soldiers were in evidence everywhere; many of the shops were closed; the streets, usually so thronged, seemed forsaken. We were told by our escort on the way up that there had been a panic when it was rumoured that foreign troops were coming to the city. Many of the tradesmen and people had fled, a lot of the disbanded soldiers had run wild and pillaged right and left, but the officials had nipped this in the bud, and executed a few dozen of them. Peace was now restored, and there were no Boxers left in the city. The last statement we afterwards found was very far from true.

'After arriving at the Yamen, there was about an hour's delay while our papers were examined and the

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decided what should be done with us. At underlings came, and would have taken me to the men's prison again alone, but, refusing to go, said that they could take me to the mandarin, and would explain to him. At this they went away, and I shortly to say that we were all to go to the lock-up. What a palace it seemed after our prison of the past three weeks! How thankfully we were now, and for the time being desired nothing more. Very soon we were visited by one and another of the women people, who were profuse in their congratulations upon our escape.

It was not long before a marked change in their treatment of us was apparent. We rose now in the morning; extra bedding was brought for us (the best available), and I was allowed to have a shave, the mandarin's own barber being sent for the purpose. A paper was put in the window to keep out the sun, while again and again the women in the prison were enjoined to look well after us and take care that we lacked nothing.

The next day, Saturday, September 8, was the

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a relief to lay aside our dirty things, and put on some clean, sweet, although cheap, clothing once more!

'On Sunday our meals were sent again from the mandarin's kitchen, and about 8 p.m., two carts, with four soldiers and others, came to take us to the new quarters. Thus by rapid strides we were transformed from outcasts and prisoners into honoured guests. This change in treatment was no doubt occasioned by the receipt of a telegram from H. E. Li Hung Chang, who was waited upon in Shanghai on September 7 by the Hon. John Goodnow and Dr. John R. Hykes, Consul-General and Vice-Consul, U.S.A., at the request of Rev. J. W. Stevenson, China Inland Mission.

'On arriving at our new home, we found two fairly large rooms, simply furnished, and moderately clean (for Chinese); a cook, with orders to serve us up anything we might like to ask for, and the four soldiers to guard us day and night and attend to us just as we chose to use them. Here, too, we found two more new coverlets, and an additional suit for each one of us of rather warmer clothing.

'Mr. Cheng, the official appointed to look after us, visited us constantly to see to our comfort and enquire after our needs. I must not forget to mention the courtyard and small garden, where we could daily get fresh air and sunshine. Little John picked up perceptibly from the very first day here. My dear wife, too, although slowly and with repeated painful relapses, made progress to recovery, and in a fortnight was enabled to help and relieve Miss Gregg, who for five weeks had been mother to my bairns.

'During the first ten days, all of us, notably Miss Gregg and myself, suffered acutely from painful and severe diarrhoea, while my old complaint of neuralgia

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to trouble me nightly. But, as time went on, the clean surroundings, fresh air and rest, comforted us all in a better state of health. We were like "condensed milk" in the city, and this was a boon to all, especially the children. What a blessing it was to be living in that city where so many God's people had laid down their lives for Him! We heard from the three Christians who were sent to visit us the details and horrors of those days. It was so strange that our hearts turned sick within

At a week after our promotion I was given permission to telegraph to Shanghai news of our safety, at the official judge's expense, although I was somewhat restricted in what I should say. In six days a message came, "Hallelujah! Have wired news home. Instructions from Tien-tsin or Peking." This, our first communication from the outside world for four years, was pinned upon the wall, that we might comfort and refresh ourselves by reading it.

Near the end of our third week here, I received a message from the Consul at Tien-tsin, with a note added by



Death of Little Vera

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at the last moment some excuse was forthcoming. They evidently had some definite purpose in keeping us. What was it? The most probable reason was to make use of us in the event of foreign troops coming into the district, and we were confronted by the fear that in the end they might make a final thrust at the enemy by killing us. One day, as Miss Gregg and I were talking about these things and feeling cast down, Vera, who was playing beside us and apparently taking no notice, looked up and said, so quickly and with such confidence, "Auntie, the Lord looseth the prisoners" (our Sinan text); then she again resumed her play. As we accepted her rebuke, our faith was strengthened, and we could not but acknowledge that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord has perfected praise."

'How little we realised then the path the Lord had for us to tread! For weeks our little darling had been suffering from dysenteric diarrhoea, sometimes better, sometimes worse, and yet through it all so full of life that it helped to quiet our fears in regard to her, and we kept hoping that the change to the coast would completely restore her. We were as careful as circumstances permitted in reference to her diet, and it was good to see how she helped us by her self-denial. Whilst we were still praising God for my gracious recovery, we were brought face to face with the fact that in her case the diarrhoea was giving place to dysentery. All thought and attention were now centred in our darling. The dysentery passed away, and we were filled with hope. On October 8, she seemed much better, even asking me to make her some toys, though the desire for them passed away almost as soon as expressed. In the afternoon she began to complain of pain again, and that night she grew rapidly worse, though the dysentery did

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The next day we were shocked to see the our darling, but we did not realise that the o near. On the evening of the 9th, as I had most part of the previous night, my husband first watch. About 3 a.m., I rose to take and as I looked at my darling I saw that a come over her. She did not regain consciousness, although she asked her father to lift her up er medicine; and on October 10, after nearly 's illness, she fell asleep. In the solemn hush ur, God drew very near, and bound up our arts, as with faltering lips we said, "He is We did not sorrow as those who have no ve know that those who sleep in Jesus God with Him, and that it is only "Till He come." ses through her had been fulfilled. She was ly used of God to preserve our lives. Her ng ways touched the hearts of the people and o spare us. Yes, her work was done, and in a ense her life was laid down for Jesus' sake and

next day the Chinese officials brought us a

'After many false alarms, the first detachment reached Pao-ting-fu on October 13. This we heard from the soldiers who kept guard; no one else came near. How was it? On Sunday morning there was a sensation and a rush. The provincial magistrate was announced. Now, we thought, all is well. But he simply told us that the French were there on railway business, and would have nothing to do with us! Monday passed quietly away, my husband still getting worse. On Tuesday, October 16, we decided to write to the French colonel, and ask the favour of medical help.

'Just as a soldier was on the point of starting, our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of a captain in the doorway. The colonel had just heard from a French and English speaking Chinaman, whom the captain brought with him, that we were in the city, and at once sent us an invitation to go into the French camp, an invitation which we were not slow to accept. An ambulance was brought for Mr. Green, and under a strong escort of French soldiers we left the city. We received much kindness from the French colonel and all the officers during our stay there, the only disadvantage being our inability to speak French. Our conversations had to be carried on through the young Chinaman mentioned above, and this made a real difficulty in reference to Mr. Green. We learned from the French that when the officials were questioned as to why they had not mentioned the fact of our being in the city, they replied that they rather wanted to send us to the coast, but that we did not wish to go!

'The British troops from Peking were now drawing near, and almost as soon as they arrived, October 19, General Gaselee and several officers came to see us.

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eral was most kind to us, and offered to send
r round at once to see what could be done for
husband. Imagine what the sight of English
the sound of English voices meant after all
nths! They reminded us that we were now in
of friends. The time of our deliverance had
d with grateful adoration, too deep for words,
d God.

Saturday, October 20, we were handed over to
Gaselee, and taken to the Field Hospital, where
n had the best medical help, so valuable in his
ndition. My husband was found to be suffer-
hill diarrhoea and a complete nervous break-
eneral Gaselee gave instructions that no expense
e spared. Major Thompson was most kind
ntive, as were many others. On Monday,
ents were made for us to leave for Tien-tsin on
ving day, by boat. We brought dear Vera's
h us. Lieutenant Bingham and Dr. Major
n were in charge, and there was a strong
Mr. Green got on very nicely until Friday
when his head began to trouble him. That

'Sunday was a day of much prayer and anxiety for my loved one, but on Monday morning he regained consciousness. Looking at that time into the future, we realised that, as it had been, so it must be step by step with God. We are as those who are "alive from the dead." How solemn! How heart-searching! We cannot understand why we have been spared when so many of God's dear children have been called to lay down their lives for Him. We can only say, "It is the Lord." A more helpless little band there could not have been, so that the glory is all His own. We have often turned to Acts xii., where we read that "Herod the king put forth his hands to afflict certain of the Church, and he killed James the brother of John with the sword; and when he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to seize Peter also, . . . intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people." But God had another purpose for Peter, and so we read, "Now I know of a truth that the Lord has sent forth His angel, and delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews." "His ways are not our ways; but as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways," and our hearts are still. May "the God of all comfort" comfort the many sorrowing hearts of those who have lost dear ones, and cause them to see "the bright light in the clouds." He was and is glorified in our lives.

'*Thursday, November 1.*—Our little darling was laid to rest in the English cemetery here. How different it might have been and has been with others! Many of God's dear children gathered with us to commit her body to the ground, "Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

CHAPTER XVIII

SUFFERINGS OF THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS

By a Catholic priest was endeavouring to persuade a native to leave the Protestant Church and go to the Catholic fold. He knew the earnestness of the man, and so suited his argument to him. 'Protestants,' said the priest, 'have never had any martyrs, we were brave enough to die for their faith, the Catholics have a long roll of martyrs. It is a proof enough that we are the true Church.' The argument was, of course, ridiculously untrue. The Protestant Church in China even then counted a long array of martyrs. True, the Catholic Church counted more, because she had been centuries in

Character of Chinese Christians 347

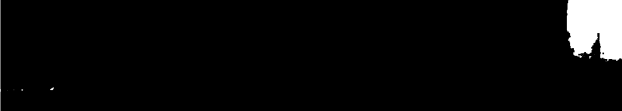
out among the converts of all lands for especial suspicion as to the sincerity of their motives. Every critic, and indeed every Western Christian, knew the opprobrious epithet, 'Rice Christian.' Many thought that this was a term coined by the Chinese in derision of the converts. In reality it is but a smart term invented by some scoffer, who disbelieved in the sincerity of all Christians, white as well as yellow. A missionary was once asked, 'What sort of Christians do the Chinese make?' He replied, 'All sorts, just as at home.' None knew better than the missionaries that there were tares among the wheat. At the same time, the ever-present persecutions which were sure to be the lot of all who joined the new faith, acted as a deterrent to those whose motives were sordid, and the Chinese were ready to suffer for their faith. The shortest experience showed that they could, on occasion, rise to surprising heights of devotion to their Lord. Chinese missionaries were therefore not surprised that many died martyrs' deaths, putting aside offers of life. Their heathen persecutors, like the Roman officials of old, seemed, in many instances, anxious to make the 'path to denial as easy as possible.' 'Only a knock of your head here' (before the idol); 'only a little incense! No matter whether you mean it or not!' cried the executioners. But even feeble women and little children waxed strong to resist these specious pleadings, until their tormentors smote them as if under a painful necessity.

Sections of this book describe the sufferings of the foreigners over whom the waves of Boxerism broke, or who fled before the flood engulfed them. But the full force of the storm beat most fiercely on the devoted heads of the native Christians. Occasionally an

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official helped the foreigner, but who of them lifted a little finger to shield their own subjects, the native Christians? The foreigner, though under a cloud, might regain his influence, and he was, perhaps, worth making a friend of. But the natives who had been so base as to follow him were traitors to their country, and not fit to live. Flight and concealment were equally difficult. True, they had local knowledge of hiding-places, but that was equally possessed by the sleuth-hounds who were on their track. And some, while trying to hide their foreign friends, were slain because they refused to divulge their whereabouts. China, too, is the most difficult country in the world to hide in. Here are no inaccessible forests, such as the fugitive slaves of the South in the United States used to hide in. Here are no moss-hags to receive the hard-pressed runner, as in Covenanting Scotland. Even the mountains of China are inhabited by people, who worm themselves in 'like worms in an apple-core.' Boxerism raged, too, over the great plains of Northern China, where you can hardly go a step without brushing up against a man, woman, or child. The fields have watchers of crops. Upon all the reticulations of paths, you cannot travel long without meeting pedestrians. Happily, the sorghum was full grown during the brunt of the troubles, and gave temporary cover to fugitives until hunger or thirst drove them into the open. Frequently the crying of their hungry little ones betrayed their hiding-places. Women especially fell an easy prey to the Boxers, because unable on account of their bound feet to go quickly in case of pursuit, and thus their pursuers fell upon them and slew them.

But the Chinese are very averse to wandering far



Steadfastness of Chinese Christians 349

from their homes, even if these be in ashes. If they escaped once, back they would come again to the old scenes, perhaps in search of some one of their family, and so once more meet their enemies. When a native leaves his village, he goes among strangers, for his own countrymen perceive by his dialect, or brogue, that he is a stranger (and a stranger is an enemy in China still). When he fled from Shan-si into the next province, there also Boxerism raged. No wonder they were at their wits' end to know what course was best. How, then, did they stand through the storm? That is the question which at once leaps to the lips of the reader. We answer, at least as nobly as the Christians in Roman persecutions.

In those days there were the *traditores*, who surrendered the sacred books to the persecutors. That was the age of parchment and hard labour, which made books rare and expensive. Hence the persecutors hoped to check the spread of Christianity by burning the books. Similarly, the first Emperor of modern China sought to destroy Confucianism by burning the books and burying the scholars. But nowadays the printing press makes books cheap and plentiful. It would be hard to destroy all the Christian books in China, and even if destroyed, the West would supply a fresh stock. Hence no one thought of demanding books, and we had no *traditores* in China. We had *libellates*, who procured false certificates from the magistrates that they had abandoned Christianity and returned to the worship of idols. In many instances, magistrates, and even Boxers, were anxious that Christians should accept these documents. Satisfied with outward conformity, both sides knowing well that the Christians were Christians still, and that their so-called reversion to paganism was only make-

Sufferings of the Native Christians

till the storm would pass, and peaceful and happy days return to the land. China had its *apostates*, who, weakened under fear or torture, bowed the knees to idols. But, thank God, many of them went out like Peter and wept bitterly, and being purified will yet strengthen their brethren.

China has its confessors and martyrs. The tortured and harried, 'not accepting deliverance, the latter going up to Stephen the proto-martyr. During those awful months, He was welcome to a succession of faithful Chinese who joined the great company 'who came through great tribulation, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.'

In many instances, say some, they were given no choice to confess or to recant, and hence they are not true martyrs in the strict sense. But we will not deny to them the glorious name—any more than to those soldiers who died without being given the option of life or death, and to very few even the chance to confess. And the little innocents whom Herod slew in the temple are the first martyrs for Christ. So also do

Persecutions of Chinese Christians 351

foreigners. Recently, in the North, the same thing has taken place. Over a dozen Imperial decrees, containing long lists of these suicides, have been issued, commending their patriotism, and conferring honours upon them and their descendants. And shall we greatly wonder if Chinese, having only lately come out of heathenism, did the same, through fear of falling into the hands of Boxers, from whose horrible cruelty they as Chinese knew so well what to expect? But foreign example even in this is not wanting. Dr. Martin, in his book, *The Siege in Peking*, tells us of foreign ladies who desired their friends to shoot them in the worst event, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the Chinese. And their friends consented. Tennyson celebrates the fight of Sir Richard Grenville on the little *Revenge* against the Spanish galleons, and tells us how, at the last, Sir Richard cried:

‘Sink we the ship, Master Gunner, sink her, split her in twain.
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!’

And the Boxers were more cruel than the Dons.

The accounts which follow make no pretence to completeness. As these accounts of heroic suffering are perused, the reader should bear in mind the multitudes who suffered at the same time the same things, and perhaps even worse tortures, and of whose heroic endurance no record remains.

The native Church in Manchuria is the largest in China, over ten thousand being communicants and as many inquirers. The Boxer craze swept through the whole field. There were three distinct periods of trial: 1. The ‘Fining Time,’ previous to the Imperial decree ordering the extermination of all foreigners. 2. The ‘Killing Time,’ reminding us of the Scotch Covenanting

Sufferings of the Native Christians

3. The 'Torturing Time,' with a view to extort

In the Sungari region in most cases the Christians had lost all their property. Those caught were killed and tortured; others were suspended with their feet from the roof-tree. At least one man was roasted alive, and his son, on hearing of his father's sufferings, committed suicide.

At Hai Lung Cheng the persecution was most

All chapels and private houses of Christians were destroyed. In the city, four men were put to death for testifying their allegiance to Christ. Chang, a teacher, was harassed a week, during which he spent most of the time praying and fasting. He was taken out to a temple and beheaded, praying and praising Christ. At Shan-cheng-tzu forty-one were killed. Hsin-Min-tun suffered most of all. Forty-five were murdered or frightened or committed suicide, and sixty per cent. of the houses were burned. In Kuang-Ning forty-six were killed. Two Bible-women died after faithfully witnessing for Christ. One was killed by the Boxers. The other was driven from place to place, and at last the family



MR. AND MRS. OLSON.
E. ANDERSON. E. ERICKSON. MRS. ANDERSON.
MR. AND MRS. LUNDBERG.

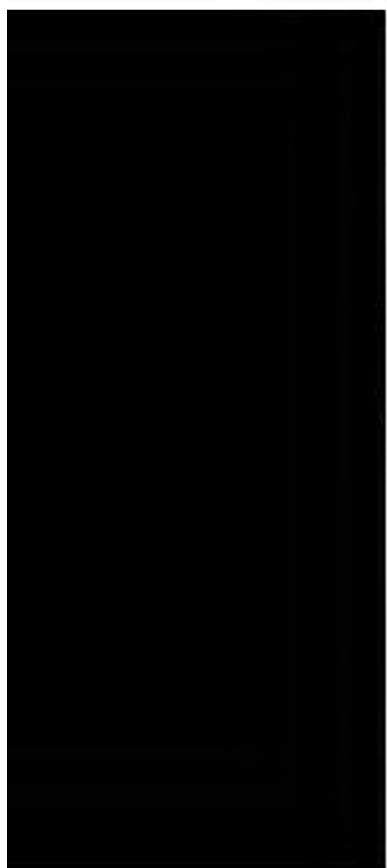
MR. AND MRS. NIREN.
MR. AND MRS. BLOMBERG. MR. AND MRS. NYSTRÖM.
A. GUSTASSON. MRS. FORSBERG.

K. HALL.

MR. AND MRS. BINGMARK. MR. PALM. MR. FORSBERG.

[See p. 82.]







Testimony of Dr. Ross 353

children were without exception and without mercy beheaded. In most places the women and children were unmolested.

'The severity of the persecution depended on the character first of the headman, and, second, of the mandarin of the district. Except the character of the mandarin, I have been able to trace no intelligible reason for the great diversity in the severity of the persecution. The most uncompromising and deadly form of persecution was in the town of Sin-pin-pu. Here we had a congregation of three hundred members, a large proportion being merchants and comfortable farmers. The value of the loss of goods and property there was fully \$100,000 Mex. (£10,000). Every man, woman, and child belonging to the Christian religion who was seized was mercilessly and often barbarously put to death. In this town, where there was no visible cause of any grudge against the Christians, beyond their connection with the foreigner, the persecution was more heartless than in any other part of Manchuria. I have seen the mandarin, and I can understand his attitude. He is a devoted Buddhist and an ignorant man. By his action he hoped to accumulate a stock of merit. All over the country we find diversity—not because of what the Christians were or had done, but because of the character, the knowledge, and the aims of the mandarin.'

The following narrative of the sufferings of some of the native Christians in Peking is from the pen of Miss G. Smith, of the London Missionary Society:—

'One of the most promising schoolgirls, the daughter of Shao Hsing-sheng of Yen San, who with his wife was murdered, was married to a young preacher, Chang. They first came to the Methodist Mission, but Mr. Chang evidently did not think the compound safe, so he

Sufferings of the Native Christians

He left his wife to his adopted mother's house. He left her for a short time, and during his absence the mother turned her, her baby, and her old blind mother out of the house. As she slowly went along, she heard the steps of the poor blind mother, and wondered where she should go, she was seized by a Boxer, who fortunately was not armed and was alone. He took the sleeve of her loose dress and said, "Follow me." She was compelled therefore to leave the blind mother and follow his rapid footsteps. When they had come some distance, he had a Boxer fit, throwing himself on the ground in a paroxysm of rage. He foamed for a while, then rose and said, pointing a stiff finger at her, "You *erh mao tsa*, I will kill you."

On arriving at a place close to one of the city gates he saw about fifty armed soldiers guarding the entrance. And not far away there were corpses of about seven Christians who had been hacked to pieces near the spot. He thought, "This is one of the places where they kill Christians. I am going to be killed. O Lord, help me," she prayed, "give me courage to witness for Thee here and now." The Boxer who had brought her there

'The Boxer then started off somewhere to fetch his wife. One of the soldiers then called out, "You hateful Christian! you ought to die. But what would your poor infant do? Quick, run for your life!" She tried to run, but her knees trembled so that she could hardly move. The soldiers urged her, and she managed to escape before the Boxer came back. She found a hiding-place, a filthy little corner of a lonely place, and half-kneeling, half-crouching, she passed the night. In the early morning she observed the light of a lantern flickering to and fro, as though the owner was searching for some one. She hardly dared breathe, but as the light drew nearer she saw with joy that it was her husband. He had been seeking her since noon the day before.

'They succeeded in getting a cart and leaving the city in safety. They went to a little country village, and there a friend bought their safety by paying a large sum of money to the villagers not to betray them. Mr. Chang was very much concerned about his old blind mother, left alone in the streets of Peking, so, after ten days, he decided to return to the city and look for her. He arrived here, was seized by the Boxers, and murdered with one of our dispensers. Their hearts were cut out and offered to the idol. The dispenser leaves a wife with four small children.

'Another of our married schoolgirls' lives was saved by her husband in a curious way. In a very unfrequented spot he built a little stone hut, leaning against a blank wall, and looking as much like a heap of ruins as possible. The hut was about six feet high and four feet square, without door or window, and when he had placed his wife and child inside, he bricked up the aperture by which they had entered, only leaving a

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small hole large enough to pass a little food and water through. Here they remained for six weeks in the hottest part of the year, and they both suffered unspeakable misery. The husband, at the risk of his life, crept backwards and forwards with food and water, but the supply was always scanty, and sometimes he was unable to come for twenty-four hours together. The poor little baby lived to leave its close prison, but died soon afterwards, as the result of semi-starvation during so many days.

' An old Christian named Chiang, and a member of our Shih Pa Li Tien church, sixty-seven years of age, took refuge with us at the Methodist Mission. He was a great Bible student, and had always led a really consistent Christian life, and was therefore much respected by all. He was restless and unhappy at the Mission, as his youngest and favourite married daughter was still in the country, and he feared for her. At last he decided to leave his safe shelter and go and see how his daughter fared, and nothing we could say could turn him from his purpose. The first opportunity that occurred he slipped away, and this was the last of saintly Mr. Chiang. On the way to his country home, he was betrayed by a woman, who pointed him out as an *erh mao tsu*. They seized him, and told him that he must die. "Very well," he replied, "but first give me a little time to pray," and falling on his knees he began, "Father, forgive them," but his prayer was never completed. The cruel knives descended on the aged, kneeling figure, and he was hacked to pieces.

' Another of our country Christians, with his wife and children, took refuge in the city. Here he was betrayed by a friend, who handed him over to a party of Boxers. They examined him, and decided he was not a

Christian. Whether he recanted or not, we do not now know, but the Boxers treated him very kindly, and gave him a sort of protection ticket. He returned to his family, but his wife says she never saw any one so completely subdued by fear. He was ghastly white, and trembling all over. "There is no hope for us," he said in a low voice; "we shall all be taken and killed. Let us die now." He then produced opium, which he insisted on his wife and children eating, and then, swallowing a large dose himself, he lay down on the floor beside his youngest boy. His wife and eldest son fortunately failed to retain the opium, and, after remaining in a state of semi-unconsciousness for a day, recovered. But the husband and little one died.

'One of our Christian Endeavourers wandered about homeless and penniless for more than a month. He at last took refuge in a little cave in the Northern Hills, and, thoroughly weakened by famine, at last contemplated suicide, an alternative to slow starvation. As he crouched in his little shelter, an old man passed by, and, observing his miserable state, spoke kindly to him, and said, "You may share with me the only food I possess, a little millet." The poor Christian gratefully accepted a small bagful, and subsisted on it raw for a few days, when he heard that the foreign troops had come, and he joyfully hastened back to the city.

'A Christian named Wen, his wife and daughter, and another Christian and her baby, were seized by the Boxers and taken before Prince Chuang. The baby was an engaging little fellow, and won the hearts of some of the Boxers, so the mother's life was spared for his sake. A servant of a big official who was present at the trial swore that Mr. Wen was not a Christian, but a respectable carter whom his master knew very well.

Sufferings of the Native Christians

ence was accepted, and Wen and his family
ceased. As they left Prince Chuang's abode,
was again seized by Boxers, but the rest of the
managed to escape, and took refuge in the country,
they found a safe hiding-place till the troops came
g. Mr. Wen's head was shaved by his captors,
loaded with chains, and in this sad plight was
village to village by his captors, who stated
was an *erh mao tsu* they were taking to Peking,
they lacked the necessary funds. While a
n was being taken, he was hooted and jeered
tormented by the crowd of villagers who had
round him. When a sufficient sum had been
he show moved on to the next village. When
reached his captors that the allies had reached
they took to their heels and ran away. Mr.
followed their example, but ran in an opposite
, and he hardly ceased running until he reached
tal.

of our church members, a man named Tung,
ed by another Christian to flee with him to the
n Hills. Tung replied, "The Lord is able to

me?" As they refused to go, he decided to die himself, and thus leave the way clear for them to depart. They approved of his decision, and purchased three kinds of poison, all of which he took without any ill effects. The Boxers had by this time arrived at the little hut, so, with an imploring look at his mother to flee, he took a large knife and inflicted a fearful wound on the other side of his throat to where the Boxers had previously cut. They thus found him apparently bleeding to death. They carried him to Prince Chuang, where so many Christians were tried and condemned to death, but decided when he got there that he was as good as dead already, so he was just thrown out on a heap of stones by the roadside. He lay there insensible till midnight, when he came to himself, and found the new and old wounds in his throat had stopped bleeding. He found he had strength to crawl, and dragged himself to a little retreat he thought of outside the city gates. In a day or two, the allies entered Peking, and he was discovered by a European soldier. Tung pointed to his throat, and said "Boxer" in English. The soldier understood, and very kindly assisted him into the city, where his friends nursed him until completely well. He has lately been happily married to a very nice girl, who loves him all the more for what he has endured, in spite of two hideous scars which stand out in livid ugliness on his throat.'

Li Pai was a shepherd on the hillsides near the city of Shao Yang, Shan-si, where Mr. and Mrs. Pigott laboured. He became one of the first-fruits of Shao Yang Mission. After helping the missionaries as well as he could, he was finally sent away, and, after many adventures, reached the coast. His story was taken

Sufferings of the Native Christians

Dr. Edwards, of the Shao Yang Mission, who was speaking at the time. Only parts of it illustrative of the sufferings of natives are given :—

Mr. Pigott had sent him away, much against the wish of the faithful man still kept following at a distance to know how the missionaries would fare. As it would be dangerous for him to go into the city, he hid himself in a deserted shed outside the city gate. Only at night he ventured forth to listen to the conversation of the natives, in order to learn, if possible, what had become of the missionaries. His hiding-place was close to the road, and one day he heard a great noise of shouting and fighting, and thought the Boxers were upon him. But he fled by, and he afterwards learned that it was a party of Boxers carrying seven fellow-Christians to a horrible death. Fearing detection if he stayed too long in the shed, he stole forth one dark night, and went about a mile and a half to the house of an old friend, a heathen, who was terribly scared when he opened the door and saw the face of a Christian. At first he would not let him in, being afraid lest Li Pai was seeking shelter, and would involve him in a common ruin. However, Li Pai

days he had had nothing but a little grass and unripe wheat, which he plucked in the fields. From the friend he learned the road the Pigott party were to be taken to the capital, and as soon as it was dark he travelled to a point beside the road, where he hid himself, to see them pass by. He was rewarded by seeing the party pass under escort, and heavily ironed. Of course he did not dare show himself, but he followed them, getting glimpses and news of them at different points right up to T'ai-yuen-fu.

'A distant relative secreted him for a time, by partitioning off a small space in his granary with straw, within which Li Pai lay, until he finally learned of the death of the missionaries at the Governor's Yamen. With a heavy heart he again took to the road back to Shao Yang. For two days he wandered aimlessly about, not knowing where to go or what to do. Then he thought he would go to Hsin Chou, where the Baptists had a station, but a friendly muleteer recognised him on the road, and turned him back, saying that all the missionaries had been murdered. Then he found a secluded village in the mountains where he got work in the fields, but, fearing discovery, he moved on, at last returning to Shao Yang, where he slept in a disused brick-kiln, and learned of the method of securing a certificate of protection by recanting. One recreant convert was employed in the Yamen as recorder of the names of those who recanted.

'At last Li Pai thought of a friend whose home was near Shun Te-fu, in Chihli, and he set off to find him. As he had been all through this region selling Christian books, he was in great danger of being recognised, and he therefore went very slowly and cautiously, begging his way in the smallest hamlets, as he had no money to

Sufferings of the Native Christians

1. After twenty days' painful travel, he reached
e-fu, very thin and weak. Four times during
dangerous journey had he been in mortal peril.
his own words:

and it not been for God's mercy, I should not be
tell the story. The first time I was in danger
August 7. When passing through a large village,
recognised by one man as a Christian. He
tely pounced upon me, bound my hands, and
villagers I was an *er-mao-tsi* (secondary rebel).
me to the village temple, and beat the big bell
the villagers together. He told them I was a
, and ought to be killed. But no one took his
some said that whether I was a Christian or
nothing to them. 'Very well,' he said, 'if
to you, I will myself take him to Shao Yang and
n over to the magistrate.' With that he led
de the village, but suddenly turned round, threw
e rope, and said to me, 'Go.' I think he was
d because no one else sided with him.

at same afternoon I was passing through a
nd stooped down to drink from a well. Some

time he treated me very well. He was a talkative old man, and I had many opportunities of explaining to him why the Christians were hated, and in this way I was able to preach to him. When he let me go on the 11th, he gave me a few small loaves to help me on my journey.

"Two days later, August 13, I was again in great jeopardy, for in the morning I was recognised in a village where I had been some time before selling books. I was again bound, and the crowd which gathered on the street discussed how they should kill me. One said, 'We have no sword.' Others said, 'We have our sickles.' 'That will do,' they said, and they were leading me outside the village, when, to my surprise, they one by one dropped behind, until only the man who had the rope which was round my neck was left. Looking around and finding himself alone with me, he threw down the rope and ran back as fast as he could, while I was allowed to go on in peace.

"But my troubles for that day were not over. I remembered that in the neighbourhood lived a man whom I had once employed as a shepherd. If I could find him, I thought he would be willing to aid me. I found him that afternoon, but, to my dismay, directly he saw me he called out to his fellow-villagers, 'The *er-mao-tsi* has come.' He then told them that I had led many foreigners into Shan-si, who had killed many Chinese. They bound my hands behind me, and after a time tied me up by my thumbs to a beam, and kept me there all that night, while they discussed if they should kill me. In the morning, another old man again pleaded my cause, and suggested they should let me go. To this they agreed, if I would write a paper guaranteeing that none in the village should die because of my

Sufferings of the Native Christians

said that, as I could not guarantee my own, how much less could I guarantee theirs. They then must leave them my name and the name of my brother. At once I agreed to this, and they then let

Tai found his friend, whose house was a haven, as the Boxers were not so bad there as in Shan-si. Having regained his strength, he again started for passing mission stations in ruins and the place where his brother had been murdered. He seemed drawn to that awful province by a sort of longing which he could not resist. He visited T'ai-yuen-fu, and at last came again to Shao Yang. There he learned that his brother's faithful helper had been arrested by the Boxers and put through a mock trial. A circle was drawn on the floor, and the figure of a cross within it. The prisoner was then commanded to spit upon it. On refusing, he was ordered away to execution. Here he learned particulars of the murder of many native Christians, and of others who were only inquirers, or converts, in the employ of the missionaries. He then came to Pao-ting-fu, where he met foreign friends, and

Boxers gave him an opportunity to recant and save his life. He firmly refused, and early in the morning they took him out and slew him.

Mrs. Yang, a pale, delicate, timid woman, with her two little girls, was taken by the Boxers, then released. She fled to relatives in the mountains, and was taken again. They tried to make her recant and worship the idols in the temple to which they took her. An attempt also was made to compel her to marry one of their number, and thus save her life. To all these demands she opposed a firm denial, and she and her daughters were cut down with swords.

Liu Ming-chin, a chapel-keeper, was bound to a pillar in the temple of Yu Huang. He kept preaching to his persecutors, as he was bound, realising that the Word of God was not bound. One of the Boxers in a rage cried, 'You still preach, do you?' and slit his mouth from ear to ear.

A Bible-woman, named Wu, was taken to the same temple and bound to a pillar. She was beaten across the breasts, but never uttered a cry. Then a bunch of lighted incense was held to her face till all the flesh was burned off. Then her feet and hands were cut off. Finally she was carried out of the temple, hacked to pieces, and burned.

A schoolboy, named Wang Chih-shen, was taken. He could have saved his life by worshipping some tablets. The village elders even begged him to do it, saying that then they could secure his release. But he refused, saying, 'I can't do it. To say nothing of disobeying God, I could never look my teacher and schoolmaster in the face if I did it.' So he died.

In the Tsun Hua region, one hundred and seventy-eight perished for their faith. Many of these were

Sufferings of the Native Christians

As only heathen Chinese know how to torture. Now wear the martyr's crown.

In the Kaiping region, forty-five Christians were murdered. A father who had seen his son, seventeen years old, die to death for not recanting, refused to recant. He was bruised, he was appealed to three times,—'Do you recant now?' 'No, no, no, not if you kill me.' When he was thrown into prison, as an obdurate man, he was not fit to live. He was rescued long after by the troops. Burning alive, beating to death, dismemberment, disembowelling, drowning, snipping to death with a straw-cutter, throwing from a precipice, smothering with oil and then burning, burying alive,—these are some of the cruel tortures through which our fathers and sisters entered into the glory of heaven.

Mr. H. Edwards, one of the first party of missionaries to revisit Shan-si after the troubles, has gathered up the names of the native martyrs in Shan-si, and has carefully written a narrative, so as to obtain the truth. His list, though it cannot be exhaustive, and contains only a few of the faithful servants of Christ who walked the doleful



The Terror in T'ai-yuen-fu 367

Boxers would therefore burn all Christian places of worship, and kill all Christians.

'On July 9 came the massacre at T'ai-yuen-fu, by the orders and under the eyes of Yü Hsien himself. On the day of the great massacre, all Chinese who were found in the house with the missionaries, no matter for what purpose, were killed; and there happened to be five with the Protestants, and the same number with the Roman Catholics. Within the next few days four Protestants and about forty Roman Catholics were killed in the city. That a larger number did not suffer, is probably due to the fact that some of the officials did what they could to restrain the malice of the Governor, inducing him to allow a proclamation to be issued granting protection to the converts if they would recant.

'In other places throughout the province, it was, however, very different; the people, being in abject terror, and carried away with a frenzy, implicitly believed the absurd stories assiduously spread about by the Boxers. The old fable of foreigners and Christians cutting out and scattering the figure of a man in paper, which in a few days came to life and then had the power of doing much harm, was believed. It was said that men, more especially beggars, were hired by the Christians to poison the village wells, and make a mark with some red substance on the doors of the houses—the inhabitants of houses so marked being sure to get ill and perhaps die. So great was the terror spread by these reports, that numberless persons were killed who had no connection with Christianity. In consequence of the drought existing at that time, many people were wandering about picking up a precarious living, and not a few of them were accused of being in the pay of foreigners for bad purposes, and killed at sight. It was extremely danger-

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ous even for respectable foot-travellers to go about singly, especially if they happened to stop near a village well to drink. They might be immediately seized and their belongings searched, to see if they had anything in the shape of medicine with which they could poison the water.

‘It is but little wonder that the Christians had to bear the full fury of the storm; and that so many weathered it and have safely reached “port,” is a matter for great thankfulness; while it is scarcely to be wondered at that, in the present condition of the Church in China (especially in Shan-si, where it is still in its infancy), so many were wrecked, and recanted in some form or other. But though wrecked for a time, we believe that they are still possible of “salvage.”

‘In the Hsin-chou district of Shan-si the persecution began soon after the flight of the missionaries for their lives on June 29. Several of the Christians accompanied them, among whom was Ho Tsuen-kwei. He was an old man of sixty, and at one time had been part proprietor of a dyeing business. On his conversion he had relinquished his share in this, and accepted a comparatively small salary to act as helper to the Rev. J. Turner. He remained with the missionaries in their hiding-place until about July 13, when he was sent by them to ascertain how matters were east of Hsin-chou, and to see if it were possible to get to the coast that way.

“On nearing Hsin-chou, he called at the village where his sister lived, and was there arrested by the local Boxers—just a few lads in their teens. By them he was taken to the town and handed over to the local official, Li Tsuen-kwang, who at once put him in handcuffs. The next day this official examined Ho, and tried to find

'You'll soon be in Heaven' 369

out from him where the missionaries were hiding; but he refused to tell. This made the magistrate very angry, and he ordered him to be beaten with the bamboo. He still refused to say where the foreigners had gone, and while being beaten the underlings of the Yamen and bystanders ridiculed him, saying, "Doesn't it hurt?" "You'll soon be in heaven." He was beaten with over one thousand strokes, and then, when nearly insensible, was thrown into prison, still wearing his handcuffs; and in addition his feet were put in wooden stocks. Another Christian happened to be in prison at the time, and attended to his few wants, but he was only able to take a little water, and on the fourth day death happily put an end to his sufferings. He was the first martyr—as he had been one of the first converts—in Hsin-chou.

'Ans-hsu-ken, aged fifty, and Chang-ling-wang, aged sixteen, also retreated with the missionaries to their hiding-place. The latter was not a church member, but had acted for some time as a servant to Miss Renault. These two were advised to return home, as the provisions of the party were diminishing, and there was little or no prospect of their being replenished. They started on their journey, but had not gone far before being arrested and examined by Boxers. It was soon found out who they were, and they were both condemned to death. The elder man pleaded for the life of his young companion, and begged that he might be allowed to return. But the lad stoutly refused to leave his friend, and they were both hacked to death and their remains burned.

'Si-er-mao, aged thirty-two, lived only ten li from Hsin-chou, and was well known in the neighbourhood as a Christian, as he was always preaching to his heathen neighbours. He was therefore one of the marked men, and

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on July 13 was arrested and bound by the Boxers of his own and the neighbouring villages, and taken to a temple, where he was ordered to kneel and kowtow (knock head) to the leader. This he refused to do, saying he was a child of God, and would not kneel to devils. This made the Boxer chief very angry, and he ordered his followers to beat him with sticks. At once he was knocked down, and beaten while on the ground, but still he refused to kneel. His hands and feet were then tied together behind him, a pole passed through, and slung in this way he was carried to the boundary of two villages, and there hacked to death with swords. Having heard Si often speak of the doctrine of the resurrection, and fearing lest there might be some truth in it, and that he might come to life and do them harm, they cut across the soles of his feet before burying him in a ditch that was near at hand.

‘On the same day, Chang-lao, aged forty-seven, and Si-wa-yu, aged sixty-eight, were arrested and taken to the village temple, tried, and condemned to death unless they would recant. This they refused to do, and they were then taken to the spot where Si-er-mao had been murdered, and were again urged to leave the Church. They still declined to do this, and were immediately cut down and killed. As a favour, their relatives were allowed to take away the remains for burial, but they were not interred in the family graveyard.

‘A few days after, Chang-lao's mother, aged seventy, and daughter, aged eleven, found it necessary, in consequence of the threats of the Boxers, to leave their home and seek refuge with friends in a village near by. But no one would take them in, as they were connected with Christians. At a loss to know what to do, they were returning to their own village when they were met by a



'Kill them where Arrested' 371

band of Boxers, who arrested and took them to their chief in Hsin-chou to ask for instructions as to their fate. The answer soon came, "Kill them where arrested," and they were accordingly taken back and murdered near their own village.

'Cheo-chi-cheng, aged thirty, was employed in a boot shop in Hsin-chou. The same day that the missionaries fled, he took his wife and child to his mother-in-law's village for safety. Not long after, he was arrested there by the local Boxers, and beaten till he was insensible. They then searched his clothes, and, finding that he had on his person a copy of the New Testament, decided to burn him. For this purpose they made every family in the village contribute a bundle of millet stalks, with which the fire was made, and he was thrown on and burned to death.

'Wang Cheng-pang, aged fifty, was well known as a Christian, so, when the trouble broke out, he had to flee with his wife and family. He took them to a waste place in the open country, and then, thinking they would be safer if he were not there, left them with the intention of going to a distance. But before he had gone very far he was recognised by some men of a neighbouring village who were watching their crops, and they immediately set upon him with stones, and beat him till he was insensible. Finding that he was not dead, they then knocked out his brains with their reaping-hooks. No other member of his family was injured, as they all managed in one way or another to escape.

'When the missionaries fled on June 9, they rested at noon at the house of a Christian named Chang-Chih-kweh, aged fifty-three, who welcomed them warmly, and did all he could for them. A few days after, when they were settled in their cave, he went to visit them, but was

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arrested on his way by the villagers of Chia-chwang, who long before the Boxer outbreak had been the bitter opponents of their Christian neighbours, because they would not subscribe towards the local theatricals or the upkeep of the temples. That same day the Boxers from Hsin-chou arrived at the village on their way to seek the hiding-place of the foreigners, and demanded that Chang should be their guide. But he stoutly refused to show them the way, even though he was threatened with death. His persistent refusal so angered them that they set upon him with swords and sticks, and he was slowly done to death.

'One of the saddest, and yet perhaps brightest, cases is that of Chao-hsi-mao, aged thirty, his mother, aged fifty-seven, sister, aged thirty-six, and wife, only nineteen years old. Being a prominent and well-known Christian, he was advised by his friends to leave his own village and flee. This he refused to do, and in July all four members were arrested by the Boxers, and their house and all their belongings burned. They were then bound, and taken on a cart to the Boxer chief at Hsin-chou to ask for instructions. He said, "I don't want to see them; take them back and kill them where arrested." While on their way back, they all joined in singing the hymn, "He leadeth me." Arrived at a vacant spot outside their own village, they were taken down from the cart, and the man was first beheaded with the huge knife generally used for cutting straw. Still the women would not recant, and the old mother said, "You have killed my son; you can now kill me," and she too was beheaded. The other two were still steadfast, and the sister said, "My brother and mother are dead; kill me too." After her death, there was only the young wife left, and she said, "You have killed my husband, mother, and sister-in-law; what have

I to live for? Take my life as well." Thus all four sealed their testimony with their blood.

'In addition to the foregoing fifteen, one other was killed by falling over a precipice while fleeing from the Boxers, so that Hsin-chou has now the honour of possessing a martyr-roll of sixteen "valiant saints."

'The next station north of Hsin-chou is Kwo-hsien, but here only one man, Chang-kwei, aged twenty-nine, was killed, so far as known. Though only an inquirer, he was evidently well known as a Christian, and was sought for by the Boxers. He managed to escape from his own village, but was caught in a neighbouring one, and at once killed.

'Forty li north of Kwo-hsien is Tai-chou, and the number of Christians killed there would have been much greater, had it not been for the energetic action of the Men-shang (attendant) of the local official. Among those who suffered was the mother of Chen-Chih-tao, aged fifty. When the Boxers rose, the whole family had to scatter, but the mother, not being able to go far, was the first one to be found, and she was discovered in a neighbouring temple where she was hiding. At once the Boxers set upon her with swords, and hacked her to death. Soon after, Chen-Chih-tao, his father and brother, were found and taken to the same temple. To prevent their running away, the soles of their feet were burned with hot irons, and then they were taken in a cart to Tai-chou, where they were to be tried by the Boxer chief.

'The Men-shang having heard of what was taking place, waited till they were passing the Yamen, and then rushed out with Yamen runners, rescued the three men, and kept them in the Yamen till the trouble had blown over. In this way this man saved the lives of

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more than ten Christians, himself undertaking the responsibility, as his chief appears to have been a man without any stamina. In all the accounts received, nothing is more evident than that the local officials could protect the Christians when they wished ; and that when they presented a bold front to the Boxers, these braggarts and cowards were easily overawed.

' In the case of Wang-shih, aged fifty, who was only an inquirer, the Men-shang was unable to interfere, as the father of his accuser was a well-to-do man with some local influence. As early as July 3, Wang-shih was attacked in his own house, and one of his hands severely injured. He was taken to the official, and accused of injuring his neighbours. The official asked what evidence they had to produce, and one man at once spoke up and said, "My illness has been caused by him, and unless he is killed I cannot get better." The magistrate then asked Wang-shih by what methods he injured people and made them sick, but he did not make any reply. He was then ordered to be beaten several hundred blows with the bamboo, and after being beaten was being led away to prison to await further evidence, when the Boxers suddenly rushed upon him, and, dragging him away from the Yamen runners, took him outside the city to kill him. Arrived outside the east gate, he was first set upon by the would-be sick man, who thrust him through with a sword. The whole crowd of Boxers then attacked him, and he was cut to pieces.

' The terror in which even the people connected with Christians lived during the time the Boxer power was at its height, is illustrated by the case of Cheng-feng-hsi, aged forty-seven. He was part proprietor of a shop in the city of Tai-chou, and, fearing lest he should be arrested,



'The Noble Army of Martyrs' 375

he attempted to escape, climbing over a wall. Unfortunately, he fell and broke his leg, and was carried back by his assistants to the shop. His partners, fearing it should be known that they had a Christian there, urged him to poison himself by taking opium. This at first he firmly refused to do, saying, "If you don't want me here, hand me over to the magistrate, or even to the Boxers themselves." But they were too much afraid to adopt either of these plans, and finally either poisoned him or else compelled him to commit suicide by taking opium.

'In a village not far from the city lived Tso-hung and his family. On the outbreak of the persecution they all had to flee, and scattered in various directions. His wife, mother aged ninety, and daughter aged ten, hid in an old graveyard, but were found by the Boxers, who were going to kill them, when some friend rushed to the city and informed the Men-shang. Without waiting for his horse, he immediately went out with his attendants on foot, rescued the three women, and arrested the Boxer leader. Unfortunately, the little girl had been so injured by the harsh treatment she received at the hands of the Boxers, that she died soon after, raising the martyr-roll of Tai-chou to four.

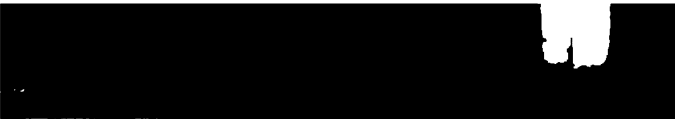
'Fan-si-hsien is a small town one hundred and thirty li to the north-west of Tai-chou, and the events which happened there afford further evidence of the influence of local officials, and their power either to protect the Christians or to leave them to the mercy of the Boxers. Missionary work has only been carried on in this town some four or five years—a missionary perhaps visiting it once a year. There were already quite a number of inquirers, who, though not baptized, were recognised by their neighbours as Chris-

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tians. A small house had been rented as a chapel, and an evangelist placed in charge. On Sunday, July 1, a number met for worship as usual, notwithstanding the drilling of the Boxers and the many wild rumours. The evangelist, Chao-yung-yao, had previously been advised to leave and go to his home, but he said he had been appointed to that station and would not desert his post. As things became more threatening, he even sent in a petition to the magistrate, saying that, if the Christians were in fault, he was to blame, as he had taught them the doctrine. He asked, therefore, that he might be punished in some way to appease the anger of the people, and allow the others to go unmolested.

'To this petition the official gave no heed, and the Boxers evidently knew they had a free hand, for the storm burst suddenly on the little band on Sunday, July 1, after their service. The mob first attacked the chapel, breaking both the doors and windows, and then set the place on fire. They then sought and caught the evangelist, dragged him to the main street, and there beat him until he was unconscious. Regaining consciousness, he attempted to rise, and was partially kneeling when one cried out, "See, he is praying even now. Drag him to the fire." Immediately some of the bystanders caught hold of him and pulled him towards the burning chapel; but he said, "You need not drag me; I will go myself." He quietly walked to the chapel and entered the burning building, and almost immediately the roof fell in; death must have been instantaneous.

'But the mob was not satisfied, and sought everywhere for the Christians. Kao Chung-tang, aged forty-four, was caught on the street, beaten till nearly dead, and then thrown on the smouldering ruins of the chapel.



'The Tender Mercies of the Wicked' 377

He was still conscious, and after a time begged the bystanders to give him some water. "Do you want it hot or cold?" asked one man. "See, I will give you some lukewarm," and then offered him some wine to drink. "Others," said he, "would not even give you that." Among all the crowd there was not one that took pity on him, and the poor fellow lingered on till the next day.

'Hsu-yen, aged thirty-six, and Li-chung, aged thirty-two, were both at the service on that fateful Sunday, and when the riot began fled outside the city, but were caught, bound and beaten, brought back to the city, and thrown on to the burning ruins, where they perished.

'Not content with what had been done in the city, the Boxers then turned their attention to the villages. The home of Liu-tsi-hen was one of the first to be attacked, and the house was destroyed. All the members of the family escaped for the time being, the wife going to her mother's home in a village near at hand. The Boxers of that village, hearing of her arrival, immediately sought her, and she had to flee a second time, and hid in a field of wheat. There she was found and caught, and it is said she was stripped of all her clothing, and bound and taken to the city, her captors beating her as they went along. Arrived at the city, she was thrown on to the smouldering ruins of the chapel, where she was left by her tormentors, who soon afterwards scattered. Finding herself free, she managed to creep out of the ruins, and had passed the city gate and was making her way home, when she was caught again by the Boxers, brought back, and a second time thrown on to the ruins. This time they did not leave her, and as by night-time she was not dead, they took a cord and

Sufferings of the Native Christians

her. Notwithstanding all her sufferings, it is remained steadfast to the end.

Another village, the house of Kao-lien-teng, aged attacked and burned. He himself was at once and taken to the city, where he was tried by

rs. He was asked, "Why did you enter the

"Because it was good." "Why, then, do you people?" "I do harm to no one," he replied.

"You will leave this foreign sect and worship we will not harm you." To this he made no

they cried out, "This man is not willing to throw him into the fire." He was then dragged

pel, and thrown on to the smouldering ruins ed. His wife fled, and managed to reach her

me, but was there arrested and brought to the was taken to the Yamen, but the official

ve nothing to do with the case, and she too d to death in the same place as her husband.

t son, aged twenty-two, was arrested while d taken to his village and burned in the ruins

house. His wife, aged nineteen, fled and hid but was found and immediately stabbed, and

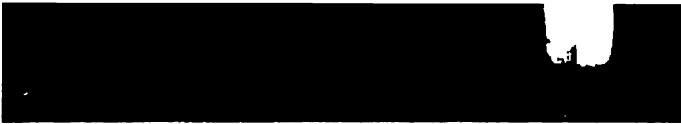
but managed to escape to their own village. They were immediately arrested by the local Boxers, their house set on fire, and the elder of the two was burned in his own home. The younger was taken to the temple of the god of war in the city to be tried before a Boxer tribunal. It was at first decided that, if he would provide fifty swords for the "cause," he would be allowed to go free; but thereupon two Boxers kneeled before the chief, and begged that he might be at once killed, "because he had done much mischief." Their request was granted, and he was handed over to their tender mercies. As he was being led along, he said, "This is the happiest day of my life." This angered his persecutors all the more, and as soon as they reached the outside of the west gate they set upon him with their swords and killed him.

'On that same day, Kao-Chung-tang's elder brother, Kao-Ye-chung, aged fifty-two, their mother, aged seventy, and a boy of fifteen, escaped, and reached the outside of the city before they were arrested. They were taken to a Boxer chief at the village of Li-chia-chwang, and he was asked what was to be done to them. "Set fire to the house of the Christian Kao-lien-teng, and burn them in it"; and these orders were instantly carried out to the letter.

'Perhaps the most sadly interesting case was that of Wang-hsin, aged thirty-three. He was a native of Fansi, and was well known in the city as having formerly been a gambler, opium-smoker, and, in fact, a regular "black-leg." The genuineness of his conversion was manifested by a complete change of life, and though not baptized, he was entrusted by the missionaries with a few books to sell, and thus became equally well known in all the surrounding districts as a Christian. Early in

Offerings of the Native Christians

as arrested in the village where he happened
ched to see if he had any poison on him, and
ks burned. Not content with this, his perse-
upon him with swords, wounding him seri-
they then bound him, took him to the city,
a kind of trial in front of the military Yamen.
the people said to him, "We know you were
a bad character, but have now reformed; only
foreign sect, and you will not be killed." He
have already left the foreign sect" (apparently
to Buddhism), "and now follow the heavenly
reverence the Supreme Ruler (Shang-ti), be-
Jesus, and worship the True God. How can
belong to a foreign sect?" It is said that
quite a long time to his persecutors, but
leader said, "This man has evidently been
by the foreigners; what is this he is talking
f we do not kill him, he will certainly do
He was immediately taken outside the west
he city, and there killed in a most barbarous
of the most pathetic cases was those of the



'She ought to be Burned' 381

poison have you about you with which to do mischief?" She bravely replied, "We have left the false and turned to the true; the evil for the good. How have we done any mischief?" The leader of the Boxers yelled out, "She is not telling the truth, and will not leave the foreign sect. She ought to be burned!" At once the part of her own home which was not quite burned was rekindled, and she and a little boy of six, who had accompanied her all this time, were driven into the flames at the point of the sword.

'The wife of the younger brother was also caught, taken back to her own village, and tried by the same tribunal. "Have you scattered abroad paper men to injure the people of your village?" she was asked. She replied, "It is you who kill, burn houses, and do mischief, not we." This made the Boxer leader very angry, and he said, "This woman ought to be burned to death," and she and her little boy of five were both driven into the flames like her sister-in law.

'One other woman, who died from injuries received while fleeing from her persecutors, raises the martyr-roll of the infant Church at Fan-si to twenty-two.

'The accounts of these massacres have been given both in writing and verbally, and there is every reason to believe they are correct. The stories are unvarnished, and given as far as possible in the words of the narrators. That there were not more killed is probably due to the fact that, soon after July 9, a proclamation was issued, notifying the Christians that if they left the Church they should be protected. A great number availed themselves of this offer, and, having obtained the certificates of protection, returned to their homes, to find them pillaged and burned. But the Boxers having tasted blood, it was difficult to restrain them, so

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on August 25 another proclamation was issued, saying that the authority to kill was not with the people or even the high officials, and after that date if any were killed without cause, the murderers would be summarily executed.'

CHAPTER XIX

THE STORY OF MR. FEI CHI HAO

MR. FEI CHI HAO was the first to bring from the province of Shan-si authentic information regarding the awful massacres of the year 1900 in that province.

Mr. Fei was a young man of twenty-four years of age, and a graduate of the American Board Mission College in T'ung Chou, near Peking, where he learned amongst other things to speak English. When his college course was completed, he went to T'ai Ku in Shan-si, and spent a year and a half in teaching one of the Mission schools there. Subsequently he went to Fen Chou Fu, and was associated with the missionaries of the American Board working in that city, principally as assistant to Mr. Price in the boys' school there. He was with the missionaries during all the hazardous time preceding and almost up to the time of their death, and it was only after urgent representations that he was persuaded at last to fly for his life and bring the news, which was, alas! subsequently only too fully confirmed.

The story of his flight is thus told by Mrs. A. H. Smith:—

'As Mr. Fei was riding along in the back of the cart along with the missionaries from Fen Chou Fu, he noticed a Chinese soldier eyeing him intently. He inquired where Fei's home was, and on learning that it

The Story of Mr. Fei Chi Hao

ing Chou, he remarked, "Just ride this horse and soon get there," meaning that he would ride to death, and then his soul would revert to his home, but Fei did not take it in. Later he such a pity for one so young as you to be and follow foreigners." Another man wanted his boots, but when he objected a third said, "Mind taking them from him ; they will be ours while any way." Later, a fourth said plainly, "for your life ! We are about to kill the soldiers !" About a mile ahead was a village where soldiers were waiting to kill them all.

At this place he took his last look at the kind faces. No words were possible in the presence of them, but he thinks they saw him go. When he rode a short distance the soldiers stopped him, took his money. He protested he had only money for his journey, but gave them his watch. One took his boots and gave him instead a wretched old pair much worn and far too small. He went on but they still pursued him ; one seized his queue and held an arm, while they took his silver, all but





LI PAI.		FEI CHI HAO.
WANG HSI YO.	WANG MING.	NICH T'UNGNGAN.
WANG PAO T'AI.	J. P. BRUCE.	WUCHIEN CH'ENG.

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Returns to Fen Chou Fu 385

'On the second day he decided to return to Fen Chou Fu, to learn with certainty the fate of his friends, and get a little money for his journey. A cart was going; he changed his one ounce of silver and paid the man four hundred cash. When they had made half the journey they stopped at an inn, that the animals might rest. Here he learned details more than enough. Mr. Fei was sorely perplexed and troubled, and thought of leaving the cart and running away. Finally, he prayed earnestly for guidance, and God showed him he was to go back to Fen Chou Fu at all costs. He arrived there at 8 p.m., crept cautiously by a back street to the house of a church member, who was startled enough at his appearance. Here he learned more details. He must move on. It was a dangerous place for a Christian. Mr. Fei's host, for ten years in service of foreigners as a courier, must fly himself. At daylight they left the city, hoping no one would recognise Mr. Fei. They were startled by one man's observing to him, "I am glad you got away. They killed the foreigners; you get quickly into some little village and hide." Going out two miles he found a poor Christian, who went to a relative and pawned an ornament, raising fifteen hundred cash, which he gave him, with an old garment and his dinner, and then hurried him away. He left them cold with fright over the fearful news he brought.

'After two days he arrived at T'ai Ku. A teacher, Kung, told him the details. He was not a Christian, but had a nephew in the T'ung Chou College. He said to Mr. Fei, "You have known missionaries for many years in T'ung Chou and here. Tell me, if they have done nothing outrageous, why all on a sudden does every one wish to exterminate them? They must have done

The Story of Mr. Fei Chi Hao

evil." To this Mr. Fei replied, "I have known well and long, and they have done no wrong. Must not judge things as they appear now. All later on."

His man's nephew had two letters in his hands by the foreigners. He was in hiding. Early in the morning at T'ai Ku, Mr. Kung had written a letter to Mr. Clapp urging them to fly to the hills. Mr. Clapp and his men had horses saddled ready to go, but teacher Kung said, "I will not fly. Outside everywhere there are dangers, and God can take care of us as well in one place as another. I shall stay and die here." So they all gave up. Teacher Kung said to Mr. Fei, "Don't be bewitched by the foreigners. Leave the foreigners, come back and worship our own gods, for you can see for yourself, after this has happened, that it is they that have the real

Mr. Fei was too dismayed and heartsick to talk to the foreigners, but implored help to leave. Mr. Kung was well satisfied with four or five servants. He, his mother and wife, and several hundred taels' worth of opium a year.



'In Peril from his Countrymen' 387

him five days. It was very hot in the day, but very cold at night. He could not lie down at night, as he had no bedding and his legs grew cold, so he sat all night drawn up in a shivering heap. Not one familiar face did he see. People at the inns would not keep a suspicious-looking tramp who had not an ounce of baggage. He felt, on looking back on it, that a thousand taels would be no inducement to travel over that road again in such a manner.

'When he got to Huai Lu Hsien, Governor Yü Hsien and two thousand soldiers were there. He hoped much to see some China Inland missionaries there, but found that the Governor had arrested the Green family and Miss Gregg and sent them to Cheng Ting Fu. Every day as he passed between Huai Lu Hsien and Pao Ting Fu, he met countless hordes of Tung Fu Hsiang's troops and other soldiers, escaping after their defeat. They marched along, looting all the way, but poor Fei in his absolute destitution had nothing to fear. He had nowhere to sleep or to buy food, as the soldiers had seized all the inns.

'At Cheng Ting Fu the soldiers kept all the gates closely barred, for fear of the looting, marauding hordes from without. He waited an hour, then, there being no soldiers about, the thirty civilians were allowed to enter, and the gates were at once closed again. He went to the large Catholic cathedral, and found there a bishop, three priests, five foreign sisters, five railroad people, and others; in all nineteen foreigners. The Catholics furnished him clothing and food, and were exceedingly kind. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and baby and Mr. Brown of the C.I.M. They spent two or three hours in earnest, wistful talk, they sympathising with him. They told him they had been in hiding twenty

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The Story of Mr. Fei Chi Hao

a crowd of a hundred people had mobbed them ; clothing had been taken, and all their money except ounces of silver. They had had fearful hardships travelling. They had walked ten miles in the middle night. Mrs. Griffith had been ill. Her husband tended her as well as he could, and Mr. Brown held the baby. An official had sent them away on to another district. The official at that place was kind and gave them money and clothes. They were then sent to Cheng Ting Fu, and the official asked the Chinese Catholic bishop to receive and care for them. The troubles brought Protestant and Catholic together, and elsewhere, as nothing ever has before in all years in China.

The official would not let Boxers into the city, but knew their danger was not past. They longed to see Mr. Fei letters, but did not venture, as five persons had been killed near there. They wished a message to be sent to an English official of their state to get Mr. Fei out of danger. Later, Mr. Fei was able to comply with this request. The bishop gave Mr. Fei one thousand cash.

so was put off. He and the other evicted civilians each crept stealthily into a different baggage car and lay down. No one noticed them till within a few miles of Pao Ting Fu, where the train stopped for some trifling repairs. There a track-tender saw them, demanded money, reviled and beat them. Fei fled, leaving the others in the man's clutches.

'Arrived at Pao Ting Fu, he entered by the west gate and left by the south. The city was all in a hot racket, swarming with defeated troops from Peking. He hired one-third of a t'sang, or compartment, in a boat for eight hundred cash. They were so crowded that it was difficult to turn over at night, but that had at least the advantage of making them a little warmer. In Pao Ting Fu he went to a shop to change his remaining ounce of silver, and asked the news. "The foreigners were all killed and their houses burned." "Where are you from?" "Shan-si." "How about the foreigners there?" "They are all killed and their houses burned." "It was the will of Heaven," said the man complacently. "The will of Heaven," echoed Fei, but with how different a meaning!

'The boat was loaded with defeated soldiers and two Boxers. Whenever the boat stopped where there were Boxers, these two got off, introduced themselves, drank tea, were well treated and given a card introducing them to the next Boxer camp. Very like living over the mouth of the pit was that journey. They gambled, reviled, quarrelled, and fought. In his compartment was a soldier, better than the rest, and an old man hunting for his soldier son. Fei hardly left his retreat all the way, as he did not wish to talk to any one. He saw many boats loaded with Boxers, with their swords and gay sashes. Once a great horde of them came close to him as the

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...s stopped, but God filled his heart with a great
The rain poured down day after day. It leaked
the boards and wetted them. He lay on stalks,
...t into him unmercifully.

...day it was very cold, and they could not go on,
ennui and long suspense were unendurable. He
...d himself out wearily, and, before he thought
... was doing, said aloud in English, "Oh dear,
... He quaked with apprehension, but no one had
...m. Boats dared not go below Tu Liu. There
... a little boat for two hundred cash, the very last
...ne had, as there were two days they could not
...nd, alas! he had to eat whether it rained or not.
...t day he had nothing to eat. He longed to
...omething as others were eating, but controlled
...and refrained.

...arrived at Tien-tsin just before the gates closed,
...en days from Fen Chou Fu. He saw French
... Russians, Sikhs, Japanese, and at last an
...n, who took him to his captain. He was a kind
...d made him sit down to tell his story. He
...the offered him a bit of blue cloth and told his

official. He made such a bed of nice clean blankets and wraps that Mr. Fei felt as if he was in heaven. Next day Mr. Tenny and Dr. Porter and Mrs. Smith of the *Tien-tsin Times* had a long interview, and wrote down what he said, but made him sit and treated him as a friend. As he was ragged and forlorn and without stockings, he ventured to ask his kind host for a little help, hoping for a dollar or two. What were his surprise and joy to be given twenty dollars! The English Consul questioned him for an hour. An English official wished him to go to Wei-Hai-Wei with him as interpreter; he would receive \$30.00 a month and his food and clothes; but duty still stood at the helm of his barque. He must not do aught else until he had learned the fate of his family at T'ung Chou. He went up to see his Chinese friends at the American Board Mission. When they saw him, ragged, dirty, stockingless, and with long hair, his schoolmates and friends were much moved, some of them to tears. He tarried and rested six or seven days, then thought he would seek his old teacher, Mr. Tewksbury, and ask his advice, after attending to his family affairs.

'He was sent to T'ung Chou on a boat with a military official, and they were seven or eight days on the journey, as the water was high owing to the heavy rains of the season. Mr. Fei felt sure the official was not a Christian, for he drank much, smoked much, kicked his Hindu servant and the boatman, and talked in a yell. Every day at noon he took some soldiers, left the boat, and went off to villages to loot whatever they pleased. Among these things were three donkeys, one mule, three carts, some sheep, and a hundred chickens. At one place they found a rich old man. Every one else had fled. They demanded money. He

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said he had none. They found many swords and some red cloth, and charged him with being a Boxer. He denied, but they shot him and took all his things. The officer was very imperious to Mr. Fei, calling "John" in tones of thunder whenever he wanted him. One dark night he made him go a mile through the mud and overtake another boat to get a plate.

'On nearing T'ung Chou, Mr. Fei left the boat and eagerly sought his village home. He found a desolate heap of ruins, and the whole village deserted. A man going out of the back gate heard him, and began to run. His heart told him it must be his brother. He called his name, and the man at once turned back, and the two, long parted, wept together a long time. His brother was in great fear. Once a Hindu had come and impressed him to work, dragging him off by the queue at a time when he chanced to have no upper garment on. He was forced to pull a boat, a kind of work he had never done before. It was hard work, and the board for tracking cut his chest cruelly. They would not allow him to come on the boat to sleep nor warm himself by the fire, and although he had enough to eat he was paid nothing for his work.

'Mr. Fei also went to his elder brother's house. The brother was not at home; he had become a Boxer. All the family had fled in abject terror of the frightful Hindu soldiery, who impressed the men and outraged the women, old and young indiscriminately. Five women were killed because they made some resistance. "It was China's recompense," he said sadly, thinking of what the Boxers had done to foreigners.

'His sister-in-law was still there, because she was a paralytic, and could not fly. In July the Chinese soldiers had killed one man and looted everybody.

Every one ran away, her husband among the rest. She had no one to give her anything to eat or drink, so she crept to the river bank to end her griefs there. A Chinese soldier exhorted her not to die, and she thought better of it, and toilsomely went back home again. After three or four days her husband came back. She had cried until she could with difficulty see, and he hardly recognised her. He tried to comfort her. He and his son brought her something to eat in the daytime, but for a month they went to a place of safety four miles away for the night. Again and again during her agonising suspense she saw the dreadful foreign soldiers come into the yard, but the house was little and dark and looked deserted, and they went away, never discovering her. She heard the foreign bugles and shots fired.

'She was a thrifty, shrewd housekeeper once, and managed well for her husband, but had been very ungrateful and undutiful to her kind mother-in-law, and the neighbours saw in her suffering the will of Heaven. She said, "If my father and mother-in-law had lived, I would not have been left alone to suffer so." She seemed much moved at Mr. Fei's appearance. He told them about the sister in Shan-si, and they told him that his wife's maternal grandfather and grandmother, Christians, were killed by the Boxers.

'Mrs. Fei had been a dull girl, and would not "learn the doctrine" at all when he married her. She was a great burden on his heart. After he got to Shan-si, after earnest prayer, even from that great distance he succeeded in getting her into the Bridgman School, where her mind was awakened and she had her feet unbound. He saw her with the others that night, but, true to Chinese etiquette, did not say a word to her.

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ad the poor woman must have been even to
! The grandfather and mother who brought
had been killed by the Boxers; the kind
n-law was gone, and she was left to the care
magant sister-in-law.

ore the death of Mr. Fei's father and mother,
ge bully, a Mr. Li, who was friendly with the
omised the son to forewarn him if the Boxers
kill the old folks, so that they might outwit
ers by suicide, and so have a decent burial from

The Boxers were very strict about not
burial to their victims. Where his wife's
other was killed in a lonely spot outside the
a daughter besought leave to bury her, but was
refused, they not even allowing her to wrap her
t. There were many carrion crows about, and
nd by there was nothing but bones left, and
e dogs dragged away until not one was left.

June 19, the bully, Mr. Li, sent word that the
would be there early next morning, and the
s must think of some way to die. Was there
perplexed and sorrowful a family council in

a pit. In this last sad family council there were two sons, three sons' wives, four granddaughters, and two grandsons. Mrs. Fei loved them, and thought also tenderly of the absent boy in Shan-si, whom she supposed was dead. They could, perhaps, live, for few of them were Christians. She thought of the helpless ones. Mr. Fei's little wife, whom she supposed she was leaving a widow, must have a son. One of the other brothers must give her one. The second son she charged to be kind to his paralysed wife. The wife, remember, had been unfilial and ungrateful to her.

'The family sat in tears. They could not bear the parting, but it had to come. The night was wearing away, and the Boxers came betimes on their errands. The uncle, the eldest son, the bully Mr. Li, the headman or constable, and ten neighbours escorted them. The broken-hearted father at once ended the life that had grown so hopeless. The eldest son was so moved at the sight, he wept and would have followed his father, but the neighbours firmly held him back; he was not a Christian, he need not die. His mother sat thinking wistfully of her children, especially of her "little Benjamin" in Shan-si, so dear to her mother heart. She sang hymn after hymn. At last the uncle became impatient, fearing the Boxers might come and find her, and he pushed her in. Later, the neighbours fished out their dead bodies and covered them with a mat.

'On the bully's warning, the second brother, who was a Christian, and his son, and Mr. Fei's young wife, hid in a hole a day and a night, with nothing to eat. At daylight the dreaded Boxers came. The eldest brother and the neighbours knocked their heads on the ground to them, and told them the father and

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mother were truly dead. Then the brother burned incense and worshipped the Boxers. They wished to burn the houses, but the neighbours begged off, lest their houses should also catch fire, and helped the Boxers to pull it down instead. Then all the timbers, doors, and windows were hauled to the Boxers' altar. They either used such things or disposed of them as they pleased. The uncle, eldest brother, and the neighbours who were his parents' warm friends, kowtowed once more, and begged for burial for the old folks. The request was granted. The uncle borrowed two coffins, and, promising to pay later, buried them at once. But the Boxers would not permit a tear or a sound of mourning, or a particle of mourning attire. The family were to maintain a cheerful demeanour, as if to show that the deaths were just and deserved. Sympathising neighbours wept in secret.

'While the family told this story, all four of them cried bitterly, but Fei's sister-in-law stopped them, saying, "If the Boxers hear you, they will come back and kill us yet." It was dangerous to tarry there, as the foreign soldiers continually came to this village and impressed men to work. The second brother must take them to the village four miles away. Mr. Fei pitied his poor sister-in-law, dirty and ragged, with bare feet, and begged that she might go with his wife. The others said, "No ; folks would not stand it to have six folks come." She cried and begged, and Mr. Fei entreated and carried the day. They carried her in a basket part of the way, and then on their backs. The elder brother was very much emaciated with grief for his father and mother, and lame from a bruise.

'Arrived at their relatives', they were afraid to talk or cry, though their hearts were so full. The air was



He reaches Peking

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still murky with danger. He met his aunt after his two years' absence with a brief word and a silent obeisance. One niece, at sight of him and at thought of the desolate home he had found, wailed out, but her father stormed at her and she became quiet.

'The little five-year-old child of the paralytic woman, who now saw her mother for the first time in a month, cried bitterly. At the time that the foreign troops came and the family fled, this child and two other little girls, also Mr. Fei's nieces, got lost and fled by themselves ten miles, but were finally found by their friends. As there were nearly one thousand Boxers only two miles from this village, Fei and his second brother hurried on that same day to T'ung Chou. He went on to Peking in company with an official, to be safe on the road. He and his brother were ordered to take in charge a donkey and four sheep. Alas for our poor college boy! Shepherding was new work to him. The sheep scampered in various directions; he had to haul them along. In racing after them he got very wet, and whenever the sheep would not go the Sikhs beat Fei with their guns, until he actually cried with vexation and weariness. He asked God to help him, and went and besought the official to interfere. He at once put the sheep on a waggon, and gave Mr. Fei the more docile donkey to manage. It seemed to him and his brother that day, that although they had escaped the Boxers they were to die of four sheep and a Sikh.

'As he came in the Ha Ta gate of Peking, he espied his old friend and instructor, Mr. Tewksbury, with Mr. Smith. After he had taken the donkey home he returned to them, and to his friends the Church members, who wept over him. At last he had arrived in a haven of peace, surrounded by those who knew and loved his

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lost ones. His wife was rescued and brought there. After the passing of this fierce storm, the white dove of peace spreads her wings over his life once more, but sometimes such a great tidal wave of sorrow for his father and mother, and of intense longing for them, sweeps over him, that, as he says, "If I were not Jesus' disciple, I should end my life. But I have a great hope. As I look back I see how marvellously God preserved me. It is like a flight of terraces. He led me up higher and higher, out of that awful month-long night into the light of to-day."

'God did not so wonderfully save him for naught. May this preserved life accomplish His will! "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."'



CHAPTER XX

THE STORY OF A RECANTATION

‘And when he thought thereon, he wept.’

THE Rev. J. P. Bruce, B.A., of the Baptist Mission, Shantung, has recorded the following incident:—

‘While in Japan, in the summer of 1900, we heard of the persecution that had come like a tornado upon our native Church. And as we thought of that Church bereft of those on whom they had been wont to depend perhaps all too much, we began to ask ourselves the question, which doubtless arose in the hearts of many of our sympathisers at home, “How will the native Christians stand?”

‘We could not but fear for many, but our hearts were equally assured concerning some, that Christ was dearer to them than life; and we said to one another, Whatever others may do, we can be sure that the two pastors—Wang Pao-t’ai and Wang Ming—will stand true. They were men whose manifest spirituality had given us great joy. It may be imagined, then, with what incredulity we received the news that Wang Ming and Wang Pao-t’ai had, in the name of the whole Ching-chou Fu Church, publicly recanted! And yet subsequent letters repeated the story, with the further information that all the four pastors had taken this step, until it seemed as if there was no further room for doubt.

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Gradually our incredulity gave way to sorrow and perplexity. "How can this be?" was the question. As soon as I was able, I returned to Chefoo.

'When I reached Chefoo, I found that the story was confirmed so far as the shell was concerned, but the kernel of it was still to be discovered. The mystery—for mystery it could not but be—still needed explanation. A letter had been written from Chefoo to the pastors about the matter, referring to the report that they had led the whole Church in a public recantation. To this a reply had been received, saying that no one in the area concerned had recanted except four, and the four were the undersigned, *i.e.* the pastors themselves; "the sin was ours, and ours alone," said they.

'In order to be clearer, it may perhaps be better to explain one or two points in connection with the constitution of our Chinese Church in Ching-chou Fu. The total membership is about one thousand six hundred; this number being mostly composed of small groups scattered over ninety stations in various villages and towns within a radius of about fifteen or twenty miles from Ching-chou Fu. These stations are grouped into six pastoral districts, under the spiritual oversight of four native pastors and two elders, with a missionary (myself) exercising general supervision of the whole.

'I felt that I could not believe anything, still less utter a word of reproof, on the strength of any reports that reached us, or even letters from the pastors themselves. I wrote a private letter to them, telling them how almost impossible it was to believe even what they themselves had written; that I, who had known them these ten years, could not question their love to their Lord, nor their willingness to die for Him, and begged them not for one moment to doubt my love for them,



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whatever might have occurred. I told them I felt sure there must be some cause for their action which I did not yet know, and finally asked them to come to Chefoo as soon as possible, that we might see one another and talk it all over face to face.

'They came immediately. Wang Pao-t'ai's mother was aged and very ill; another of the pastors, Wu Chien-ch'eng, had but recently lost his mother; but on receipt of my letter they felt they could not refuse to come to see me, and so I was able to hear the story from their own lips.

'It was as follows:—Shortly after the missionaries left, the edict to exterminate all "foreigners" and Christians was received by the officials in Ching-chou Fu, and a proclamation to the same effect was posted up in the city. Pastor Wang Ming, on receiving news of this from a school teacher who had been into the city, left his village home, to ascertain for himself the exact state of affairs. At a neighbouring village he received the intelligence that another proclamation had been issued, that, if Christians recanted and found sureties, they would be unmolested. He also received letters, saying that warrants were on the point of being issued for the arrest of those who refused to recant. Thereupon Wang Ming went into the city with the object of making what arrangements he could for the help of those who might be arrested, to see that they were provided with food, and counselled as to their action. Subsequently, he learned that it was the intention of the official to arrest one man from each station, and force him to recant on behalf of all the Christians in his Church.

'When he reached the city, it was strongly urged upon him that the pastors should petition the officials to allow the Christians to come in of their own accord and

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arily recant, instead of under arrest. This would
t the families being involved in suffering. This,
Ming could not agree to. From another quarter
ived a message. It was from one of the heathen
who for many years had been friendly to us, and
wrote offering his services, and suggesting that
titors, on behalf of the whole Church, should burn
to one of the idols; the officials in consideration
to stay all proceedings against the Christians.
also Wang Ming hastened to decline, politely
nphatically. The next day, an official in the
rate's Yamen volunteered his good offices, and,
arious proposals, said if the pastors would sign
ament undertaking "no longer to practise the
religion," no action would be taken against the
ans.

r this time, Pastor Wu, with General Deacon
Hsi-yo and some Christian teachers, were in the
nd they consulted together as to what was to be
Pastor Wang Pao-t'ai (who was first reported to
eing one of the active participators) was at home



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door to indiscriminate looting and murder. Many heathen, eager for the opportunity of plundering with impunity, were hurrying in from the country to buy the warrants from the police; the home of one Christian had been already looted and two women servants killed; another Christian had been wounded so severely that he was not expected to live. Worst of all was the possibility, only too sadly real, that some of the Christians here as elsewhere, unable to withstand the fierce ordeal, would recant.

‘Two things ought to be said here in justice to our brethren. First, the whole point of the demand to recant was that they were giving up a foreign religion. This is shown by the fact that in the proclamations announcing the recantation, the expression used was that they had returned to their position as Chinese subjects. Now, our brethren do not recognise the faith they profess as “foreign,” but as from God, for all peoples. This was one element in the subtlety of their temptation. The other thing that ought to be remembered is, that there was a way of escape open to the pastors personally. Only one member (the leader) was to be called in from each station, and in no case would this member be the pastor. They are pastors of districts, not leaders of stations, and in any case they had sufficient warning to escape into a district where they would have been safe. But they felt that they could not free themselves from the responsibility; that at all costs they must stand by their people—stand between them and the danger that threatened them.

‘Here, then, was the alternative: on the one hand, to take on themselves the disgrace of outward and nominal recantation; on the other, to look upon the sufferings and death or recantation of many of their people. Was

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better, they asked, that four men should go through the *form* of recanting, and prevent this sin, this danger and loss of life? For the pastors were made to understand that it was simply a form, a legal fiction, not affecting in the least the religion of their hearts and their homes, and even thus it was only to be a necessary expedient, that the magistrate might have an excuse for giving his protection to the Christians. They were not to engage in any idolatrous rite; they were not to appear before the officials and make any formal apostasy, but simply to sign the document with the prescribed sentence, "No longer to practise the foreign religion." "So far from recanting," it was urged upon them, "you are preventing recanting."

Their decision may be best given in the words of Wu Chien-ch'eng: "When I thought of these things," he said, his emotion being so great that the tears were running down his face, "in most cases with young and aged parents dependent upon them, and the thought of all that was involved for them if I refused to sign the paper, well, I couldn't help it. I decided to save myself the shame and the sin."

this step not to save themselves, but for the sake of others.

‘And better than all else, they had not ceased to love their Master, even though they had outwardly denied Him. If only they could realise how much they had wounded Him, there would not be wanting such penitence as should turn this failure into rich blessing. For it was not possible to be blind to the fact that, whatever the officials might say about legal fiction, and however our brethren might try to explain the matter to themselves, they had publicly, and in the name of the Church, made a formal renunciation of their religion. And this, whatever the circumstances, and whatever the noble motive, was dishonour to their Lord. To shut one’s eyes to this, and not to mention it, was to be unreal, and inevitably to do injury to the very men we longed to help. I felt, therefore, that I dare not do other than frankly and faithfully, though as tenderly and lovingly as I could, point out to them their sin, and where it seemed to me they had erred.

‘Here let me say a word or two as to the point of view from which I acted. As pastors, elected and supported by the Church, they are responsible to the Church. The question of what the Church would do was one for the further consideration of the Church itself. But the affectionate intercourse of years made me anxious to counsel them from the point of view of their own heart-relationship to their Lord, as I would wish some brother in Christ to counsel me in like circumstances. Our brethren had a load on their hearts, a sense of disgrace, an agony of doubt as to their action. What did they need, that the load might be lifted, and peace and joy fill the heart once more? So far as I have learned from the Word of God and the experience

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of my own heart, there was only one way: let them realise their sin as sin, not exaggerating it, yet not minimising it. Let them with real sorrow confess it to God, and the consciousness of His forgiveness and love would fill them with peace and joy, such as whatever they might suffer at the hands of others could not lessen. If they were conscious of being right with God, it would matter little to them what others thought, said, or did. This was my one desire. As for their responsibility to the Church, I knew that, once they were brought into a right relationship with God in the matter, they would find it easy enough to do anything their consciences dictated in that direction. But the first and foremost necessity was that, in the secret of their own hearts, they should realise what they had done, not as bringing disgrace on the Church, not as something that their teachers the missionaries condemned, but as sin against their Lord. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned."

'But this would come about, not by any arguments of mine, but by the gracious influence of the Divine Spirit and the teaching of God's Word. So I determined that all our talk should be with the Scriptures before us, and at our Master's feet. Day by day we met for prayer and Bible study. The passages chosen were not such as the story of Peter's denial. I rather desired to draw their minds away from that aspect of it for a time, and, avoiding ready-made expressions, such as recanting, denial of Christ, get below the surface to the heart of what was involved in their action—call it by whatever name you like—and to realise something of the purposes of God in what seemed to them so dark and inscrutable. So we studied such passages as the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, Romans the eighth chapter, and those parts of



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Revelation which present, in a panorama of visions, the sufferings and victory of God's Church.

'It was not long before they began to realise that God had His purpose, a purpose of infinite love, in the sufferings of His people, hard as it was to understand and harrowing to look upon; and that there were times when, if God spared them physical suffering, it would be to rob them of spiritual blessing. We talked of the persecutions of past ages, and what they had done for the Church; of how the story of those martyred ones in Shan-si would go down from generation to generation; would become a household word in Christian homes, and enter into the bone and marrow of Christian character, as the story of Ridley and Latimer had done in England. As they came to realise this element in God's purposes, they began to see what their conduct involved. When we were reading the eighth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Wang Ming said he now saw that, when they tried to save the people by recantation, they had lost sight of the fact that persecution, and even death, could not separate them from Christ's love.

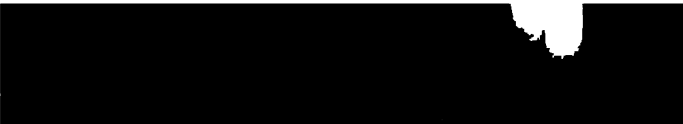
'Of course there were other aspects of their conduct which we talked of freely, but this seemed to take hold of them most forcibly. They saw clearly that their recantation implied want of faith in Christ's love of His people, as well as in His power to save them, as though there were no other way in which He could protect His flock than for these His servants to publicly dishonour Him, or that if He did not deliver His people it meant that He had forsaken them, and that His love had failed them. There was now no avoidance of the word "recant" or "deny." Again and again in prayer, with voices broken with emotion, they made confession of their sin to their Heavenly Father.

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er, when speaking of what they could do to
at the ill effects of their conduct, they said that
g they could and would do: they would, in
tion, confess the sin of what they had done as
their brethren as well as against their Lord.

as a matter of deep thankfulness to see the
working of God's Holy Spirit in them, both
penitent grief and in their growing joy of
ss. But there was one thing on my mind
hesitated for some days to speak of. I felt
tever the Church might ultimately decide to do,
be for the pastors' own peace of mind to resign
ition, and so put themselves right with their

I had hoped that they themselves would
this, but the time had nearly come for them to
and they had said nothing. I felt sure, from
ple demeanour, that it was not because they
rom such a step,—that it must be because,
enced in some things which are familiar to us
West, it had not occurred to them. I could not
thought of anything remaining between us that
frankly stated. I therefore told them what I



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Wang Ming then took a letter from his pocket and handed it to me, saying that, like the others, he had several days before felt that, though I had not said any word of condemnation, he felt self-condemned, and that the fault was one that, in the highest interests of the Church in other parts of China, as well as in Ching-chou Fu, ought not to be passed over. Fearing that to say this personally would give me pain, he had written it in a letter. The decided manner in which he spoke made me ask the question, Did they mean that, from that time, they would cease to act as pastors, no matter what the Church might decide? They replied, No; in the present state of things, they must continue to act until the troubles had passed. To leave the Church without leaders at such a crisis, and when the Church was in such need, would be evidence rather of hardness than of genuine penitence. But they wished me to understand that they gave in their resignations now, and asked that, when the proper time came, these resignations should be brought before the Church. The subject was indeed painful, but we were all happy in the thought that we had been led by the Spirit to the same conclusion. Whether the Church would accept their resignation it was not for me to say; it was, however, helpful to remember that our Lord restored Peter to office within forty days. At any rate, we may thank God fervently for the grace that enabled our brethren to face sacrifice in the reality of their repentance.

‘When the morning came for their departure, their faces were very different from those we had looked upon when they came. Going back to humble themselves before their flocks, by confession and by resignation, there was yet an air of triumph about them that

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made our own hearts glad. And we magnified the grace of God in them.'

The foregoing narrative would lose some of its interest and point if the sequel were not given. The events already detailed occurred in the summer and autumn of 1900. The pastors and deacon returned to their homes and work, and during the succeeding winter remained loyally at their posts. It was not till the following spring that two of the missionaries were able to return to Ching-chou Fu and begin the work of reconstruction. Mr. Bruce as soon as possible called the stewards of the Church together, and the subject of recantation and the action of the pastors was the first and most pressing subject for consideration. Pastor Wang Ming handed in his resignation, and in a touching letter took upon himself the whole blame for what had occurred. The others also formally resigned, and the Church was and felt itself to be bereaved. Then ensued a most extraordinary scene. No one who has had any intimate dealings with the Chinese people will accuse them of sentimentalism, or any evidence of emotionalism; but on this occasion strong men sobbed like children, and could scarcely speak for tears. They with one consent declined to receive any of the resignations, and said that, although the pastors had done wrong, yet it was intended for good, and they themselves many of them had been equally guilty before God. They besought their pastors not to leave them in their then weak and helpless state, and finally prevailed upon them to withdraw their resignations. This was done in the Church council, composed of about fifty of the more prominent members of the Church.

Subsequently, a meeting was held of representatives of each of the stations, numbering in all over a hundred.



A Time of Repentance

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After a faithful and earnest address from Mr. Bruce, on 'If we confess our sins,' he said that, at the request of the pastors, there was an opportunity allowed them to say a few words. In broken accents and voices trembling with emotion, each of the pastors humbly confessed the sin of which he had been guilty, and asked the forgiveness of the Church, as they had asked and believed they had received the forgiveness of their Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

A similar scene of uncontrollable emotion then ensued, affecting even the foreigners present, and others, in broken accents, in the presence of all, confessed their sins and asked forgiveness. It was an occasion never to be forgotten by all present, and left the impression that such a breaking up of the hard crust of the Chinese phlegmatic temperament was one to be deeply and devoutly thankful for, even amid so much that was so sorrowful and heartrending. It was indeed, as the apostle says, a godly sorrow not to be repented of.

After some months of waiting, and patient and earnest labour in settling matters generally, a public thanksgiving service was held, which was attended by about three hundred men and about sixty women, many of whom had come long distances to be present, and thankofferings were given to the amount of 150 Mexican dollars (£15 sterling) to a fund to be applied to chapel building in convenient centres throughout the district.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT MANNER OF MEN WERE THESE?

IN this chapter are brought together brief biographical details of many of those who so nobly laid their lives upon the altar of martyrdom in the year 1900 for the evangelisation of China. The martyrs came from lands far sundered; their race, birth, education, home surroundings and influences differed widely; the one thing that linked them into a compact brotherhood was their personal love for and consecration to the service of Jesus Christ, and their willingness for His sake to lay down their lives in the effort to bring to the millions of China the glad tidings of the Gospel. These men and women, enthusiastic while alive in a common service for humanity, triumphant in the face of death in its cruellest forms, upheld by trust in Christ Jesus, constitute one of the strongest and one of the noblest testimonies to that catholicity of the Church of Christ, composed of those who, however they may differ among themselves in non-essentials, are all united by a living faith to Jesus Christ, their great Head and Captain, and dominated by His own spirit of self-sacrifice in the service of man.

THE PAO-TING-FU MARTYRS

Dr. George Yardley Taylor was born at Taylorville, Bucks County, Pa., May 18, 1862, became



THE PAO TING FU MARTYRS.

MRS. SIMCOX.

PAUL SIMCOX.

F. F. SIMCOX.

FRANCIS SIMCOX.

MRS. HODGE.

G. T. TAYLOR.

C. V. R. HODGE.



a communicant in the Presbyterian Church, Burlington, N.J., in 1883, and was educated at the Van Rensselaer Seminary in the same city, and later at Princetown University. In 1885 he took the degree of M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. He was commissioned as a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church in 1887. He gave twelve years of faithful service in China, first in the An Ting Hospital in the city of Peking, and afterwards at Pao-ting-fu, where the work was inaugurated and the hospital buildings erected through his personal exertions, and where he laboured alone with singular devotion in the medical department of the mission until the arrival of his friend, Dr. Hodge, in the spring of 1899. Dr. Taylor attained to unusual proficiency in the Chinese language, and to great skill as a surgeon and physician. He was never married.

Mrs. Amelia P. Lowrie, one of his fellow-workers in Pao-ting-fu, writes of him :

‘As a physician he was revered and confided in. His unwearied attention to the poorest so attracted two men who at different times were patients in the hospital, that they became inquirers, and finally professed their faith in Jesus, and have stood firm in the face of many persecutions and trials. One mandarin, a Hanlin, had a paralysed hand. For a year he came every day for electricity treatment. He loved and admired Dr. Taylor, and to give expression to his feelings sent him a tablet on which four characters were inscribed, meaning, “Love others as yourself.” Only eternity will disclose the thousand ways in which Dr. Taylor did kindnesses which cost him the crucifixion of self. In a more pronounced way than many another man he suffered in his daily contact with the Chinese. His high ideal of truthfulness and his exquisite neatness were over and over again shocked.

‘Dr. Taylor’s musical ability brought cheer into our homes; almost every hymn in the new hymnal is associated with him; we sang it through from cover to

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cover, taking sometimes a dozen hymns in one evening. This was his rest and recreation after a hard day's work. Hymn 640, "Crossing the Bar," was a favourite. The last time I heard Dr. Taylor sing this hymn Mr. Norman was our guest; now they have both met their Pilot face to face. This highly cultivated musical talent and acute sensitive ear were wholly laid on the altar of consecration, for it was pain to Dr. Taylor to listen to the Chinese singing, and yet he always led the singing at our meetings.

'Every day of his life expressed some new phase of self-denial. He lived not to please himself, but to please Him who bought him with His own precious blood; and now he has heard the welcome, "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselear Hodge was born in the city of Burlington, New Jersey, on July 1, 1872, while the congregation to which his father ministered as pastor were holding a monthly prayer-meeting for foreign missions. He became a communicant in the Burlington Church at an early age, and received his education at the Van Rensselear Seminary, in his native city, and at Princetown University. He graduated in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1897, and became resident physician in the Presbyterian hospital, serving a full term in 1897-1898. He was soon afterwards commissioned by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to be the associate of Dr. Taylor as medical missionary at Pao-ting-fu. After a year of service in this field, he was appointed by the Board to take charge of the medical work in the city of Peking in the month of April 1900; but before he had moved to that city the uprising of the Boxers occurred, and at the hands of these fanatics he and his wife lost their lives.

Mrs. C. R. Hodge, née Sinclair, was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, December 15, 1874. She was educated in

Philadelphia, and at Bryn Mawr College. She was married to Dr. Hodge in February 1899, and sailed with him for China, under appointment of the Board of Foreign Missions, in March of the same year. She arrived in Pao-ting-fu in the month of May, and there addressed herself with such assiduity and success to the study of the language, that she was able in a comparatively short time to make a beginning in missionary work. On May 19, 1900, she accompanied her husband to Peking upon reception of the news of their appointment to that station, and assisted him in making the necessary arrangements to occupy it in the following fall. After a visit of a few days she returned with him to Pao-ting-fu, and was with him when the mission station was attacked by the mob of Boxers, and together they received the crown of martyrdom.

Dr. Kettler thus writes of Dr. and Mrs. Hodge :

'We are reminded that the time-element enters not into God's estimate of service, only, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

'I am sure it will be said, and truthfully, by those competent to speak, that they were exemplars to the young of all that is pure and noble in youthful aspiration ; and these early martyrdoms will not fail to admonish the youth of China and of all other nations of the exceeding glory and honour of lives devoted to the redemption of a lost and sinful world.'

Dr. Kettler also speaks of Rev. Frank Edson Simcox, Mrs. Simcox, and their three children, as follows :—

'**Rev. F. E. Simcox** was born in Bullion, Venango County, Pa., April 30, 1867. His father was a man of thrift, integrity, and refinement. His mother was a consecrated Christian woman, who died in 1884 ; but her influence did not die. The son could not forget his mother's tender solicitude and his mother's prayers. In the autumn of 1884 he entered the preparatory department of Grove City College, and graduated in June 1890,

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same class with his future wife, the companion partner of his missionary life and labours.

In the winter of 1884-85 a revival occurred in college, in which some seventy students professed Christ. Young Simcox was among the number. Are those who remember the young lad with the resolute face standing up in the presence of a large body in the college chapel and saying, "I laid my mother on her deathbed that I would be in heaven, and by the grace of God I intend to

He immediately united with the Presbyterian of Grove City, where he remained as a member of ordination as a missionary. With unswerving loyalty to his mother's God he identified himself with Christian work of his college, exerting an influence on college life which helped many a young man to a more noble career.

Simcox graduated from the Western Theological Seminary in May 1893, was married on June 7, September 1893 he and his wife sailed for China. Simcox was ceaseless in activity, going from village to village teaching the Word, and daily exemplifying the power and grace of God in his own heart. He was brave and fearless, and even when surrounded by hostile and threatening mobs he daily risked his life



Mrs. F. E. Simcox

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church, and became an active Christian worker in both church and college. During the three years that Mr. Simcox was student at the Theological Seminary, Miss Gilson was a teacher in the High School at Greenville, Pa. She was then twenty-two years of age, in the prime of young womanhood, in a marked degree beautiful in person, gentle and engaging in manner, cultured in her tastes, sprightly in conversation, apparently unconscious of power, yet winning all hearts without effort or design. Of her Mrs. Amelia P. Lowrie writes :

‘Five years ago I became acquainted with Mrs. Simcox, who has been my nearest neighbour ever since. I have learned to love, admire, and honour her ; she was so faithful to every known duty. In addition to attention to home affairs and a most constant care of her children, she commenced a Girls’ Boarding School two winters ago for the daughters of the Christians, they paying towards their support. Mrs. Simcox never spared herself in this work. Although not a robust woman, she never failed to conduct worship every morning with her school, and once a week examined the scholars. This was not all. They were always on her heart, and everything she could do to contribute to their welfare and promote their improvement she cheerfully did. I can well believe that many a tear has fallen, if these young people know that on earth they will never again see the face of Mrs. Simcox. With the utmost sorrow do I realise that not only have we lost a friend, but China has lost a benefactor.’

Paul Simcox, aged five ; Francis Simcox, aged two ; and baby Margaret went up in the fiery chariot with their parents into the kingdom of God.

Rev. H. T. Pitkin was born in Philadelphia on October 28, 1869. He graduated from Yale College in 1892, and Union Theological Seminary in 1896. He married Miss Letitia E. Thomas, of Troy, Ohio, October 6, 1896, and sailed for China in November of the same

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year. Mrs. Pitkin and her child had returned to the United States before the outbreak.

The Rev. Charles E. Mills, the pastor of the church in Cleveland, Ohio, which had Mr. Pitkin as its representative on the foreign field, writes :

‘Of the glorious company of gifted young men who have followed the Banner of the Cross in foreign lands, and have given up their lives for their Master, Horace Tracy Pitkin was a fine representative. Born of a good family, possessed of ample means, educated in our finest schools, winsome in personal appearance, gracious in bearing, versatile, self-reliant, forceful, and profoundly earnest, he was counted by all who knew him a singularly attractive and promising man.

‘From that day on Round Top at Northfield, when while a student at Yale he chose as his life-purpose the cause of missions, he gave himself to it with utter self-abandonment. It was the greatest of his college enthusiasms, and the all-absorbing thought of his seminary course; leading him to go through the country as Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, eagerly and effectively urging upon the young people of our churches the claims of foreign missions.

‘In his service abroad he was a forerunner of the “Forward Movement,” for by his own suggestion, Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, adopted him as their representative, and for the three years of his residence in China counted the relation a rich privilege. He has been a real spiritual leader, sharing with the Church his enthusiasms and difficulties, and leading it on into the life of the native helpers and the ardent desire to reach the people in their great need. His deep earnestness led him to be characteristically sanguine, to make little of obstacles, and to long intensely for the day when, having mastered the intricacies of the Chinese language, his tongue should be loosed to speak to those about him the truth as it is in Jesus.

‘When the clouds began to gather, and when, her health failing, his wife was obliged to return to America,



Mary S. Morrill

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with their little child, for a protracted rest, and he was left alone amid untold perils, he put away the thought of personal danger, and filled his letter with cheer for those who were troubled for his safety.

'Now that he is gone, laying down his life in defence of two helpless women, his fellow-workers, facing on their behalf the Chinese mob, and falling at their onset as a knight of the Cross, those who best knew him can but say amid their tears, "His death was like his life—fine, fearless, faithful." If there must be martyrs, never was one more fitly chosen. Brave, buoyant, wholly consecrated, he, like the greatest of missionaries, held not his life of any account as dear unto himself in comparison with accomplishing his course and ministry which he received from the Lord Jesus.'

Mary S. Morrill grew up in a quiet home at Deering, Me., where she was born March 24, 1864. She fitted herself to become a teacher at the Normal School, and afterwards taught several years in the Portland public schools. Her decision to become a foreign missionary dates from her schooldays; her inclination for China grew out of interested faithful work in the Chinese Sunday school of the Second Parish Church in Portland. In those quiet days of unobtrusive service, even her dearest friends would hardly have dared prophesy that modest, shrinking Mary Morrill would develop the marked abilities which characterised her missionary career of ten years.

In the spring of 1889 she entered upon her chosen life-work at Pao-ting-fu with a glad enthusiasm, which enabled her to overcome all obstacles with a devotion which was to the last unsparing of herself. It was much for a young lady to take charge of the Pao-ting-fu Girls' Boarding School; to instruct women in station classes, and fill every available hour with touring in and out of the city; and not strange that the fervent spirit should spend the body overmuch, so that a return to this country became necessary in 1897. During the

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season of recuperation she displayed great power in missionary addresses, of which the well-selected material, pithy, pathetic, often humorous, was vivified with spiritual earnestness. Her habits of work were systematic and thorough ; her instincts tender and sympathetic. God's Word was her daily study, and prayer the breath of her life. Possessed with burning love for souls, how could Mary Morrill be other than God's chosen servant for the salvation of China's women and children !

Annie Allender Gould was born at Bethel, Me., on November 18, 1867. She graduated 'valedictorian of her class' from Mount Holyoke, Portland. At twenty-four years of age, during her closing year in Mount Holyoke College, Miss Gould applied to the American Board to be appointed as one of its missionaries. In that application she said : 'For years every appeal for workers in the foreign field has been like a direct call to me. While painfully conscious of my own lack of fitness, the desire has never ceased, and even when I felt myself the most unfit, it has called me in to closer consecration and preparation.' When asked in regard to trials and hardships in the work, her reply was the simple one of faith, 'I believe that God orders the events of my life.'

A letter from a friend, speaking of her membership in the Young Ladies' Mission Band of Portland, reveals her character : 'She was one of the youngest members, one of its officers, a mere girl ; and yet none were more interested, faithful, and able. I remember her prayers, simple and direct, always offered when others shirked. She told me it was not easy ; but "it is my duty, and when I see a thing to be done I do it."'

In this spirit of loyalty to Christ she went forth from college to China in 1893. She entered into the work with all her heart in association with her Portland friend, Miss Morrill. Together they toiled for China's women and children till the Master called, in the dread summons of the mad mob who knew not what they did, when they destroyed those whose only mission was love



William Cooper

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and whose only ministry was help. Honest, single-hearted, devoted, trained from childhood in the atmosphere of Christian missions, she had served her course, and left with others an undying testimony in blood for the saving of the great Empire with its millions of needy souls.

Rev. William Cooper was Assistant-Deputy-Director, China Inland Mission, Shanghai. Prior to his sailing for China as a missionary, Mr. William Cooper was Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Gourrock, Scotland. He received his call to missionary service through reading a copy of a sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, on the text Isaiah vi. 8, entitled 'The Divine Call for Missionaries.' In that appeal Mr. Spurgeon said, 'I should not wonder if a hundred young men rise up in answer to this call, and go forth to heathen lands to spread the Gospel.' Mr. Cooper was the second person to respond to that appeal.

Mr. Cooper reached Shanghai in January 9, 1881, and went immediately to Gan-king (the headquarters of the China Inland Mission in the province of Gan-hui, where probationers are sent to study Chinese). There he made rapid progress in the Chinese language, and in due course took part in regular itinerant work as well as preaching in the city. In 1882 he was stricken down with typhoid fever, from which he did not recover for a month. This long and serious illness permanently impaired his hearing. In 1884 he was appointed to Wuch'ang in Hupeh province, where he remained about a year. With this exception, his work, up to his first furlough, which occurred in 1887, lay in the province of Gan-hui. During the furlough referred to, he married, and returned to China with his wife and child in November 1893. On his return he was appointed superintendent of the work of the mission in the province of Gan-hui, and was stationed once more at Gan-king. In July 1894 he was invited by the council of the mission in Shanghai to assist Mr. Stevenson

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important and increasingly difficult work at the
arters of the mission in China. In 1898 he once
ent to England on furlough, and it was only in
umn of 1899 that he returned to his work in
gain.

Walter B. Sloan, of the Mission Headquarters in
a, thus writes of Mr. Cooper: 'For those who
ur beloved brother, William Cooper, no words
m adequate to express the quiet, strong influence
beautiful life; and we fear it will be difficult to
to others any satisfactory impression of his real

The outward history of his life, as seen from the
y standpoint, could not be called eventful or
t. His name was not widely known beyond the
of his mission and that of a circle of attached
who held him in high esteem. One of these
writes that he was "one of the very few blame-
es that I have ever come in contact with." And
ow that this testimony would be confirmed by all
who were Mr. Cooper's co-workers in the mission.
quiet strength, gentle patience, frank faithfulness,
nder sympathy: these seem to stand out as
g features in a life for which many of us shall
cease to thank God. Had the choice been offered
to how his life should end, we believe nothing





PAO TING FU MARTYRS.

MRS. BAGNALL.

GLADYS BAGNALL.

B. BAGNALL.

GRAVES OF THE MISSIONARIES.
WILLIAM COOPER.

only furlough was taken in December 1891, after nineteen years of missionary work.

Mrs. Bagnall had been twelve years in China without a furlough. They only spent nine months in England, returning to China in the autumn of 1892. On returning to China they went back to Shan-si, but did not remain in that province long. In 1894 they removed to Pao-ting-fu, in order to take up the work of the forwarding and other business of the mission in that place, this being the farthest point reached by the railway from Tien-tsin, the head of the river navigation, and so convenient as a forwarding centre for the work of the mission.

One who knew Mr. Bagnall for twenty-four years writes of him thus: 'He laboured with all his powers in most difficult and self-denying positions of trust for the glory of God and the good of his brethren and sisters in Christ. He was a very humble-minded man, having a full measure of that rare grace—esteeming others better than himself. He was very considerate in all his dealings with the Chinese, having a deep sympathy with the poor among the people and with the weak Christians.'

Mrs. Bagnall went to China in 1880. She belonged to Walthamstow, and was for many years a member and worker in connection with the Wood Street Chapel there. The following appreciation of her is written by one who knew her well:—

'After five years' residence in China, our sister, Mrs. Bagnall, wrote: "My life has been a very happy one since I came to this land—indeed, the last five years have been the happiest I have ever spent." Happy! that just expressed her. There was always a smile, always a welcome for every one. No hour seemed inconvenient—nothing too much trouble—whether for Chinese or foreigner. Wherever she went it was "The Glad Tidings" she preached, not only by her voice, but by her smiling face and winning manner, while her intense sympathy won the confidence and love of the poor women who came to her for help. And yet withal

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one could often see how greatly she suffered from natural anxiety and loneliness while her husband was away visiting the distant stations, frequently being absent many weeks at a time.

'Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall were engaged in Pao-ting-fu in the work of overseeing and arranging for the arrival and departure of the various missionary parties of their mission, coming from or going to Tien-tsin ; entertaining them in their home, and then helping them forward on their journey. Genial, kindly, hospitable souls ! It were hard indeed to find two more eminently fitted for such a position, and now to what honour God has raised them ! Even to be reckoned among "the noble army of martyrs," to whom belong that joy unspeakable, "that eternal weight of glory"—only to be realised by those who suffer for His name.'

THE T'AI-YUEN-FU MARTYRS

Thomas Wellesley Pigott, B.A., was born on August 6, 1847, and consequently at the time of his death was nearly fifty-three years of age. He was the eldest of the six children of William Wellesley Pole Pigott by his marriage with Lucy French, niece of the first Lord Ashtown. He was born at Leixlep, near Dublin, on the richly wooded bank of the beautiful Liffey. While yet a little boy, he helped his father in his daily labour of presenting Christ to the poorest of the people who gathered at his door to receive his charity and to hear the message of salvation. When a lad of fifteen years of age, in the great revival which took place in the midland and southern counties of Ireland in 1862, he was brought to decision for Christ by a remarkable answer to his own boyish prayer.

He passed uneventfully his school and college career, and finally graduated with his B.A. degree from Trinity College, Dublin. In 1879 he arrived in China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and during his first two years of life there travelled a good deal, especially

in Manchuria, where on one occasion he almost perished with cold. In 1881 he settled in T'ai-yuen-fu (the provincial capital of Shan-si), where he devoted himself to the study of the Chinese language, and actively engaged in evangelistic work.

In 1883, Mr. Pigott married Miss Jessie Kemp, of Rochdale, England, who had come to T'ai-yuen-fu as a missionary, also in connection with the China Inland Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, being possessed of private means, were enabled to give largely towards the erection of the handsome Schofield Memorial Hospital which adorned the city, but which was the first building to be destroyed by fire by the mob on June 27, 1900.

In 1891, after a furlough in the home land, Mr. Pigott finally decided to settle in Shao-yang, and work independently, forming a separate organisation, called the North China, or, as it came to be called, the Shao-yang Mission, and he collected a number of devoted workers, who laboured both in T'ai-yuen-fu and in Shao-yang in connection with him.

In 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott visited England for the last time, as it proved, and on their return to China were able to erect suitable premises for the work in Shao-yang, which had been felt to be greatly needed and were found most convenient. They brought with them from England Mr. Robinson and Miss Duval, not only to educate their son Wellesley, but also to establish an educational centre for the children of other missionaries. It was owing to this fact that the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Atwater of Fen-cheu-fu happened to be with them at the time of the outbreak, and shared with them the horror and the glory of the martyr's crown.

Mr. George F. French thus writes of Mr. Pigott:

'If ever a man lived who was utterly in earnest, it was Thomas Wellesley Pigott. Whenever he returned to this country from his chosen field of labour, his flowing speech, in private and public, was always and only of China and her people, whom he loved so much. It was impossible to remain indifferent or unsympathetic

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presence of such zeal. It wounded his spirit, it made him feel something unaccountable, inexplicable, for which others should not feel the interest, the sorrow and the grief with which he was filled. And this was no sentiment. It was such a reality, that to spend his strength, his mental and physical abilities, his money freely and wholly in the cause of China, was for him the most natural, and for him the only noble and possible way to live.'

Arthur Sowerby, of the English Baptist Mission, stationed at T'ai-yuen-fu, writes as a fellow-worker of Mr. Pigott thus:

Twenty years ago, Mr. Pigott stood on the threshold of his work in China. I recall the first time I met him. I had then been only a few days in China, and I received his hearty hand-shake and genial greeting, followed by a pleasant chat which followed in the sitting-room of the C.I.M. premises at Chefoo. A few weeks later our party of us were journeying towards T'ai-yuen-fu, and we were pressed by circumstances to travel by rail.

Mr. Pigott might have joined our party and enjoyed some pleasant companionship, but it was characteristic of him to prefer loneliness, and to lengthen his journey, although the weather was bitterly cold, in order that he might do some evangelistic work along the way.

Early in life her thoughts were turned to foreign missionary work, and she received encouragement, especially from her grandmother, in these aspirations. She began working amongst the children in the Sunday school, and along with her sister held a children's service on Sunday evenings for those not attending worship elsewhere, when as many as two hundred children would often be present.

In 1877 she sailed for India with the late Rev. James Smith of Delhi. She was a born linguist, and made rapid progress in learning both Hindi and Urdu. Her health, however, failed, and it was nearly two years before she fully recovered strength again, and the doctors forbade her return to India, except to a part where she would have to learn a new language. In company with her sister Florence, now Mrs. E. H. Edwards, she sailed for China in 1882, and on July 16, 1883, she was married to Mr. Pigott in Peking.

She became interested in medical work, and was able to operate for cataract and other surgical cases with considerable success. In 1885 she returned to England with Mr. Pigott, and in 1887, while still in the home country, their only child, William Wellesley, was born. In 1888 they returned to China, and after some months in T'ai-yuen they opened stations at Huai Lu and Shun-teh-fu, and also at Pao-ting-fu and Lu-ngan-fu, and finally in 1892 settled at Shao-yang, where they were the pioneer missionaries.¹

William Wellesley Pigott was born on August 24, 1887. Though born in England, yet, as he came as a baby to China, he always looked upon China as home, and much preferred it to any other. As a child, his jolly laughing baby face, with curly golden hair and blue eyes, made him a favourite everywhere. When still quite a child, his father and mother on a journey were

¹ For fuller details of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and their fellow-workers at Shao-yang, see *Steadfast unto Death*, by C. A. Pigott, R.T.S., 1903.

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surrounded by a crowd of Chinese students returning from an examination. The cries of 'Foreign devil' were raised, and it was felt to be a moment of peril. Seeing this, Wellesley was told to bow, and the child unhesitatingly obeyed with his frank baby smile, clasping his little hands and bending low, as a well-taught Chinese boy would do. The crowd was surprised and pleased, and became quite friendly, and after a little time the party was allowed to proceed unmolested.

From childhood his parents noticed a love for the things of God, and, what is unusual in a child, his deep sense of sin. As he grew up his growth in grace was most marked. When in England, Wellesley stood watching his uncle (a captain in the Yeomanry) mount his charger. 'I shall be a soldier some day,' he said. 'Yes, and wear a uniform like your uncle,' remarked some one standing by. 'No; I mean a soldier of Jesus Christ,' explained the boy. It was remarkable how he seems to have had the subject of martyrdom in his thoughts. To one friend he said, 'We can't be martyrs in England, but my father and mother and I might be in China.' During the last five months of his life he had a class of five Chinese boys in the Sunday school, for which his mother helped him to prepare.

John Robinson was born at Doncaster on September 1, 1875. His father and two grandfathers were clergymen of the Established Church. He was studious as a youth, and finally took his B.A. degree in the London University in 1896. From an early age he strongly desired to be a missionary, and though naturally of a reticent and retiring disposition, his conduct showed that his religious experience was deep and real. By a brief holiday visit to Cliff College in Derbyshire, under the care of Dr. Grattan Guinness, his spiritual life was quickened, and he more earnestly desired to be used in Christian service. He became a member of the Blackheath Y.M.C.A., and finally its secretary. His views on the subject of believers' baptism underwent a change, and



Mary Duval and Edith A. Coombs 429

he united with the Baptist Church worshipping in Lee, near London, and was baptized by the Rev. F. G. French.

In 1898, Mr. Robinson accepted Mr. Pigott's offer to go to China as tutor to his son, and to undertake the education of the children of other missionaries. All difficulties having been removed, he sailed for China in January 1899, and on the voyage out began his duties as tutor, and studied the Chinese language with a native teacher. He entered on his work with zeal and earnestness, and enjoyed the opportunities of visiting the missionaries in T'ai-yuen-fu, and seeing something of their work. He made such progress in the language as to be able to preach, and even while on his way to martyrdom assisted Mr. Pigott in this way. His last letter contained the words, 'May we and the people be helped to trust'— The sentence was never finished.

Mary Duval had long desired to be a worker in the foreign mission field, and offered to go to India in connection with the Church Missionary Society; but as she was forty-two years of age when the offer was made, that door was closed to her. She was disappointed but not discouraged, and God honoured her by calling her to live and die for Him in China.

She left England for China in 1899, having accepted Mrs. Pigott's offer to help in the work at Shao-yang, especially in the education of the children of missionaries. Writing on shipboard, she quoted, 'God holds the key of all unknown, and I am glad.' And this seemed to be the dominant note of all her short period of service.

Her sister writes: 'In the midst of our grief, not only for the terrible loss we have sustained, but also for the awful suffering she was called upon to go through, we can be but glad that God gave her the desire of her heart. We can rejoice in her present joy, and that she was counted worthy to suffer for Him.'

Edith A. Coombs was born in Edinburgh in 1862. She had a remarkably happy childhood, and

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'sanctified from her birth.' At the age of ten entered the primary school of Neuchatel, Switzerland, though on entering her knowledge of French was such that she gained a prize in her first year. When about thirteen years of age she entered Somerville Hall, where she remained for four years, graduating with honours. She applied for the post of teacher to the High School at Edgbaston, Birmingham, and though she had no previous experience in teaching, testimonials were so excellent that she was immediately chosen to fill the vacant position. She remained in the school for six years, and one of her pupils testifies that during that time 'I never once saw her otherwise than bright, sweet, helpful.' Those who worked with her in China could all bear the same testimony.

Dale's ministry was helpful in deepening the fervour of her missionary zeal, and although the home ties were strong, the desire to make known the light and life of the Gospel was stronger still, and so in 1899 she went and herself working in T'ai-yuen-fu in connection with the Shao-yang Mission. In her letters to her friends, difficulties and trials were only hinted at, but it could have guessed the loneliness she sometimes experienced. The winter after her arrival she took full charge

taken the necessary qualification, he was for a time in charge of the Mildmay Hospital in Bethnal Green. He was a Baptist, a member of the church worshipping in the East London Tabernacle, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Archibald J. Brown. It was from this church he was formally dedicated to the service of God in China.

Dr. Lovitt left England in the autumn of 1897 to join the Shao-yang Mission, having previously married Miss Grant, who had formerly been engaged in work as a trained nurse in the London Hospital. After arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu, Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt not only applied themselves diligently to the study of the Chinese language, but were always eager to help in the work of the Schofield Memorial Hospital, then under the charge of Dr. E. H. Edwards. Owing to failure in health, Dr. Edwards was obliged to leave for England sooner than he had intended. Dr. Lovitt was thus left in charge of the medical work after only eighteen months' residence in China. Both Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt, though fully realising the responsibility resting upon them, gave themselves to the work with all earnestness, diligence, and ability; and carried it on most efficiently. They were undoubtedly true and loyal workers for Christ, and had the honour of not only working but suffering to the death for His name's sake.

In a letter from T'ai-yuen-fu, dated June 28, 1900, Dr. Lovitt expresses what was the feeling throughout this noble army of martyrs: 'We would like our dear home ones to know that we are being marvellously sustained by the Lord. He is precious to each one of us. The children seem to have no fear. We cannot but hope for deliverance (hope dies hard), and our God is well able to do all things—even to save us from the most impossible surroundings when hope is gone. Our trust is in Him entirely and alone; we are at the same time seeking to do all that is in our power to do, and asking guidance at every step. There is not much time. We are ready.'

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The wife of Dr. Edwards, who knew Mrs. Lovitt well, thus writes of her :

‘My first remembrance of Mrs. Lovitt dates back to her arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu as a young bride full of happy hopes, and eager to begin her work among the Chinese women. The daughter of a devoted missionary, she had spoken their language as a child ; it was therefore easier to her than to many, and the ways of the Far East were familiar to her. There was no foreboding in the hearts of the young couple as they began their missionary life, and their cup of happiness was full when they were given a beautiful baby boy, the pet of English and Chinese alike of our little community.

‘As a young mother, Mrs. Lovitt had to solve the problem—a problem that has to be solved more or less ably by all missionary wives and mothers—of teaching her heathen sisters without neglecting the home duties. How difficult this is to a weary mother, who passionately longs to tell her heathen neighbours that wonderful ever new story of Bethlehem and Calvary, and yet is hampered and tied with her God-given home duties, only those who have been on the mission field can realise. Nobly and faithfully did Mrs. Lovitt strive to fulfil the many and varied duties that pressed upon her as a missionary's wife ; very cheerfully and bravely did she work day by day, as she sought to show the natives what a Christian home can be.

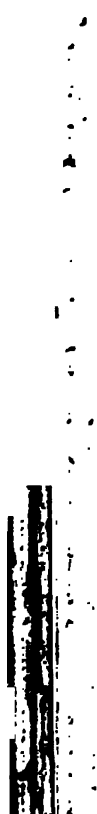
‘I have happy memories of afternoons spent visiting with Mrs. Lovitt in the homes of old patients. Memory recalls her so vividly, seated in her Chinese dress on a k'ang (brick bed) in one of these homes, a group of Chinese women clustered round her, her face bright and eager as she tells of the loving One so mighty to save.

‘Other scenes come before me as I write. I see her in her own little sitting-room seated at study with her teacher. She is poring over those difficult Chinese hieroglyphics ; the Chinese Gospel of Luke lies open



T'AI YUEN FU MARTYRS.

T. W. PIGOTT.	MRS. PIGOTT.	J. ROBINSON.
	W. PIGOTT.	
M. ATWATER.	B. ATWATER.	M. DUVAL.





George W. Stokes

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on the table ; and while the teacher reads the sacred words in his monotonous sing-song, her baby boy sits on her lap drumming with his tiny fingers on her cheek, or dashing his bricks on the crooked characters the tired mother is trying so hard to master. It is hard work, this hot summer afternoon, struggling to learn these uncouth sounds amidst all the baby din and clatter, but is it not because she wants to tell of Jesus, and the time is short? To-morrow, when she tells her class of heathen women the wonderful story of the Prodigal Son, perhaps some heart will melt and long for the forgiveness of the Father, and how well she will be repaid for weary hours of study!

'Again I see her, this time in the dispensary, washing the filthy sores of a degraded woman. Other patients, old and young, stand waiting round eager for the kind word and skilful help that will soon be theirs too. Not one will go away without hearing of Jesus; not one will leave without having seen something of the Christ reflected in the little waiting-room.

'The time of service was short, as we measure time who are so short-sighted ourselves, but the words they spoke and the lives they lived are still remembered. The seed they sowed is not ploughed up by the enemy, but is lying in good soil, to spring up unto a great harvest when God's time comes.'

George W. Stokes was born in Dover in 1863. He found Christ in the Salem Baptist Church of that place in 1881. He was a printer, and an excellent workman. He found time also to be a diligent Christian worker both in the Sunday school and as a village preacher; besides taking an active part in establishing and conducting a ragged school in one of the roughest neighbourhoods in Dover. His desire for work in the foreign mission field was after a time gratified, and preparatory to going abroad he had a course of study in the Training Home under the care of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness in London.

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Mr. Stokes arrived in China in 1892 as a member of the China Inland Mission, and by diligent application obtained a good knowledge of the Chinese language, and was earnest in his work as a preacher, first of all in the vicinity of Shun-teh-fu in Chih-li, and subsequently in T'ai-yuen-fu in Shan-si. Mr. Stokes was twice married; his first wife died before he left England; his second wife was Miss Margaret T. Whitaker, who was then engaged as a nurse in Dr. Edwards' hospital in T'ai-yuen-fu.

Mr. Stokes left the China Inland Mission on his marriage with Miss Whitaker in 1897, and joined the Shao-yang Mission, working in connection with that mission in and around T'ai-yuen-fu city till his death. Mrs. Stokes had from her early youth been an active Christian worker, and when Mr. Moody came to London was always busy in the 'inquiry room.' She arrived in China in 1892, and worked as a nurse for five years; and after her marriage with Mr. Stokes worked amongst the women in T'ai-yuen-fu city and surrounding villages. Mrs. Stokes had gained a good knowledge of Chinese, and was a most earnest worker.

Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson left England for China, December 15, 1887. They both belonged to Aberdeen, and had been zealous workers in connection with the Melville Free Church there, also the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. in that city, and had won a good report for their untiring and unselfish services.

On April 20, 1900, within three months of the end, Mrs. Simpson wrote to her husband's sister: 'You will see how dark our way is, but He is light. He has gone before, and in Him is no darkness at all. He has put us in His furnace, and His desire is that we should show forth His praise. You speak of our return to Scotland seven years hence; ah! well, it may be there is no return for us; we may return by way of heaven; our times are in His hands. As I grow older I feel God's ways are

best. Once I believed it because He said it; now I believe it because I have proved it.'

Alexander Hoddle was the fourth son of the late Mr. William Hoddle, of the Bank of England, where he himself was subsequently employed for a short time. Leaving this position, he went to Canada, where he remained ten years. While there his thoughts were directed by some Quaker friends to the spiritual needs of others, and on returning to England he became secretary for the Y.M.C.A. in Newcastle-on-Tyne. While engaged in this work he was specially interested in sailors, and amongst these the Chinese attracted his attention.

After hearing Mr. Pigott plead the cause of China, he joined the China Inland Mission in August 1887, and worked in Huai-luh and Pao-ting-fu and the villages of Chih-li. Afterwards as an independent worker he threw himself with energy into the work in T'ai-yuen, taking charge of the book-shop, teaching, preaching, and doing much evangelistic work in private conversation. At one time he partly supported himself by teaching English to Chinese students, but declined an invitation to Tien-tsin to teach English, as he said, 'God, as far as I can see, wants me to remain in T'ai-yuen for the present at least.' He was a faithful and earnest man, and highly esteemed.

Dr. W. Millar-Wilson in his native town of Airdrie was greatly loved, and held in high esteem by his fellow-townsmen. He was a man of strong intellectual capacity, which he proved by becoming gold medallist of the local academy (as was also Mrs. Wilson). He had the brightest prospects, from a commercial point of view, but chose rather 'to suffer affliction with the people of God,' and to devote his life to the labours and trials of a medical missionary.

Converted to God in his early teens, he entered almost immediately into Christian work in connection

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with the Airdrie Evangelistic Association, of which he soon became the most honoured and best loved worker. When, ten years later, he went out to China to begin his missionary career, his fellow-workers in the home land felt that they had indeed given of their best to the cause. Dr. Wilson went to China originally in connection with the Shao-yang Mission.

Dr. Edwards writes: 'I first met Dr. Wilson in Vancouver, on my way back to my field of labour in 1891. We crossed the Pacific together, and from Shanghai went on to Tien-tsin. Thence I had the pleasure of accompanying both Dr. and Mrs. Wilson to T'ai-yuen-fu, where for some time they were our guests. The discomforts of travel, which to new-comers are generally considered trying, they regarded very lightly.

'Both set to work at the language with a will, and were soon quite at home with the people of the country. In 1892, while I was superintending the building of new premises, and attending to the hospital and the general work of the station, Dr. Wilson kindly came to my help, and took over the whole charge of the hospital and dispensary. Meanwhile, he had been looking about with Mr. Pigott for a place to found another station, and finally fixed on Shao-yang as their field of labour. He worked there with Mr. Pigott for two or three years, but eventually joined the China Inland Mission, and was stationed at P'ing-yang-fu in the south of Shan-si.

'From there, just before the troubles broke out, Mrs. Wilson went up to T'ai-yuen-fu with her baby, who was sick, and on the way called at Ho-chau, and travelled from there with Miss Clarke and Miss Stevens. On arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu, they all were received into Mr. Farthing's house. Not long after his wife left him, Dr. Wilson developed symptoms of dysentery, which gradually grew worse, and about June 19 he set out to go to his wife in T'ai-yuen-fu.

'Dr. and Mrs. Wilson had intended returning to Scotland early in the spring of that year (1900), but a threatened famine caused them to change their plans.



Jane Stevens

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The doctor said he could not leave when trial was thus facing his people. He stayed, and brought up large supplies of grain to meet the coming distress, and a local fund was instituted, to which he contributed a very considerable amount, for the same purpose; and when he was compelled by force of circumstances to leave, it was a comfort to him to think that he could serve Shan-si better by his presence in Britain. But for this delay they with their child would have been safely out of the country before the storm of trouble broke which was to fall upon them so disastrously.

'Only a short time before leaving P'ing-yang, the native Christians, in view of Dr. Wilson's home-going, presented him with a large red satin banner, on which was inscribed in gilt letters, "God's faithful servant."'

One who knew them well thus writes: 'With Dr. Wilson's kind and genial spirit, and Mrs. Wilson's generous hospitality, P'ing-yang-fu became a centre where all comers felt welcome.' Native conferences and conferences for missionaries were held there, and to many it was like a touch of home to stay with them.

One of his last acts as a medical missionary was to travel twenty miles, through a disturbed district, that he might do all that he could to save the life of Elder Li, who had been severely wounded by a sword-cut from one of the Boxers.

It should be mentioned that Dr. Wilson, although connected with the China Inland Mission, was entirely at his own charges, and did not draw on mission funds for his support.

Jane Stevens, of Ho-chau, Shan-si. For five years prior to Miss Stevens' departure for China, she worked as a nurse in connection with the Mildmay Nursing Home, London, and while there her truly Christlike character was a real help and blessing to many of the patients under her care.

Miss Stevens went to China in September 1885 in connection with the China Inland Mission. Finding

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that the climate of Southern China did not agree with her health, she was transferred to North China, and worked for some time in T'ai-yuen-fu. After her first furlough, however, she was transferred to Ho-chau, which is another station of the China Inland Mission five days' journey south of T'ai-yuen-fu. From there she had come with Miss Clarke, in company with Mrs. Millar-Wilson and child, to T'ai-yuen-fu, early in June, before the outbreak of the Boxer troubles. Miss Stevens' abilities as a trained nurse were much in request, and many recall her patient ministrations with gratitude.

The acquisition of the Chinese language proved a real obstacle, but by steady perseverance she gained such a knowledge of it as surprised those who knew her initial difficulties. When on furlough, she was asked by a friend 'if she did not think some position in England would suit her better than mission work in China.' To this she replied, 'I don't feel I have yet finished the work God has for me in China. I must go back. Perhaps—who knows?—I may be among those who will be allowed to give their lives for the people.'

Mildred Eleanor Clarke. In the summer of 1890, her father (Colonel A. R. Clarke) writes, she gave herself in entire consecration to the Lord. Not long after, while away from home, on hearing an address from Mrs. Ahok, a Chinese lady, and from Rev. J. Heywood Horsburgh, of the C.M.S. Mission in China, she felt that she had received a distinct call for foreign missionary service.

At a missionary meeting of the Y.W.C.A. in Redhill, England, she was led to express her resolve to the missionary secretary of the Association. A few months before, it had been suggested that the Redhill branch of the Y.W.C.A. should endeavour to support its own missionary, and Miss Clarke was chosen as their representative on that mission field.

She sailed for China in October 1893 in connection with the China Inland Mission, and finally arrived in





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T'ai-yuen-fu in April 1894. After remaining there some two or three years, she was removed' to Hsiao-I, and finally to Ho-chau, where she and her beloved companion, Miss Stevens, worked together. They went together to T'ai-yuen-fu in June 1900. An entry in her journal on arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu in 1894 is especially interesting:

'At last we have reached our destination. . . . Pray that God may be sanctified in my life, and in the lives of all His children here; then the heathen shall know that He is God. I long to live a poured-out life unto Him among these Chinese, and to enter into the fellowship of His sufferings for souls, who poured out His life unto death for us.'

Rev. W. T. Beynon was born in Haverfordwest in 1860, and after some business experience entered Harley House, London, where he stayed for three years. In 1885 he joined the staff of the China Inland Mission, working among the Mongols in North China, from Kwei-hua as a centre. He subsequently joined the A.B.C.F.M., and was stationed at Kalgan. The appointment was, however, soon given up.

In December 1895 he was appointed by the British and Foreign Bible Society one of their sub-agents in China. He sailed with his wife and family for Shanghai in February 1896, and from the time of his arrival in China had charge of the work of the Society in Shan-si, one of the most difficult fields for Christian work of any kind in that country.

Here was little to encourage and much to depress; but Mr. Beynon's faith never yielded, and he succeeded in raising Bible work to a high level of efficiency, and placing it on a sound basis. His devoted labours and personal worth were recognised by all the Christian missionaries in the province.

A missionary writing from T'ai-yuen-fu said: 'Mr. Beynon is so busy, and does and helps so much. He is just everybody's spiritual helper; so many of the

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brethren have borne testimony to that. His presence in T'ai-yuen-fu is a godsend indeed.' The report of his work for 1899 ends with words which read now like a pathetic prophecy: 'We pray that in this coming year the God of all grace will give us all grace to be faithful.'

Mrs. Beynon, *née* Emily Taylor, came to China in 1885 in connection with the C.I.M. She was an excellent helpmate to her husband, entering into his plans and work with great interest, and was a devoted mother to their three children.

Rev. George Bryant Farthing was born on December 19, 1859, at Blackheath. The family moved to Scarborough shortly after his birth. From his early childhood he showed an aptitude for learning. At fourteen years of age he entered a printing and bookselling business in Scarborough, where he remained about five years, and subsequently he spent two or three years in connection with the same business in Maidstone and in Dorset. In early youth he was converted, and joined the Albemarle Church in Scarborough. After his conversion he immediately began to seek to win others to Christ, and took up preaching in a small village called Burniston, which was a station of the Albemarle Church. He preached in mission halls and elsewhere with acceptance and success, and was a teacher and subsequently secretary of the Sunday school. By and by the call came to serve the Lord in China. With this object in view he entered Rawdon College in 1881. When he had completed his course of five years in college, he sailed for China on September 12, 1886, and was stationed in T'ai-yuen-fu, where, with the exception of furlough in England, he remained for fourteen years.

He was a faithful and earnest worker, and was blessed in seeing the work of God prosper in his hands. He did good work in connection with an Opium Refuge which he started, and which owed all its success to him. He also constantly preached in the hall connected with



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the book-shop situated in one of the main streets of the city, and was active in itineration in the surrounding district, and in many other ways his gentle spirit found rest in service and in sacrifice. Even in hours of recreation his chief pleasure was talking over mission work.

When the troubles began to threaten ominously, he wrote to his colleague, Mr. Dixon, at Hsin-chou, 'If the worst comes to the worst, I am ready to die.' All through the fearful days of trial and suspense which culminated so tragically, he seems to have been the leader around whom all naturally gathered, and on the fatal 9th of July 1900 he had the honour of being the first to receive the martyr's crown. As he himself once expressed it, 'His work was done, the shadow on the dial showed the hour, and the workman was called away to his rest.'

Mrs. G. B. Farthing, née Catherine Pope Wright, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Wright, a deacon in South Parade Baptist Church, Leeds. Miss Wright was born February 16, 1864, joined the Church of which her father was a deacon in 1881, and took an active share in the work at North Street Baptist Church, the branch church of Meanwood Road. She married Mr. Farthing in Shanghai on April 23, 1889, and shared with her husband the toils and perils of life in China. She returned with her husband to England on furlough, where she remained for some years with her children.

She returned with her family and a governess in February 1900, only a few months before the Boxer outbreak. She is described by one who knew her as 'one of the kindest of women.'

Three children—Ruth, aged ten, Guy, aged eight, and Elisabeth, three years of age—shared the fate of their parents.

Rev. Silvester Frank Whitehouse was born in Birmingham on August 14, 1867. From his earliest years

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in Africa, on the field which is now known as the Congo Mission, doing much heavy pioneer work, and only relinquishing it when, after severe illness, medical advice absolutely forbade his return to that country. He then consented to go to North China, and arrived, with Mrs. Dixon, in T'ai-yuen-fu in the spring of 1885. After some years of work from that city as a centre, he opened the new station of Hsin-chou, a county town some forty-five miles from T'ai-yuen-fu. Here opium refuge work, medical work, daily preaching, and country evangelistic work were diligently and successfully carried on. New premises had just been built, in order to accommodate the extending work. Younger men had come to give of their strength and vigour in service, and the work amongst the women was to be more vigorously prosecuted, and all was full of high hope and encouragement, and only for the time being are these hopes to be unfulfilled.

Mr. Dixon was a man of strong will, vigorous constitution, and restless activity. He felt, on receiving a letter from Mr. Farthing, that a crisis had come, but he did not flinch.

Mrs. Dixon, *née* Williams, was born June 14, 1855, at the Old Cross House, St. Davids. She became a member of the Calvinistic Methodist Church at the Tabernacle, St. Davids. She left St. Davids and became a nurse in a children's hospital in London, and then joined another hospital, where Mr. Dixon was getting medical instruction, and became engaged to him before he went out to Africa. On his return invalided, he went to the hospital where Miss Williams was engaged, and she nursed him back to convalescence.

On November 1, 1884, Miss Williams and Mr. Dixon were married; and in the spring of 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Dixon went out to China. She was a kind, gracious, and devoted woman, and, owing to her skill in nursing, a great help in the medical work carried on, besides



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the work amongst the women. They leave four children to mourn their loss, three boys and one girl.

Rev. William Adam McCurrach was born in Aberdeen on March 30, 1869. After leaving school, he served his apprenticeship in an ironmongery warehouse. His family belonged to the Free Church of Scotland, but as a scholar in a mission school in Causewayend he came under the influence of teachers who were Baptists.

His conversion took place when he was sixteen years of age. On the morning after he made his great resolve, he joyfully confessed to the foreman of the workshop that he had become a Christian. The reality of the change was soon proved, and he rejoiced in making the fact known as widely as possible. He joined the local Y.M.C.A., and began to exercise his gifts as a Christian worker in connection with the Old Aberdeen Mission, where he laboured till he entered college.

About a year after his conversion he joined the Baptist Church at Crown Terrace, Aberdeen. After hearing Dr. Guinness and Mr. Pigott, who visited Aberdeen at this time, he resolved to apply for admission into Cliff College, with the object of engaging in missionary work in China. After two years in this college, he applied to the Baptist Missionary Society, but the committee advised him to continue his studies, and recommended him to apply to Rawdon College, which he entered shortly afterwards. At the end of his four years' course in Rawdon he was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work in China, and in the autumn of 1896 proceeded to that country.

He easily made friends, and always kept them. Of an open, frank, and kindly disposition, he was a favourite wherever he went. Although sometimes tempted, he never swerved from his original determination to become a missionary in China. The only thing he dreaded in this connection was, he said, 'saying good-bye to his mother.'

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On April 20, 1900, the day on which Yü Hsien arrived in T'ai-yuen-fu, Mr. McCurrach writes of a visit which he and his wife had made with others to some stations about eighty miles north of Hsin-chou, and where the party had met with encouraging success: 'It is needless to say that such visits are not only helpful to the natives but stimulating to our own spiritual life. We are most grateful to our Heavenly Father for giving us the privilege of speaking to so many, and we look to Him to follow the preaching of His own Word with His richest blessing.'

Mrs. McCurrach, *née* Clara Novello Scholey, was born on January 30, 1869, in Bradford. For many years it was 'her ambition to become a missionary,' an idea which her family did not quite approve of. For six years before going out to China she was head-mistress in the girls' school at Stairfoot, near Barnsley, and in this position proved very successful. In 1898 she was married in Shanghai to Mr. McCurrach. The last letter to her relatives proves her to have been a loving and faithful wife, and a true and earnest missionary.

Rev. Thomas John Underwood was born in Cheltenham on December 6, 1867. When he was five years old his family removed to Bath, where his father threw himself very heartily into the work of the Baptist Church meeting at Manvers Street. The young missionary's home-life was peculiarly fitted to develop all that was noblest in Christian character. His mother was a woman of rare sweetness, and her memory abides in the church at Manvers Street as one of its most precious treasures. With her son's decision for Christ at an early age came the desire to bring others to the knowledge of the Saviour, and his work in the Sunday school at the Bethesda Mission Station was marked by a thoroughness, regularity, and earnestness which gave the fairest promise for his future; and when he entered Bristol College in order to be trained for missionary



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work in China, all his friends were assured that he was led into this course by God Himself. He became endeared to all his fellow-students, for if his outward demeanour was grave, his tenderness, his humour, his high honour, and his absolute devotion to his Lord, marked him off for the love and reverence of all who were privileged to know him intimately. His ordination took place at Manvers Street Church in September 1896, and he went forth to his work followed by the solicitude and prayers of many loving hearts.

Mr. Underwood arrived at T'ai-yuen-fu in the autumn of the same year. Rev. A. Sowerby, the only man on the Baptist missionary staff in Shan-si who survived the massacre of 1900, gives us the portrait of the young missionary at work in China:—'Mr. Underwood and Mr. McCurrach reached T'ai-yuen-fu one Tuesday afternoon somewhat earlier than was expected, and just as we were starting out to meet them. I well remember how we were impressed with the appearance of those fine, handsome young men, and the joy we felt that the Master had sent two such brethren to labour for Him in the mission field. Very pleasantly did the next few days pass, for the advent of new missionaries marks a red-letter day in the calendar of the lonely workers in Inland China; and after the long and toilsome journey, and the miserable accommodation of Chinese inns, newcomers are delighted to be once more in a home, and to be surrounded with friends. After discussion, it was decided that Mr. Underwood should remain in T'ai-yuen-fu. This decision was very gratifying to me, and during the winter Mr. Underwood was a most welcome member of our household. Thoroughly modest, quiet, and unassuming, he made his presence and influence felt, so that we speedily realised that it was a privilege to have him under our roof; and when the time for parting came, my wife and I agreed that his companionship had been a real blessing to us. He joined in the quiet life of the missionary community, spent several hours with his teacher, and took his daily

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walk in the squalid streets of the Chinese city, getting accustomed to noisome smells and disgusting sights and uncouth tones, or went out to enjoy the fresh air in the fields. At the language he worked with so much patience, and by such an admirable method (as he had his notebook always at hand for new expressions), that he very soon became master of a good number of stock phrases. He made good progress from the first, and it is not surprising that he passed all his examinations in Chinese with great credit.

'The rapid progress Mr. Underwood made with the language soon enabled him to take part in the Sunday school, and ultimately he had the entire charge of the boys' school in T'ai-yuen-fu. There is a teaching not conveyed by words, and Mr. Underwood's kind and firm treatment of the boys was well adapted to the training of their character. It is greatly to his credit that at all times he worked in complete harmony with his colleagues, and that when Mr. Farthing left for a visit to the coast in the spring of 1900, he was well satisfied to leave the entire charge of the station in Mr. Underwood's hands.

'The martyrdom of Mr. and Mrs. Underwood was an unspeakable sorrow to those who knew and loved them, and a great loss to the missionary staff. Only a few of their colleagues were left to mourn for them, but those who remain will never fail to cherish their memory with the deepest affection and respect. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided," but together they passed through the last terrible strife, leaning on Christ, and together they heard the Saviour's "Well done," and entered into glory.'

Mrs. T. J. Underwood, née White, was left an orphan at a very early age. In her seventeenth year she entered a house of business in Bath, where by her dependableness and conscientious service she won the esteem and affection of her employers. In early life she gave herself to her Saviour, and joined the Manvers Street Baptist Church in Bath. After engagement to



Bessie Campbell Renaut

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Mr. Underwood, she spent a year in Mrs. Menzies' training home in Liverpool, where she gained experience in nursing and in addressing meetings. She took a full certificate in midwifery, in preparation for the work that lay before her. In the year 1898 she joined Mr. Underwood in Shanghai, China, and they were married there on October 24, at the same time as Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach. Then followed busy months in T'ai-yuen-fu of language study, sick-nursing, and dispensing a kindly hospitality as required.

At the time when the Boxer troubles broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood were on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach in Hsin-chou, and there shared all the trials and sorrows of the noble band of martyrs who were translated at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood left no record, so far as is known, of their sufferings.

Bessie Campbell Renaut was a lady of considerable force and ability. She had been accepted for mission work in China by the Baptist Zenana Mission, and had arrived at her station in Hsin-chou only nine months before her death.

She was born at Leytonstone, England, in 1871. Before acceptance by the Missionary Society, she had proved her fitness for mission work by diligent teaching in the Sunday school at Leytonstone, and the use she made of the opportunities she had in the preparatory training home in Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.

Her letters from China testify to her interest in the work of the station, of her visits to the homes of the people in company with Mrs. Dixon, and her intense earnestness of desire to be able to speak to the people the words of eternal life committed to her.

During the awful weeks of suspense and wanderings amongst the mountains, seeking to escape from their deadly foes, Miss Renaut managed to keep the diary from which extracts are given in Chapter V. The last entry in this diary is dated a few days before the end came. It was committed to faithful Chinese, who

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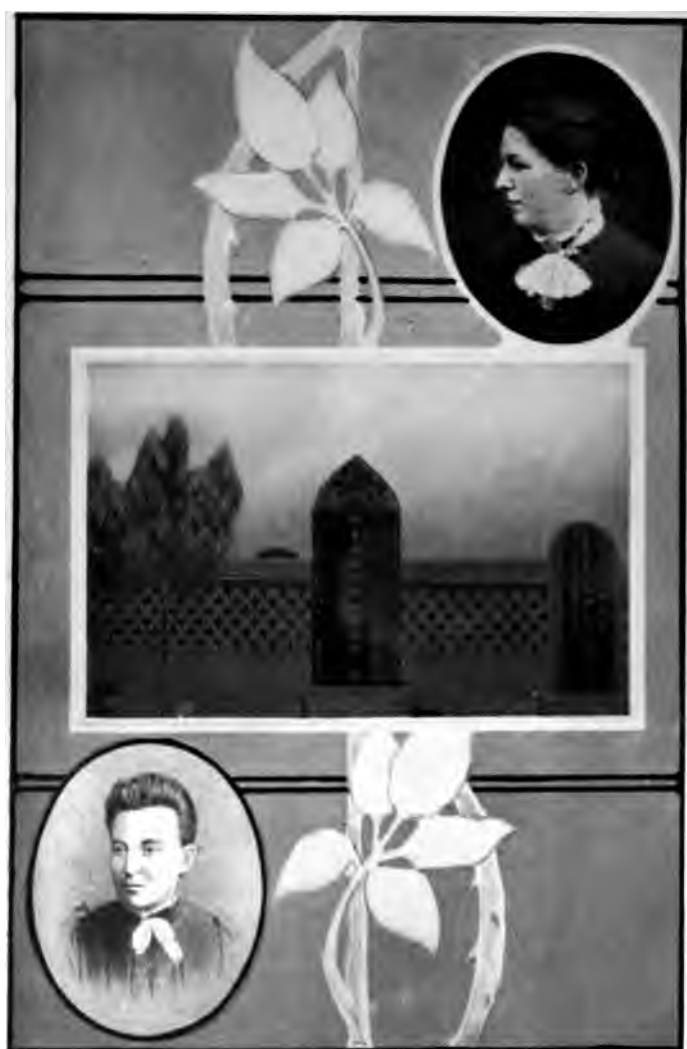
managed to preserve it ; and it is now held as a sacred legacy by her mourning relatives.

Rev. Sydney W. Ennals was born November 1, 1872, at Lewisham. It was his happy lot to be one of the best beloved of men. He was of an exceptionally winsome disposition, and his earnestness and strength of character made him a great spiritual power amongst those associated with him. Brought up at Bury St. Edmunds, where for many years his father was a deacon of the Baptist Church, his cheerful disposition made him a general favourite amongst his companions. When his schooldays were over, he spent five years in business at Ipswich and Cambridge, his leisure time being largely taken up in Christian work.

At Cambridge the long-cherished desire of his heart was moulded into a definite resolve to go forth as a missionary, and, notwithstanding many obstacles, he steadfastly adhered to his resolution. He sought and found opportunities for service in the villages and mission halls of the district, until in 1892 he entered Regent's Park College. There he speedily won a unique place in the affection and esteem of his fellow-students.

He entered whole-heartedly into the life of the college, and excelled in sports. At the close of his college career he passed the *Senatus Academicus* examination in the first division, and shared the prize for extemporaneous speaking. He was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for China, but was asked to wait until a vacancy occurred. For the intervening period he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of a recently formed church at Queenstown, Cape Colony. His pastorate commenced in January 1898, and lasted eighteen months, and was crowned with conspicuous success and blessing ; a building was bought and fitted as a church, latent opposition was overcome by the manifestation of a brotherly spirit, and many recognised that his was a life of singular consecration.





THE HSIAO I HSIEN MARTYRS.

E. SEARELL.

GRAVES OF THE MARTYRS.

E. WHITCHURCH.



Emily Whitchurch

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When the call came to leave for China, his loss was deeply felt and sincerely mourned by those to whom he had ministered. Although only a sojourner in Africa, he set himself to learn the Kafir language, in order to speak to the heathen around him; and though his knowledge of it was necessarily slight, he used his acquirement of it to the utmost, and was not wounded by laughter at his mistakes. He had a genius for 'personal dealing,' and showed continually that passion for souls which is one of the highest qualifications for effective service in missionary work.

After coming home to England for a few weeks, he left for China, September 11, 1899. Though originally appointed by the Baptist Missionary Society to work in Shantung, China, he arranged with the Rev. F. J. Shipway, who was appointed at the same time for work in the province of Shan-si, to go to that province instead of to Shantung, and by so doing he unknowingly joined the company of those who were destined to obtain the crowning glory of martyrdom.

THE HSIAO-I-HSIEN MARTYRS

Of **Emily Whitchurch** one who knew her well writes thus: 'About seventeen years ago, Miss Whitchurch heard from Mr. Hudson Taylor's lips of the needs of China. It was God's call to her, and with loving, glad, childlike obedience, which always characterised her life, she responded—terrible as the thought of going was to her at first—"If Thou art calling me to go, I know Thou wilt give me strength, and I am willing." Miss Whitchurch reached Shanghai in April 1884, and shortly after went to Chefoo. She remained in Chefoo some years as teacher in the girls' school which is established there in connection with the China Inland Mission.

'The school attained during her stay a high standard of efficiency as an educational institution, and was recognised as being well managed. When she gave

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up the work, every girl in the school professed her faith in Christ as her Saviour. Meantime, she did what she could for the Chinese women around her, and several were converted; her heart, however, yearned to go to the regions beyond, and in 1887 she was set free from school-work and sent to Hsiao-I-Hsien.

'There Miss Whitchurch laboured "more abundantly" than ever, and continued unremittingly, with the exception of one short visit to the home land about seven years ago. God graciously owned her work and service of love, many souls were saved, demons cast out, the sick were healed, and opium-smokers reclaimed, testifying how mightily God can use even one yielded life.

'Her trust in God was uniformly simple and strong, and this made her life like a sunbeam to every one around her. She enjoyed trusting in her Saviour, and in times of physical weakness and intense trial of various kinds, her childlike faith rose triumphant over every obstacle.'

On May 8, 1896, after a year spent at the China Inland Mission school in Chefoo in teaching music, **Edith Searell** arrived in Hsiao-I-Hsien. There for four years she worked with all the powers of her energetic character, until she was called to wear the martyr's crown. She was amongst the first to go out from New Zealand to China in connection with the C.I.M.

Her excellent ear for music and her training in that art enabled her to acquire the Chinese language with great rapidity, so that very soon she became a help to Miss Whitchurch in the work of the station. She would often surprise the Chinese from other parts of the country by her accurate imitation of their local dialects.

From morning till night she was always busy; what with teaching, serving out medicine to the opium patients, visiting, and housekeeping, she never had an idle moment. Often in the daytime she would be found in the women's room, teaching them and speaking to



Edith Searell and Dwight H. Clapp 453

them earnestly about God. She was very merry, and would amuse them much at times, and by her friendly ways win their hearts. Constantly, Miss Searell and Miss Whitchurch were appealed to by the natives to come and pray for some sick one, and their prayer of faith was repeatedly honoured.

In the summer, when the opium refuge was closed, Miss Searell delighted to visit the neighbouring villages, and the villagers received her gladly, for she made herself entirely one of themselves, making friends with the children, eating the native food, and taking interest in all the affairs of the household. She was thus engaged up to the last Sunday before her fiery trial and final victory.

Miss Searell was not strong; she suffered at one time much from asthma and pneumonia, and retained this tendency to the end, but this did not prevent her from doing more work than many stronger people.

An extract from a letter written June 28, 1900, just the day before she died, is most touching. She says, in writing to a friend: 'You speak of the possibility of one place being safer than another; from the human standpoint all are equally unsafe; from the point of view of those whose lives are hid with Christ in God, all are equally *safe*. . . . "A mighty fortress is our God," and in Him we are safe for time and for eternity. Shall we murmur if we have less time than we expected? "The less of time, the more of heaven." "The briefer life, earlier immortality."'

THE T'AI-KU-HSIEN MARTYRS

Rev. Dwight H. Clapp was born in Middlefield, Ohio, on November 1, 1841. He graduated from Oberlin College in 1879, and from the Theological Seminary in 1884. He was married at Oberlin, June 3, 1884, was ordained on the 22nd of the same month, and sailed for China in September of the same year.

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Mrs. Mary Jane Clapp, nee Rowland, was born at Clarksfield, Ohio, February 18, 1845. She studied in Lake Erie Seminary, Painesville. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp went to the United States on furlough in 1894. Dr. Atwood, a colleague who was happily out of China at the time of these troubles, writes thus of them :

‘How can we speak adequately of Mr. Clapp,—of his overmastering love of men, and zeal in their service, that stopped at no hardship and hesitated at no self-denial; travelling many hundreds of miles from village to village, climbing steep and rocky mountain passes, sleeping on the rude stone beds or k’angs in filthy, smoke-begrimed inns, where the air is suffocating with the sickening fumes of opium, that he might bring the light and hope of the Gospel to those who were without hope and without God in that land of a darkness that is tangible and appalling.

‘Time would fail me to tell even briefly of Mrs. Clapp’s heroic faith and bravery, in establishing and carrying on for so many years, and so successfully, the boys’ boarding school at T’ai Ku. Naturally of a timid and retiring disposition, she was enabled, by the grace of God, to overcome all difficulties in making this school a model of its kind, so that it has been the means of winning scores of boys from heathen homes, and inspiring their hearts with ideals of a lofty career. Great hopes are at stake in the future lives of some of these young men.’

Rev. Francis W. Davis was born at Sparta, Wisconsin, September 8, 1857. He graduated from Oberlin College in 1889. He married Miss Lydia C. Lord on August 14, 1889, and they embarked for China in September of the same year. Mrs. Davis was in the United States at the time of the Boxer troubles, and so escaped the fiery trial which befell her husband. Of Mr. Davis, Dr. Atwood writes:

‘In Mr. Davis, what sterling honesty, unswerving fidelity, and sincerity we all saw stamped in every



Rowena Bird and M. L. Partridge 455

feature and illustrated in every act of his life! Christian service and helpfulness in all the varied work of the mission was the strong motive of his life, whether it was in mending a broken chair or the making of a treasurer's report.'

Another writer says that Mr. Davis' gifts lay in the line of practical effort rather than scholarly attainment. His labours as a missionary were devoted almost wholly to pioneering effort, sharing with one of his associates in the opening of the station at Jen-ts'un.

Rev. George L. Williams was born at Southington, Conn., October 4, 1858, graduated from Oberlin College in 1888, and the Seminary in 1891. He married Miss Mary Alice Moore, May 26, 1891, and they sailed for China in July of the same year. Mrs. Williams and her three children were in the United States at this time. Of Mr. Williams a friend writes:

'He was well equipped for missionary service, full of missionary enthusiasm and growing zeal in its prosecution. He was an excellent correspondent, speaking kindly of his associates and hopefully of the work in hand.'

Rowena Bird was born at Sandoval, Illinois, July 31, 1865, studied at Oberlin College, and embarked for China in September 1890. The testimony to her is:

'With what supreme loyalty of consecration to the work of the boys' boarding school, and to the Lord and Master whom she served, did Miss Bird bring the devotion of her earnest life and character, and also to the work amongst the women of the surrounding villages! Hers was no fitful or unsteady devotion to the work of the Master; she gave her whole soul to it.'

Mary L. Partridge was born at Stockholm, New York, March 27, 1865. She pursued her studies at Mount Holyoke, Rollins, and Oberlin Colleges, and

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joined the mission in China on October 19, 1893. She is thus described :

‘What tireless activity marked the brief sojourn of Miss Partridge among the people of China ; not a whit behind the foremost in the thick of the fight, cheerfully bearing all hardships and dangers in long and tedious journeys, unattended except by a Chinese servant ; going faithfully, in storm or sunshine, to distant villages to bring the cheer of her loving friendship for her Chinese sisters, whose souls she coveted for the kingdom, and whose lost and miserable condition appealed so strongly to her affectionate nature.’

THE FEN-CHOU-FU MARTYRS

Rev. Ernest R. Atwater was born at Oberlin, August 20, 1865, graduated at the college there in 1887, and from the Seminary in 1892 ; married Miss Jennie E. Pond, who was also a graduate of Oberlin, and who died at Fen-chou-fu, November 25, 1896. In the year 1898, Mr. Atwater married Miss Elizabeth Graham, who had been engaged in missionary work in T'ai-yuen-fu in connection with the Shao-yang Mission, and who had come originally from Ireland.

Dr. Judson Smith, of the Oberlin College, thus writes :

‘Mr. Atwater was a man of fine scholarship, of high purpose, of great energy ; his coming was a welcome event to the missionary force, and every feature of the work to which he put his hand has received a helpful impulse. Mr. Atwater was for many years secretary of the mission, a constant, clear, and valuable correspondent. No member of the mission took wider or more hopeful views of the work. Mrs. Atwater was of Irish origin. She was a woman of strong character, rare personal attractions, and warm interest in everything pertaining to the mission and its work.’

Mr. Atwater, in writing to an associate, says :

‘The work in our mission is going right on, so let us



Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Price 457

be up and doing. The next ten years will show a great change. I want you to be in it, and to have the satisfaction of it; you have put a considerable part of your life into it, and it seems to me it will pay to put the whole of it in. Let us do a work here which will be a joy and a satisfaction through eternity.'

Rev. Charles W. Price was born at Richland, Indiana, December 28, 1847, pursued his studies at Oberlin College, and graduated from the Seminary in 1889. **Mrs. Price, nee Keasey**, was born at Constantine, Michigan, August 19, 1855. She was also a student at Oberlin. She married Mr. Price in 1873, and joined the mission in Shan-si with Mr. Price in 1889.

Mr. Price is thus described :

'The schoolboys at Fen-chou-fu never can forget the loving, smiling face of Mr. Price as he met them day by day for morning prayers or for daily lessons in the class-room. His face and presence were a continual benediction to all with whom he came in contact. The soul shone constantly through every look and gesture, and ever proclaimed a heart of deepest kindness.'

The last letter from Mrs. Price, dated May 9, 1900, breathes of such ministry to the sick and suffering. Her life abounded in these labours for the wretched and lowly among whom she lived. Though she found it hard to be reconciled to the thought of two homes, one in America and one in China, with an ocean rolling between, she still gave her life gladly and unreservedly to the service of the poor and wretched.

Mr. Price was in charge of the school at Fen-chou-fu, and Mrs. Price also assisted in this work.

A. P. Lundgren was born in Denmark in 1879. He went to the United States in 1887, where he became a naturalised citizen of the States. He sailed for China in 1891 as a member of the Scandinavian China Alliance Mission, and in 1898 he became a full member of the China Inland Mission.

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Mr. Lundgren was stationed at Ku-hiu, which is about seventy miles from T'ai-yuen-fu, and not far from Hsiao-I, where he carried on opium refuge work and itineration among the surrounding villages. He was a faithful preacher and diligent worker, and preached the Gospel as fearlessly to the officials in the Yamen as he did to the peasants in the market-place.

In 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren returned to America, and spent two years in Chicago studying theology. Mrs. Lundgren was clever and persevering, so that, besides attending to the duties of her house, she followed certain courses of Bible study, and taught herself music. After a year spent in Mr. Lundgren's home in Denmark, they both returned to China in 1899.

Mrs. Lundgren, with her quiet, genial manner, received many women who visited her, and patiently taught Scripture verses and hymns to the patients in the opium refuge. She spoke the Chinese language well, and had a gracious manner and real love for the people amongst whom she laboured.

Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Price to Fen-chou-fu, as the officials there were friendly, and it was thought to be safer than at the outlying station of Ku-hiu.

Annie Eldred, of P'ing-yang-fu, was born December 22, 1871, and sailed for China in connection with the China Inland Mission on September 23, 1898. Her unselfishness was very marked, and made her a great favourite in every place, whether at home or at school, as an apprentice in a house of business, or as a Christian worker. Her life in China was a happy one, though headache sometimes stopped her study of the language. She wrote: 'I wonder what the end of it will be; it would break my heart to have to leave China, but I will leave it all to Him, and learn to be content, and gladly say, "Thy will be done." I do love the people so, and want to stay with them.'

She went to P'ing-yang-fu, South Shan-si, in May



THE FEN CHOU FU MARTYRS.

C. W. PRICE.	MRS. PRICE.
A. ELDRED.	MRS. LUNDGREN.
E. R. ATWATER.	MRS. ATWATER.
	A. P. LUNDGREN.

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C. I'Anson and Stewart M'Kee 459

1899, and was called to wear the martyr's crown on August 15, 1900, so that her life in China, though short, was glorious. She followed her Lord in laying down her life for the people she loved.

THE TA-TUNG-FU MARTYRS

Charles I'Anson, persuaded by a friend to attend the night-school classes at the Conference Hall, Mildmay, London, was there led to give himself to the Lord and to devote his life to His service. He began by taking a class at St. John's Church, Hoxton, and afterwards became a lodging-house preacher, and engaged in other forms of evangelistic work. Later, after a course of study in Dr. Grattan Guinness' Training College, he sailed for China in 1887. After four months spent in the Training Home of the China Inland Mission in Gan-king, he was stationed at Ta-tung-fu in Shan-si, where he remained, with the exception of a furlough in 1897, till his death. He married Miss Florence Emily Doggart in 1892. She was born in Sandon, Bury, Herts, in 1867, and had the privilege of careful training in a Christian home. While at school she became interested in missionary work through the influence of one of her teachers, and subsequently in 1884 joined St. Andrew's Baptist Church, Cambridge. She sailed for China in 1889, and seven years later, owing to failing health, returned to England, her husband following a year later. They with their two children returned to China in 1898. They all entered their heavenly home together.

Stewart M'Kee was converted at the St. George's Cross Tent in Glasgow in the summer of 1882. He at once became a home missionary, and led about a dozen of his workmates to trust in Christ as their Saviour. He was employed as tramway-guard, and continued for three years after his conversion to work in this capacity, using all his spare time in Christian work. Then the desire to preach Christ to the Chinese was born in him,

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... became his one object, and God opened the way for him to go in connection with the China Inland Mission in 1885.

Stewart M'Kee, *née* **Kate M'Watters**, was converted at the St. George's Cross Tent in 1877, and became a worker in connection with it. She went out to China, and afterwards married Mr. M'Kee there. At first their work was in Mid China, but that region did not prove healthful they were transferred to Ta-tung-fu, where, with the exception of a few months, they laboured for ten years. Their work was peculiarly trying and difficult, yet God blessed their ministry, and souls were saved by their ministry.

Maria Aspden was a native of Preston, where she was headmistress for over twenty years of the Queen's School. In this work she was very successful, and secured from the school many gratifying reports. She was converted to Christianity in 1887, and long had the desire for missionary work.



N. Carleson and G. E. Karlberg 461

was a farmer from Durham, in England, who had gone to Canada as an emigrant, and settled there. She had godly parents and a refined home, where all the influences which these bring were amongst her early privileges. When twenty-three years of age, she was led to decision for Christ at the weekly Bible class which she attended. One of her sisters having gone to China as a missionary, and after a year's work there died of fever, this seemed to Miss Smith God's call to her to take up work for Him in that heathen land. After two years' training in Chicago and Toronto, she sailed for China in 1896 in connection with the China Inland Mission, and was stationed in Ta-tung-fu. There she spent three years of useful and happy service before she was called up higher.

Nathanael Carleson was born on January 22, 1867, in the province of Nerike, Sweden. His father was a member of the Council of the Swedish Holiness Union. He was the oldest worker in the field, having joined the mission in 1890, and was stationed in Tso-yun. He was a practical and energetic worker, and enjoyed the full confidence of his brethren. On coming to China the second time (in 1900), he left his wife and two children in Sweden, and they survive to mourn his loss.

G. E. Karlberg was born on March 18, 1869, and joined the mission in 1896. Before leaving Sweden, Mr. Karlberg did good work on the island of Gotland. He was dearly beloved and appreciated. He was in charge of Ing-cheo station.

S. A. Persson was born on February 25, 1873, and went out to China at the same time as Mr. Karlberg. Mr. Persson was a good speaker of the Chinese language. His only ambition was to glorify Christ and to save souls. He had charge of So-p'ing-fu station. Mrs. Persson was an out-and-out Christian worker.

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O. A. L. Larsson was born in 1873, and had been in China only about two years. He was an earnest evangelist, and a never-failing peacemaker. **Mr. E. Petterson** had been only five months in China at the time of his death, and was hard at work on the study of the Chinese language.

Miss M. Hedlund arrived in China in 1894. She gave herself to work and prayer. In her last letter she says: 'As for me, I don't fear if God wants me to suffer the death of a martyr.' **Miss A. Johansson** was born in 1867, and went to China in 1898. She worked with Miss Hedlund. **Miss J. Lundell** and **Miss J. Engvall** arrived in China together in 1899. One who knew them writes: 'They were strong and faithful, meek and lowly, ready for any service, bright, cheerful, and shining for Jesus all day.'

Both **Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olson** left Sweden in the early years of their life, and went to America, when they, after many vicissitudes, consecrated themselves to the Lord's service. They arrived in China in the spring of 1893, and joined the first party of the Christian and Missionary Alliance which in that year went to Mongolia. After the death of the Rev. Emanuel Olson, of the C.I.M., they were appointed by the Rev. A. B. Simpson, D.D., of New York, to the superintendence in Kuei-hua-cheng over the North China branch of the C. & M. A. They were both well equipped for their position, and, being very zealous, practical, hospitable, and generous, they also won the confidence and love of their associates. Both learned the Chinese language easily, and were well understood by the natives. Besides the work of superintendent, Mr. Olson started a printing press, the plant being presented to the mission by a generous friend in America. He instructed the Chinese in printing, and two papers and other publications were published by him. Day schools and classes for women were also



C. L. Lundberg and Emilie Ericson 463

held, as well as work done in the surrounding villages. With justice it was said about them, 'One cannot understand how they get time for all they do.'

C. L. Lundberg was born in Tjarstads, Socken, Ostergötland, Sweden, on February 27, 1867. He attended the Rev. J. A. Kilstedt's course of Biblical instruction in 1891, and was sent out as an evangelist of the Holiness Union in Sweden. As he met with hardships in this work he looked upon it as a training for the heathen field, and was often heard saying, 'I am devoutly thankful for the hardships I experienced in the home mission field, which have prepared me for service in China.' He was married in Kalgan, on the borders of Mongolia, to Miss Augusta Brolin in 1896, and after that took charge of the work in Chong-wei-hsien, Kan-suh, where he laboured till he was transferred to Kuei-hsia-chang, Shan-si, in 1899. **Mrs. A. Lundberg** was born on September 5, 1872. She attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Sundvall, after which she came out to China as a member of the C. & M. A. in 1893.

Edwin Anderson was born on January 14, 1871, in Sodermanland, Sweden. He attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Stockholm in 1892, and sailed for China in December 1892 as member of the C. & M. A. After one year's study of Chinese, he opened work in Tung-shui-ho-hsi, where he worked till he was transferred to Fo-to-cheng, Shan-si, in 1900, when Mr. M. Book returned home to Sweden. He was married in 1897 to Miss Emma Hasselberg of the same mission. They were both used in the Lord's service, and were instrumental in making not a few converts.

Emilie Ericson was born on February 12, 1862. She too attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Sundvall in 1892, and came to China in 1895 as member of the C. & M. A. She worked partly in

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Kan-suh, and lastly in Kuei-hua-cheng, and there she received her call to martyrdom.

Besides the long roll of martyrs connected with the C. & M. A. who all died in trying to escape from the Boxers, we record the names of ten others who in different ways and places met death—the details of their sufferings are not yet known—and of the two families who suffered martyrdom at So-ping-fu, together with the Holiness Union missionaries.

Oskar Forsberg was born on December 23, 1871, in Wermland, Sweden. He came to China in 1896. Soon after his arrival he had a sunstroke, from which he suffered more or less afterwards, and which even hampered him in acquiring the language. Being very kind, and always willing to help, his assistance in practical matters was often called for by his associates. He married in 1898, Miss Anna Lindkvist of the same mission. She was born in Nassja, Ostergötland, on January 9, 1872, and came to China in 1896. She had a love for God's Word, and, being a walking 'concordance,' was often called for when a passage was wanted in a conference or meeting. Having a good memory, she easily learned her Chinese language, and was devout and earnest in her work.

Charles Blomberg came from Morlunda in Smaland, Sweden, and was born on May 8, 1873. He attended Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Jonkoping in 1893, and came out to China in 1896 as member of the C. & M. A. His first years were spent in Kuei-hua-cheng as Mr. E. Olson's assistant. He was diligent in his study of the Chinese language, and succeeded well, giving promise of usefulness in the Lord's work. In 1898 he married Miss Laura Hanson of the same mission. After their marriage they went to Sa-la-tsi, Shan-si, to assist Mr. Aug. Palm in the work of the mission at that place.



Olof Bingmark

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Mrs. Blomberg was born in Göteborg on July 1, 1871. She also came to China in 1896. She was very tender-hearted, and used to weep over the sorrows of the Chinese. She truly loved them, and was allowed to die for the cause to which she had devoted herself.

Olof Bingmark came from Gotland. He was born on March 19, 1875, and came to China in April 1893, a young man of eighteen, as a member of the C. & M. A. Besides the Chinese language, he studied theological works, and even taught himself Greek. As an evangelist he was very successful, being earnest, devout, and never tired in conversation with the Chinese, whether at home on the station, or out itinerating.

He was married in Kalgan in 1896 to Miss Elisabet Erikson of the same mission. She was born in Dalarne, Sweden, on October 15, 1865, and came to China in 1893. Being straightforward and frank, she was liked by everybody in the mission, and loved and respected by the Chinese. As an example of her confidence in God and courage in danger, we give the following incident:—

In the city of Yank-hao, where she and her husband were stationed, the people were always very obscene, and hated foreigners, and more than once threatened to attack the missionaries. At one time a great crowd had gathered outside the gate of the station, wanting to 'kill the foreign devils.' Mrs. Bingmark wanted to go right out into the crowd, saying, 'If it be not the Lord's will, they can never hurt me; besides, I have wronged none among them.'

William Noren was born on August 11, 1871; Mrs. Noren (*née* Augusta Zoberg) was born on September 29, 1864. She had been a nurse in the Serafimer Hospital, Stockholm, before she came to China. Both attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible

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school in Stockholm in 1892, and sailed for China in the same year.

When the Boxer troubles broke out, they were stationed at Pao-teo, and report says that they fled out on the Mongolian plain in the hope of reaching Urga, but after long suffering died from starvation in March 1901.

Mr. Noren had met with outrage at Ho-pao-ing in 1895, when a mob attacked the mission there. The three missionaries, including Noren and Ogre, at that time hid themselves below the floor in the ash-hole belonging to the stoves of the brick beds which they have in that region, and escaped, as the mob never thought of looking for them there.

Martin Nystrom was born in Björnlunda county, Sodermanland, Sweden, on September 26, 1874. His father, who is still living, is a member of the S.M.U., and had two sons in China, Mr. F. Nystrom, however, escaped to Sweden.

Mr. M. Nystrom was of a quiet and earnest disposition, faithful in the Master's service, and of a peaceful nature. He worked in the province of Kan-suh, and although his day of labour was short, as he only came to China in 1896, he brought a good many to the Lord. His wife, Mrs. Anna Nystrom (*née* Johanson), was born in Oster Korsberga county, Ostergötland, on June 2, 1870, and came to China in 1896 as member of the C. & M. A. They were, in 1898, married in Kuei-hau-cheng, and returned to Ping-lo, in the province of Kan-suh. He also fled to the Mongolian plains, hoping to reach Urga, but was overtaken by the Boxers and unmercifully murdered.

August Palm was born in Nerike, Sweden, on July 23, 1871. He attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible class in Orebro, and sailed for China in 1896. He worked together with Mr. Albert Anderson in Sa-la-tsi, and when he, in 1898, returned to Sweden, Mr. Palm took charge of the work there.



Alida Gustasson and K. Hall 467

He married Miss Anna Anderson in Kuei-hau-cheng in 1898, but his wife died on Christmas Eve the same year. This was to him a severe loss, but the Lord comforted His servant in his grief. His motto was: 'Forward in the footsteps of Jesus. We cannot expect God to be with us if we choose our own way.'

Alida Gustasson was born on August 7, 1862, in Mörlunda, Sweden. She had been an officer in the Salvation Army, but, meeting with Rev. F. Franson in Stockholm, she heard about the need of the Chinese women. After this she had only one desire, namely, to save the Chinese, and she sailed for China in 1893. She worked for some years in Yang-kao-hsien, Shan-si, but was transferred to Tong-tsing-tsi, where in 1897 she opened up a station, and where she stayed most of the time alone. She was zealous in proclaiming the Gospel, and feared no hardships in her Master's service. Now she has obtained what she often longed for, 'a martyr's crown.'

Klara Hall was born in Nyölby, Ostergötland, on August 13, 1849. She was, when she met Mr. Franson in Stockholm, an officer in the Salvation Army. Hearing of the spiritual needs of the Chinese, she decided, after much prayer and waiting on the Lord, to leave the Army, and go to China, where she arrived in 1893. She was converted in 1873, and often spoke of this great event in her life thus: 'I can never forget that moment in that little hut by the roadside on the 15th of March, when the Lord worked that wonder in my soul.' In 1880 she was called to take charge of a home for prostitutes in Norrköping. Here she became acquainted with the Salvation Army, which she soon joined, and in which she became a zealous and successful officer.

She followed her Master through hardships and ease, yea, even in prison, where she was put because she openly confessed the name of Jesus. About this

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she said: 'I was very happy in my cell, but one thing grieved me during the first few days, for which I even wept, that was the loss of my Bible, which I was not allowed to have with me.' She received it a few days later on special application. Seeing many orphans in China left to die, her heart ached, and she made a special appeal to friends in Sweden to help her to open an orphanage. This she was able to do in 1898 in Sha-ri-tsing, Shan-si. It was a great comfort to her when Miss Kristina Orn in the spring of 1900 arrived from Sweden as her associate. At that time they had probably over thirty children in the orphanage, and they and the children were probably all murdered together.

THE CHU-CHOU MASSACRES

David B. Thompson sailed for China in 1880, in connection with the China Inland Mission. He was then twenty-six years of age, an enthusiastic and vivacious Scotchman. He had been trained in the East London Institute, and had been for two and a half years the superintendent of Mr. Quarrier's Home for Boys, Govan Road, Glasgow. Early in 1885 he married Miss Agnes Dowman, and together they went to China, and began work in Chu-chou-fu, in the province of Chekiang. As this city is near the borders of Kiangsi, part of the work in that province was also placed under his superintendence. Mr. Thompson was able to say that, by the grace of God, he had baptized and received into the Christian Church sixty-two Chinese, after six years' labour in Chu-chou city.

While in England on furlough in 1891, he undertook much evangelistic work, and had many signs of blessings on his labours. While at the seaside in the summer, he would show his Chinese dress to attract attention, and go to the beach and collect an audience and preach to them the word of life.

A visitor to the Thompsons in Chu-chou in 1898 thus describes the scene:



Josephine Desmond

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'The whole scene is photographed on my mind. The bright welcome when we arrived,—Mrs. Thompson's and baby Sidney, then six weeks old; little Edwin, a sweet child of three years, eager to take us round the garden, part of which was well stocked with English flowers and vegetables. . . . Christian women were at work under Mrs. Thompson's direction, and the evangelist in and out, every one busy and always busy. A joy-tone was about that spot that will never fade from my memory. The work was hard, the people proud and unyielding, yet they were sowing in hope of a glorious harvest.

'The medicine shop, in one of the busiest thoroughfares, was open all day, and the Christian man in charge was freely distributing Gospel tracts to each customer. About six o'clock the selling of medicine stopped, seats were arranged, and all the evening spent in Gospel work. Night after night the shop was filled with an ever-changing congregation of men of every rank, from the scholar to the coolie. I spent one evening watching the interesting scene,—Mr. Thompson and two evangelists at work, singing, preaching, and answering questions. The number rarely went below seventy throughout the three hours I was present. What a sowing of the good seed!'

Mr. Thompson had access into many homes of all classes in the city, and was constantly sent for in times of sickness. The work was enlarging on all sides; new premises had been built, Mrs. Thompson's meeting had an attendance of eighty women twice a week, and the out-stations were prospering, when the storm burst upon and swept them to 'the other side.'

Josephine Desmond was born in West Newton, Mass., in 1867. She was of Irish descent, and her parents were Roman Catholics. Miss Desmond, however, became a Protestant, and sought, along with her change of heart, the mental culture to be obtained in Mr. Moody's schools at Northfield. She remained at

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Northfield five years, and during her course of study there received God's call for service amongst the heathen, through the lips of Mr. Robert Speer, who was visiting the seminary at the time, and had taken the opportunity of pressing the claims of the heathen world upon the attention of the students. On finishing her course at Northfield, she went to Mr. Moody's Bible Training School at Chicago, where she spent some months in definite Bible study.

She then offered and was accepted for mission work in China in connection with the China Inland Mission. She spent some time in the mission home in Toronto, where she took a full course in the art of nursing, and was incessant in good works amongst the poor in that city. She arrived in China in December 1898, and, after taking the usual course of study in the Chinese language, she joined Miss Britton, who was in charge of the station at Shiao Shan, and, on Miss Britton's return to England on furlough, she went to Chu-chou to help in the work there. She was thus only eighteen months in China before the call to 'come up higher' came to her.

M. E. Manchester was born in Edmeston, New York, on November 11, 1871. She was reared in an atmosphere of true piety, and so the passing from 'death into life' was with her a gradual process, but when about nineteen years of age she gave herself definitely to the Saviour and to His service. She received a fair education in her native place, and engaged for some time in school teaching.

She offered for mission work in China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and, after two years of training in the mission home in Toronto, set sail for China in 1895. After a preliminary study of the Chinese language, she joined Miss Fuller at the station of Ch'ang Shan, in the province of Chekiang, where she remained for two years, until Miss Fuller became Mrs. Ward. She then removed to Chu-chou, and worked in happy association with Miss Sherwood. She had heard of her father's





CHU' CHOU' FU' MARTYRS.

G. F. WARD.

MRS. WARD.

E. A. THIRGOOD.

A CHINESE POPPY FIELD.



Edith S. Sherwood

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failing health, and was preparing to return to the homeland to attend him, when the summons came which called her to her Father's house above. A friend in writing of her work says:

'She loved the people, and, having got on well with the language, constantly spent weeks together itinerating from village to village. Many women had been brought to Christ, and there were many inquirers. Mr. Thompson's last letter told of baptisms, and great encouragement in the work all around.'

Edith S. Sherwood was born on April 11, 1854. From her youth up she was one of those to whom service for Christ seems to be natural, growing with her growth of mind and body. While in school, her bright example was blessed to her young companions, and even on her journeys home for the holidays she would produce little penny Gospels that she had bought with her pocket-money, and confidentially present them to fellow-passengers 'whose eyes were getting too old to read small print.' As she advanced to womanhood, her powers and opportunities of service increased. Her natural force of mind and will made her services valuable, and her talents were in constant demand.

She worked in connection with Christ Church, Barnet, amongst the sick and poor, and also amongst militiamen there, and amongst soldiers at Aldershot and Colchester, and for a time assisted in Miss De Broen's Mission in Paris. A friendship formed with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson was the providential link which led her to China, where she accompanied them in 1893, and where she spent the last seven years of her busy life. Her home in Chu-chou was in the midst of native houses, and as she looked out upon these from her balcony, she prayed and longed for the salvation of the people. She visited freely amongst them, and was always well received, and for them she was called to lay down her life.

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G. F. Ward was 'born again' at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A. held in Aldersgate Street, London, in 1890, and from that time he earnestly desired that others might know the Saviour whom he loved. He was soon led to feel the urgent need of 'China's millions,' and he offered himself for work there in connection with the China Inland Mission, undertaking to pay all his own expenses. His joy on receiving a favourable reply was unbounded, and this joy of his Lord was his strength, the well-spring of which was his unfailing supply until the day on which he was called to lay down earth's burdens and take up the martyr's crown. He accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Thompson to China in 1893, and was ultimately stationed at Ch'ang-shan, in the province of Chekiang.

Mrs. G. F. Ward, nee Etta L. Fuller, was born in Iowa in 1866, but left an orphan at an early age. At the age of twelve, she gave her trust to her Saviour, and served Him with all her might from that day on. She had some training for her future life in the Minneapolis Training Institute. She felt called to go forth as a worker in China, and finally arrived there in connection with the China Inland Mission in 1894. She was ultimately located in Ch'ang-shan, in the province of Chekiang, where she was engaged in the ordinary work of the mission until her marriage with Mr. Ward in 1897.

The work took new life from that date, and in two years the number of church members and inquirers had doubled. A little son, named Herbert Calvin, also added much to their joys, and became a great attraction to the natives who surrounded them. It was thus amidst the most hopeful and encouraging circumstances that the blow came which called them all, as a united family, to enter the presence-chamber of the King.

Emma Ann Thirgood from her earliest years was deeply interested in spiritual things. As a scholar



Francis Huberty James

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in the Sunday school, and afterwards as a teacher, she devoted herself to the conversion of those in her class. She became also an active worker in connection with the Christian Endeavour and Young Christians' Band in connection with her church. In 1889 she sailed for China, and spent six months at the China Inland Mission Training Home at Yang-chau. She was stationed at Ts'ing-kiang-pu, on the Grand Canal, and afterwards at Chi-chau, in the province of Gan-hui. She became so enfeebled by her labours that she had to return to England after seven years in China, where she remained over two years, returning to China in October 1898, and was then stationed in Ch'ang-shan to help Mr. and Mrs. Ward in the work there.

THE SIEGE OF PEKING

Professor Francis Huberty James was born at Upton, Berkshire, in June 1851, where his father kept the village store. From his mother he inherited his sympathetic disposition, and from his father the tenacity of purpose and strength of will which were his chief characteristics.

At the age of twenty-five he applied for mission work in connection with the China Inland Mission, and went to China under their auspices in 1876. For the next two years Mr. James travelled over the greater part of North China, and did much valuable pioneering work. He, with others, did a good deal of hard and hazardous work in connection with the relief of the famine-stricken sufferers in the province of Shan-si in 1877. His labours in this way so reduced him that he was compelled to return to the coast to recruit.

In September 1878 he married Miss Marie Huberty, a Belgian lady who had come out as a missionary in connection with the China Inland Mission, and at that time took from her the name of Huberty and placed it before his own surname. In 1881 he returned to England, and in 1883 joined the English Baptist

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Mission working in the province of Shantung. He was first stationed at Ch'ing-chou-fu, and afterwards in Chi-nan-fu in that province, where he did much useful work in consolidating the native Church in the prefectural city and district, and in opening up communication with the officials in the provincial capital. In 1890 he prepared a paper, which was read at the Missionary Conference in Shanghai, on the Secret Sects of China. Little did he anticipate then that at the hands of members of one of these sects he was to die.

In 1892, owing to fundamental changes in his religious beliefs, he resigned his connection with the English Baptist Mission and returned to Europe. After some time spent in England and Germany, he settled in the United States, where he remained several years, and engaged in lecturing, preaching, and literary work. In 1895 he secured the Lowell Lectureship in Boston, U.S.A., following the famous Professor Henry Drummond, and delivered a series of lectures on the History, Literature, Philosophy, and Religions of China. These decidedly revealed 'an unusual amount of careful research, keen criticism, and a fine analytical instinct, combined with great familiarity with every important phase of Chinese thought, history, and belief.' (These Lectures are expected to be published, the manuscript being left in the competent hands of Dr. Morrison of Peking.)

In 1897, Mr. James returned to China, having taken the post of translator at the Imperial Arsenal, near Shanghai. This position he held for about a year, and he was then invited to join and accepted a place on the staff of the Imperial University in Peking, which appointment he held at the time of his death. He was in Peking at the commencement of the Boxer outbreak there, and exerted himself most heroically, along with Dr. Morrison, in securing for the native Christians, some two thousand in number, the shelter of the force which was fighting within the walls of the British Legation.

The Legation authorities naturally did not relish the



Francis Huberty James

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idea of adding to their already heavy responsibilities the care of feeding and housing so large a multitude of natives, and at first refused to undertake it, declaring it to be impossible. Undaunted by this refusal, Mr. James with Dr. Morrison proceeded to 'accomplish the impossible.' Together they appealed to Prince Su, whose palace was only separated by a narrow canal from the British Legation, and secured from the prince the permission to take the native Christians within his spacious premises.

This effort was a most happy one for all concerned, for not only were the lines of defence extended and so the British Legation made more secure, but the Christian natives most willingly undertook the heavy coolie work of mining and countermining, and the still more arduous work of building ramparts of sandbags, without which the whole foreign and native community, who were besieged for two months, would undoubtedly have perished from the assaults of their enemies.

This was Mr. James' last and crowning effort. On June 20, 1900, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day on which Baron von Ketteler was murdered, Mr. James left the British Legation grounds,—for what purpose no one seems to know definitely,—and, crossing the dry moat, made for a bridge situated a little distance to the north of the Legation gate. He was met by some Chinese soldiers, one of whom was about to fire on him, when he threw up his hands to show that he had no weapons, and was seized and led away. It is said that he afterwards suffered decapitation, by orders from Jung Lu, who was then engaged in directing the siege of the foreigners in the Legation, and that his head was stuck on a spear and exhibited to the passers-by, some of whom recognised it.

Honour has been done to Mr. James' memory. A public meeting was held in Boston, U.S.A., on February 5, 1901, presided over by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., at which Rev. Dr. Clark (so well known in connection with the Christian Endeavour Movement)

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and other influential gentlemen were present. The meeting endorsed the following resolution, which was signed for presentation to the Chinese Government :—

‘At a public meeting of the citizens of Boston, we were requested to prepare a memorial which should express our sense of the value to mankind of the services of Francis Huberty James, lately Professor of the University of China. Mr. James visited America in the year 1893 with the single object of interesting us in the welfare of the people of China. He knew them by having lived there for sixteen years.

‘When he returned to China in 1897, the value of his work was made evident to the Imperial Government, and he was invited to take an important post in the Imperial University which he held at the time of his death. Had he been left, his services to peace would have been invaluable to-day.’

Rev. J. Stonehouse. While Professor F. H. James was murdered at the beginning of the siege of the Legations in Peking, Mr. Stonehouse's murder may be said to have marked the close of that terrible and trying ordeal: although it did not happen for some months afterwards, yet it was the direct outcome of the state of anarchy of which the siege of the Legations was the climax. Mr. and Mrs. Stonehouse with four children passed through all the horrors of the siege, which almost killed their youngest child.

Mr. Stonehouse was on the committee for the defence of the British Legation during the bombardment, and rendered able assistance to Mr. Gamewell, the chairman of that committee, in superintending the Chinese Christians in their work on the fortifications.

Mrs. Stonehouse and the children returned to England in the autumn of 1900, but Mr. Stonehouse felt it to be his duty to remain at his post and help to reorganise the work of the mission, which the events of the previous months had almost destroyed. He had been engaged in this work for some months, and was



J. Stonehouse

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at the time of his death visiting some of the country stations under his care,—work which he always loved, and for which he seemed specially adapted. On March 23, 1901, he was crossing the river Tung-huo, near Lo-fa, the railway station midway between Peking and Tien-tsin, in a small Chinese ferry-boat, when a band of robbers appeared on the opposite bank, and, after several shots had been fired, Mr. Stonehouse was mortally wounded, and died some hours afterwards. The British troops who were encamped at Lo-fa, on receiving word of this shocking occurrence, sent out a detachment, accompanied by Dr. Macfarlane, of the L.M.S., Tien-tsin, and recovered the body, which was buried in Peking on March 27, 1901. Mr. Stonehouse's funeral was attended by a very representative gathering, including the British Minister, Sir Ernest Satow, K.C.M.G., and a large number of native Christians.

The Rev. T. Biggin, B.A., the colleague of Mr. Stonehouse, made touching reference to his friend and brother in the address he made at his funeral, from which we make some extracts as follows:—

‘I feel I must say, however brokenly, what during this last year and a half Stonehouse has become to me. Many of you have known him longer, but I doubt if you have known him so intimately. They took me—a stranger here—into their home, and let me share their lives there, and that is where I first learned his worth as a father and husband, and these were the centre of his life. The home was full of love, and his love was the strongest and richest there.

‘It is only lately that Stonehouse the missionary has grown greatly on me. A new-comer cannot understand much, but it was the same here as in the home—the Chinese Christians were his children, and he loved them as he did his own. There was here, as in the home, a certain abruptness that a careless observer might mistake,—and Stonehouse would be too proud to heed such a man,—but there was burning beneath the same, devoted, fervent, and jealous love—greater than any of us realise.

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These last few months have been to me a revelation. With a work to do hard and thankless, but whose sorest difficulties those outside his circle cannot know, he has done that work, and done it well. At last, when the work is almost done, the Master called him away suddenly, strangely. Do not pity him; he died at his post, as a man may wish to die.'

Mr. Stonehouse was a missionary of the London Missionary Society, stationed at Peking at the time of his death. He was born in Middlesborough in 1854, and was trained at Rotherham College. He was ordained at Saddleworth, Yorkshire, on July 27, 1882, and sailed three months later for his station at Shanghai, China. Two years later he married Miss Gertrude E. Randle of Huntingdon. In 1886 he was removed to Peking, and engaged in work in the East city there for the next six years, when he came to England on furlough, returning to Peking in 1894, where he remained till his death. At the meeting of the directors of the London Missionary Society held in London shortly after the news reached England of the murder of Mr. Stonehouse, the Rev. George Cousins expressed the grief which all present felt at the sad intelligence lately received. He said: 'Mr. Stonehouse had gone into a country district near Tien-tsin to relieve famishing native Christians. He had done similar work repeatedly of late, and had been in peril once or twice. He had, however, felt it to be his duty to push out and open up communication with the Christians who had endured so much, and he had acted with the bravery characteristic of him.' The chairman, W. Crossfield, J.P., of Liverpool, stated that the latest communication received at the mission house from Mr. Stonehouse was an account of a memorial service to the native Christian martyrs in China, and he began his article with the words, 'It is not given to many Christians to suffer martyrdom for the cause of Christ.' Mr. Stonehouse had himself now joined the band of martyrs.



P. Alfred Ogren

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THE PING-YANG-FU AND THE LU-CH'ENG SIAO MARTYRS

P. Alfred Ogren was born in 1874 at a little farm near Jonkoping, the place noted for the manufacture of 'Swedish safety matches.' When he was fourteen, his parents moved into the city. As a lad he showed a disposition for study, but means not being forthcoming, he had to take to some practical work. He became a carpenter, and laboured as such until 1892.

Soon after his arrival at Jonkoping he was converted, and from the beginning was out-and-out in his confession of Christ. As a member of the Y.M.C.A., his friends say he was never absent from a meeting, and was a diligent labourer in every department of Christian work. Although busy as a carpenter, he found time for much prayer, Bible study, and other educational pursuits, often reading far into the night.

When the Rev. F. Franson visited Jonkoping in 1892, Mr. Ogren responded to the call for labourers abroad. He then entered with greater zeal into his studies.

In China the Lord blessed his work, helping him in his study of the Chinese language, also Greek and Latin. He became a successful preacher. His colleagues in China say that when he was spoken of, the Chinese would—as their custom is—lift up the thumb and say, 'Mr. Ogren! oh yes, he *is* a missionary.'

He was accepted as a full member of the C.I.M., which his friends in Sweden greatly appreciated. His day of service was, however, limited. To him has been given the martyr's crown. He leaves a sorrowing widow and two children.

When the tidings reached Jonkoping, a memorial service was held at the Y.M.C.A., where his friends one after another rose and praised God for the blessing Mr. Ogren's life had been.

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He was young, of humble circumstances, and not highly educated, yet, full of zeal, meek in spirit, abounding in joy in the Lord, always ready for service, he has left a memorial more precious than is given to many.

Mrs. A. E. Glover, *nee* Florence Constance Kelly, was the second daughter of Rev. J. A. Kelly. She was born on New Year's day 1872, in Dover, England. From the first, her parents dedicated her to God and His service, and she was always the child of much prayer. When her father left Dover for Preston Gobalds, near Shrewsbury, she then took an active part in the Lord's work, holding classes for men and women, and doing much visiting, and God owned and blessed her efforts.

It was here, in 1894, she married Rev. A. E. Glover, M.A., one of the curates of the Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe. One of the links which drew these two souls together was their common desire to preach and live for Christ in China.

In 1896 the way seemed opened for Mr. Glover to proceed to China, under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, and he was settled in Lu-an, along with Mr. Stanley Smith, well known in connection with the mission as one of 'the Cambridge seven.'

A year later, Mrs. Glover, with two children, a baby boy and a little girl, joined her husband in China, worked quietly at the language, and later had classes for women, and visited among them in the city and surrounding villages. Only three short years of service did they have together, and then came the final trial which ended in the 'martyr's crown.'

Hattie Jane Rice was a native of Massachusetts, U.S.A., where she was born in 1858, and was thus at her death forty-two years of age. In 1888, while attending Mr. Moody's Convention at Northfield, she heard Mr. Hudson Taylor speak, and then decided



Mary E. Huston

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to give herself to her Master's service in China. In 1892 she left for China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and became located in Lu-ch'eng, in the province of Shan-si,—first of all along with Mr. and Mrs. Lawson of the same mission, and subsequently with Mr. and Mrs. Cooper and Miss Huston, after the Lawsons had left on furlough.

A fellow-worker in a neighbouring station thus writes of her: 'Always a busy worker in the villages, I am sure there are many who have been led to know Jesus as their Saviour through her instrumentality. . . . In a time of great trial, she was a great comfort to me, and always ready with some word to help and encourage.'

Another writer says: 'For some time after the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawson on furlough, Miss Rice bravely carried on the work alone, which must have been no light strain to one naturally nervous as she was. That she could do this was owing to her deep heart-rest in the Lord. She was much respected by the people, and most conscientious in steady, plodding work, both among the opium patients at Lu-ch'eng, and in visiting the members of the church in their homes in the country.'

Mary E. Huston was born in the State of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., in 1866. In 1894 she entered the Gospel Training School at Abilene, Kansas, and had as a fellow-student Miss Troyer, who afterwards became Mrs. Young, and who also suffered martyrdom in Shan-si about the same time as her college companion. Miss Huston sailed for China in connection with the China Inland Mission in December 1895, and was, after the usual course of study at Yang-chau, appointed to Lu-an in Shan-si. However, when Mr. and Mrs. Lawson left Lu-ch'eng on furlough, it was arranged for Miss Huston to join Miss Rice in that city. This arrangement proved a most happy one, and a friendship ripened between them which was most helpful to each.

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Miss Huston is described as 'a woman with a big warm heart and devoted to children.' She found scope for her motherly love and unselfishness in nursing the opium patients in the refuge. She too worked hard at the language, and made good progress. She also spent much time in the villages amongst the Chinese women, and could hardly be persuaded to take a holiday.

On that terrible journey to Hankow, when Miss Huston with Miss Rice got separated from the others of Mr. Saunders' party, Miss Huston, at the time that Miss Rice was beaten to death, got severely wounded. After she had done what she could for Miss Rice's poor battered body, she endeavoured to make her way to Tseh-chau. While on the road, she met some men who had been sent from Tseh-cheu by the magistrate to bring her some clothing, and to bury the body of Miss Rice. Miss Huston was then taken to a temple, and the gods consulted as to her fate. The decree being favourable, she was saved from death by violence at that time, and was carried on a stretcher till she rejoined her party. Two days, however, before reaching Hankow she died of exhaustion, and was buried in the foreign cemetery in that place.

One who was with her in her last hours writes: 'She said to me again and again that it was a great joy to her to be counted worthy to have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings.' The same writer says: 'Miss Huston was very bright and affectionate. She was always ready to shower love on all who came within her reach. From the first the Chinese children loved her dearly, and long ere she could make herself fully understood, she gathered the little ones round her on Sunday afternoons and taught them what she could. It was sweet to hear the school children call her "Auntie." They would climb on her knees, play with her clothing, and fondle her, just as children elsewhere do with those they love.' Through her



Mrs. E. J. Cooper

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loving ways, not a few were gained for God and His cause.

Mrs. E. J. Cooper, *née* M. Palmer, arrived in China December 1887. During the voyage out, she did what she could in speaking for Christ to those who were her fellow-voyagers on board ship, and this although she suffered much from sea-sickness on the way. After four months' study at the Training Home of the China Inland Mission in Yang-chau, she took up work in the Receiving Home at the headquarters of the mission in Shanghai. Her services there are lovingly remembered by many who came under her care, as she did all in her power to help every one, even the Chinese servants.

In 1891 she married Mr. E. J. Cooper, who joined the mission in 1888, and as he was originally an architect by profession, was engaged in erecting the present headquarters of the C.I.M. in Shanghai.

The home of the Coopers became a centre of Christian influence, especially amongst the sailors, many of whom date their conversion from the evenings spent in their house. After a time, as a building for the mission was required in Hankow, their quarters were transferred there, and subsequently they resided in Chefoo, where Mr. Cooper's talents were worthily employed in designing and raising the noble buildings in which the Boys' and Girls' Schools of the C.I.M. are now amply accommodated.

While her husband was engaged in this work at Chefoo, Mrs. Cooper was for a time left in charge of the sanatorium at that place. All this work was, however, undertaken as a necessary duty, while really their hearts were set on the work in the interior amongst the heathen. This long-cherished wish was fulfilled on their return from England in 1899, when they were appointed to the station of Lu-ch'eng in Shan-si, which they finally reached only a few months before they were compelled to take that awful journey which

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ended in Mrs. Cooper's death, and that of their nearly two-years-old boy, named Ernest Brainerd. The two found also their last resting-place in the foreign cemetery in Hankow.

While wounded and suffering on her last journey, Mrs. Cooper said to her husband, 'If the Lord spares us, I should like to go back to Lu-ch'eng if possible.'



CHAPTER XXII

REFLECTIONS AND FORECASTS

THAT the missionary body in China in 1900 passed through a most serious crisis, was apparent to the most superficial observer. That it was the intention of the reactionaries in the Imperial Court to expel by force not merely all missionaries from the interior, but even all foreigners from China, seems to be almost certain. The advisers of the Court supposed that the immense preponderance which China possessed in point of numbers was sufficient, if exerted, to defy all the might of all the Powers of Europe. England was understood to be fully occupied in the Transvaal ; Russia had not yet completed the Siberian railway ; France and other nations were perhaps less interested, might possibly be indifferent, and at any rate might be treated without much ceremony.

The Boxer movement was skilfully utilised, and turned from a possible danger to the dynasty, to active participation in its defence. The eighth day of the intercalary eighth moon was said to be the date fixed as the auspicious or lucky day for a simultaneous uprising. Events, however, forced the hands of the conspirators. The Boxers in their new-born zeal could not be held in check, and so what was intended as a catastrophe became very much like a fiasco. 'China against the world' was intended for an astounding assertion of strength, but

speedily degenerated into a contemptible exhibition of weakness, and merely showed the utter madness and folly of those who were responsible for its initiation. That China had such statesmen as Chang Chih Tung, Liu K'un-i, Tuan Fang, Governor of Shen-si, and Yuan Shih K'ai, Governor of Shantung, is, under God, the reason why she is not now dismembered and brought to irreparable ruin.

The weight of the intended blow fell on the helpless and unoffending missionaries and their converts, especially in the province of Shan-si. There it was the work of the infamous Yü Hsien and his likeminded colleagues, backed by the usual truculent and cowardly ruffians who are always ready to act when restraint is removed and encouragement given. Of the total number of Protestant missionaries and their families who suffered martyrdom in this uprising, one hundred and two adults and forty-one children were killed in the province of Shan-si alone, besides about four hundred Protestant Christian converts and thousands of Catholic Christians. Outside Shan-si, with the exception of Pao-ting-fu in Chih-li and Chu-chou-fu in Chekiang, the missionaries in nearly all cases escaped with their lives.

Destruction of mission property was more widespread, and the death-roll of Christian natives was extended by additions from at least all the northern provinces. Manchuria perhaps suffered in this way more severely than any other part of the Empire. The cities of Peking and Tien-tsin, owing to the military operations, were severely handled, and the destruction caused by the ravages of war in those places will take a considerable time and heavy expenditure to restore to anything like their former condition. Missionary property in the province of Chih-li was almost



The Siege in Peking

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entirely destroyed. Pei-tai-ho, the summer resort of the Tien-tsin people and largely frequented by missionaries, was ravaged by looters.

When, however, the possibilities of damage are considered, and also the entire helplessness of the missionaries and their converts throughout the interior provinces in the hands of those who were their enemies, we can only be devoutly impressed with the fact that the loss of life was not even greater, and the area affected so restricted. Well might we say with the Psalmist, 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us : then they had swallowed us up alive' (Ps. cxxiv. 2, 3, R.V.). As an illustration of the restraining hand of Divine Providence over what seemed the unrestrained purposes of lawless men, the siege in Peking stands conspicuous. When all praise has been rendered for the bold and heroic stand made by a mere handful of troops against the 'fearful odds' arrayed against them, it is evident to any candid mind that the Legations in Peking could have been taken and destroyed, and all within them massacred, as it was with too much probability supposed that they had been, if a determined and simultaneous rush had been made by the forces besieging them, any time within the two months of the siege. The cowardice of the assailants will not sufficiently account for the fact that this was not done, and to the devout mind it seems almost miraculous, that with an enemy so close, with destructive weapons of the latest pattern so numerous, and supplies of ammunition so abundant, so little damage was done and so few lives were lost.

The sovereign mercy of God was seen, not only in sparing the lives of the foreign community sheltered in the Legations, amongst whom were so many missionaries

with their wives and families, but also in preventing the Chinese from committing an act of unparalleled atrocity which would have deserved and most certainly have received condign punishment. Another reason for profound thankfulness is the fact that, although so many foreign nations were concerned in the punishment of the Chinese Government, and such antagonistic elements as German and French, British and Russian, prominently engaged in the military operations and subsequent negotiations, yet peace was happily preserved amongst them, and no European complications arose out of it, as there was frequently too much reason to fear might be the case. A protocol was signed as honourable to the Powers concerned as it is moderate and merciful to the Chinese, who had every reason to expect much more onerous terms.

The weight of the outburst of persecution against the Native Christian Church fell mainly on those converts who resided in the provinces of Shan-si, Chih-li, Manchuria, and a section of Shantung. All others were, comparatively, undisturbed; and in those provinces referred to the loss of life was not overwhelming, and large numbers of Christians escaped at least with their lives.

It has been pointed out as providential that the outbreak occurred in the summer-time, when the fields were clothed with tall millet, which not only afforded concealment to many fugitives, but also food in their distress. Had the wave of persecution burst in winter the fields would have been bare, and escape almost impossible, and consequently the loss of life would have been even more appalling.

The Boxer uprising, which developed with such extraordinary and even portentous rapidity, was as



Divisions among the Boxers 489

speedily suppressed. In Shantung the vigorous measures of Governor Yuan Shih K'ai held the movement in check for a time, and eventually crushed it. In Shan-si the flight of the Court from Peking gave pause to the violent action of Yü Hsien, and the taking by the German troops of the Kukuan Pass through the mountains on the road to T'ai Yuen Fu led to a panic amongst the officials which caused many of them to seek safety in flight. Then all persecution suddenly ceased.

In Manchuria the Boxers were divided into the Tsai Li and I Ho Chuan sects, and these finally quarrelled and fought with each other. Anarchy would soon have prevailed in the province had not the Russians sent troops, which scattered the bands of plunderers and blackmailers into which the Boxers had finally degenerated. In Shen-si, the Governor, Tuan Fang, although a Manchu, had the courage to suppress the edict of extermination against foreigners issued by the Government, and by his strenuous exertions is said to have saved the lives of over two hundred missionaries and their families, who were resident in or passing through his jurisdiction.

Of course other Governors, such as Chang Chih Tung, Liu K'un-i, and Yuan Shih K'ai, were equally courageous in suppressing the edict already referred to, and it is owing to the action of such far-seeing and patriotic statesmen that the Boxer uprising was kept within bounds, and multitudes of innocent and helpless people preserved from a cruel and violent death.

That the Emperor was finally restored to his rightful place in Peking, after all the vicissitudes which had been his lot in the last few years, was, we think, a cause for praise and gratitude to God. If what is reported is true, that he feels that he has a great work to perform in the

restoration of his nation to an honourable place amongst the nations of the world, and that he has been preserved from a violent end in order to fulfil this mission, then the expressions of devout reverence and gratitude to a higher Power with which he is credited are natural and becoming, and augur well for the commencement and continuance of important measures of reform. These measures have indeed already begun, and are being vigorously and successfully pushed in many directions, and even in most unlooked-for places.

Shan-si, the centre and vortex of the storm of persecution and anti-foreign violence, is to-day occupying a prominent position in inaugurating measures of educational reform. The Rev. Timothy Richard, D.D., had the honour of being specially called upon in May 1901 to propose terms which the Chinese Government might accept as a settlement for the claims which the awful tragedies enacted in the Shan-si province in the previous year had made imperative. The terms proposed were so generous and reasonable that they were immediately accepted by the authorities, and the sum of £66,000 was at once set apart for the founding and equipment of a Government University in T'ai Yuen Fu, and the whole arrangement of the project was left in Dr. Richard's hands. Thus the policy of sound education based on Christian principles was the answer which Christian missionaries gave to the ignorance and fanaticism which were mainly responsible for the awful scenes enacted in Shan-si in the closing year of the century.

In Shantung the new educational policy has been actively pushed forward. The college in the provincial capital began in temporary premises with over a hundred students in residence. New buildings to hold at least three hundred resident students have been built, and as



Signs of Progress

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time goes on and men and means are forthcoming, colleges are to be erected in every prefectural city and county town in the province.

In Shanghai a site has been given by the municipality, and funds have been subscribed by wealthy Chinese and foreign merchants, to erect a college for the instruction of five hundred Chinese students. Other schools for Chinese children and a public library for Chinese are also in course of construction in Shanghai, from funds provided for the most part by wealthy and public-spirited Chinese gentry.

Other parts of China, notably Canton and the authorities in the province of Kiangsi, are beginning to move in educational matters. Imperial decrees have been issued abolishing the 'Wen-chang,' or literary essays, which have formed from time immemorial the principal feature in the Government examinations, and substituting for these a knowledge of 'Western laws, constitutions, and political economy.' All the provincial capitals are to have properly equipped universities for Western learning, and all existing Government school buildings are to be at present utilised for these purposes.

Military examinations are to be in future tests of the knowledge of the candidates in tactics and strategy, not absurd exhibitions of skill in the use of bow and arrow and feats of strength, as they have been heretofore.

Another decree is to the effect that young men of ability are to be selected in all the provinces, and sent to Western lands at Government expense, to be trained for the future service of the Empire. This decree has been anticipated and acted on by Chang Chih Tung, the late Liu K'un-i, and the Manchu Governor of the province of Such'uan, named K'uei Chun, who are

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specially mentioned in the edict referred to, and commended for the patriotic action they have already taken.

Another sign of the marvellous change now passing over China has been the extension of the postal system in most of the provinces of the Empire. And this took place amid the disasters of the Boxer disturbances, and the inevitable difficulties of the initiation of new means of postal communication. Communication by letter with the outside world is now convenient, cheap, and fairly reliable. English-speaking clerks are to be found in most places where foreigners reside, and the extension of the postal system to the whole eighteen provinces is merely, let us hope, a matter of a year or two.

Telegraphic communication has been maintained and extended throughout the Empire, and is steadily gaining in public favour. A communication in English can now be sent by wire to any country in the world where the telegraph is in operation, from most if not all the large cities of China.

Railways are slowly creeping into prominence. In Manchuria the new Russian line is complete, and the Germans are pushing on their trunk line through Shantung. The great railway from Peking to Hankow is being proceeded with, and it is interesting to observe that the Emperor in returning from Hsi-ngan-fu to Peking used this line for the last part of his journey. Another great trunk line between Hankow and Canton is projected, and is even now (1904) in process of construction.

Inland steam navigation, long resisted by the Chinese, has now become an accomplished fact. The Yang-tzu gorges can be passed with comparative ease and safety in suitable steam vessels, and in as many days as



Missionary Work resumed 493

it formerly took weeks to accomplish. Other rivers, canals, and lakes are now being traversed in this way, and rapid and cheap communication for passengers and goods is gradually becoming an important factor in everyday life in China.

As soon as the Boxer movement collapsed and the excitement caused by it had subsided, missionaries whose work had been stopped, mainly in the northern and north-western provinces, began to return, until in a short time everywhere in the eighteen provinces work was resumed. The missionaries on their return were uniformly received with ostentatious respect by officials and gentry, in marked contrast, at least in some places, to the hostility shown by many of the same people only a few months previously.

Missionary work has not only been resumed, claims for compensation, where these were made, were settled with a fairness and promptitude which left little ground for reasonable complaint. The native Christians, who suffered by far the heaviest part of the catastrophe, for the most part stood the test with a patience, courage, and fortitude worthy of all praise. While, under pressure of persecution and appalling danger, many native Christians gave way to their fears and outwardly abjured their faith and denied their Lord, yet by far the larger number of these have been reclaimed, and have in tears and bitterness of heart confessed their sin, and received forgiveness. Recantation was, alas! too common, yet the roll of native converts who freely gave their lives and suffered as martyrs for the cause of God was as illustrious as in any previous age of the history of the Christian Church, and the proportion of those faithful unto death as high. There is reason, therefore, for devout thankfulness that so many were strong

enough to lay down their lives for Christ's sake, and that the native Church has suffered less than was feared, and has come forth from the fiery trial, chastened and subdued, perhaps, but all the purer and richer in the Divine life for the experiences they have passed through.

The next decade will probably bring great and marvellous changes in the life and character of the Chinese people. Education is taking a new place in the thoughts and plans of responsible Chinese statesmen. Everywhere Western learning is superseding the old heaven of Confucianism, and the demand for foreign literature is almost as great as before the *coup d'état* in 1898. As the new educational movement is largely in the hands of missionaries, it may be confidently anticipated that the next generation will be largely influenced towards a favourable reception of Christianity, and 'The miracle of China Christianised in fifty years,' to which Sir Robert Hart referred in one of his recent articles, will, we may devoutly hope, be successfully accomplished. Whether that actually occurs or not within the stated time, it seems almost certain that the next fifty years will see changes such as have not occurred in China in previous millenniums.

Evangelisation will be more rapid, as the means of communication, such as railways and good roads, are introduced, and the cry of 'China for Christ in this generation' has thus better prospect of realisation than ever before. The Christian Churches in Western lands will, we trust, be roused to adequately seize the opportunities awaiting them, and push forward their choice young men and women for the great work now before them, and sustain them in their efforts until their designs be accomplished.



Great Future Promise

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Statistics prove that converts have more than doubled within the last ten years, and if this rate of progress be continued the aim will be easily attained ; but may we not anticipate that progress will be in geometric proportion, and that therefore the final issue will be sooner realised ?

Already there are signs that idolatry is everywhere becoming discredited. The writer in his itinerating work has observed frequently, and it is a common experience, that the mention of the worship of idols in the heathen temples usually excites a laugh or a smile in the hearers, as if the thing itself were ridiculous, a sure sign of decay in belief, and a precursor of a speedy and final overturning of the system.

During the persecutions it was observed that the priests of the heathen temples were the most active and bitter in their efforts to extinguish the new light. This proves that the vigorous propagandism carried on by Protestant missionaries during the last quarter of a century has been so successful as to excite the jealous hate of those who are about to be superseded.

There is every reason to expect a great extension of missionary work in every direction throughout the eighteen provinces of China. Everywhere missionaries are penetrating. Hunan, so long the stronghold of anti-foreign opposition, has completely capitulated, and missionaries are now triumphantly occupying Ch'ang-Sha, the capital of that province, and many other important centres in it—a fact which a year or two ago appeared impossible.

Shan-si, where mission work has been so arduous, and the results of long years of labour seemed only beginning to appear, furnished more martyrs than any other province in China in the history of Protestant

missions in that land, and the prospects of speedy extension were never more promising than now. The change in the attitude of the officials, and the consequent absence of opposition, give great hope for the success of missionary effort in the near future.

Shantung, Chih-li, and Manchuria are being opened up in a way which would have seemed incredible ten years ago. Railways are piercing a pathway through each of these provinces; mines are being opened, and coal, iron, and other minerals are being obtained in abundance—thus affording easy communication and a means of livelihood to multitudes.

The new cities of Tsing-tau and Dalny vie in prosperity with the older commercial centre of Tien-tsin; the latter, however, by skilful and daring use of the opportunities which recent events have afforded, and by means of the Provisional Government, the new River Conservancy works, and other innovations, seems determined to hold its own against all comers.

Missionary enterprise has not and will not lag behind commercial enterprise in any of these provinces, but from present appearances will be prosecuted with redoubled vigour, and undoubtedly with even more success than has ever yet been attained, though these results have already been more conspicuous in these northern provinces than in other parts of China.

Missionaries throughout China are combining in a way never known before. A missionary organisation having its headquarters in Shanghai already acts as the mouthpiece of almost the entire body of Protestant missionaries now working in the eighteen provinces, and gives promise of becoming a means of focusing opinion and voicing convictions which will be more impressive, when the fact is realised that they



A Great Epoch

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are the utterance of the United Protestant Church of China.

Surely the events of the sorrowful years 1900 and 1901, and the sufferings so patiently and bravely borne, may be looked upon as but the birth-pangs of a new era in China.





APPENDIX I

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR THE MARTYRS

I. T'AI-YUEN-FU

EXACTLY a year later than the massacre, on July 9, 1901, a party of missionaries, representing the various Missions concerned, entered T'ai-yuen-fu, at the invitation of the Governor of the province of Shan-si, and were received with every mark of respect. After paying and receiving complimentary visits to and from the officials of the city, arrangements were made for the memorial services for the martyred dead, and by the evening of July 17 everything was ready. Outside the west gate of the entrance to the Governor's Yamen, and near the place of the massacre, a large pavilion had been erected, stretching across the street. About fifty yards farther to the south-west is the Prefect's Yamen. The centre of the inner court of this Yamen had been covered with an awning, under which were arranged twenty silk banners, about twelve feet high, on which were inscribed in gilt letters the names of the Protestant martyrs, both foreign and Chinese. The officials had also prepared a number of wreaths, which were placed on wooden frames and covered with cloth.

About nine o'clock on the morning of Thursday, July 18, nine sedan chairs, each having four bearers, were brought to the place where the missionary party lodged, and in these they were carried to the Prefect's Yamen. At the Yamen they passed through a court decorated with wreaths and banners to a hall, where

they were courteously received by all the officials of the city except the Governor, who was absent, but who sent a written apology for the crimes which had been committed by Yü Hsien, which was read at the graves of the martyrs.

When all was arranged, the procession started, headed by a hundred soldiers, who had had some smattering of foreign drill, and who marched in fairly good order to the sound of drum and bugle. The officials followed in their sedan chairs, and after them came the memorial banners and wreaths. The foreigners, as chief mourners, came last, and the procession was closed by about thirty cavalry.

A halt was made at the pavilion near the Governor's Yamen, and a short service was held on the spot where the massacre took place. The missionary who conducted the service stood on a raised platform, and in front were ranged in order of rank the officials and other functionaries, and at the back of all the street was densely packed with spectators. How different the scene then to the sight many of the bystanders saw about a year before! Then the martyrs stood pale and silent in presence of their persecutors; now the officials stood silent and abashed in presence of the missionaries. The contrast was striking, and to the thoughtful must have afforded suitable food for reflection.

The service ended, the procession re-formed, and passed through the city and out of the east gate to the newly prepared cemetery, about two miles distant, where the remains of the martyrs had been buried. It took the procession nearly an hour and a half to reach the spot, and on arrival the foot-soldiers presented arms to the sound of bugle and drum as a token of respect.

An awning had been erected in front of the cemetery gate, and there the mourners were met by the officials and ushered into an adjoining tent, where light refreshments were provided. Meanwhile, the wreaths had been deposited on the graves, and the banners arranged outside the tents, and after inspecting these, two



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specially selected mandarins ascended the pavilion, and one of them read an apology for the crimes committed a year previously, written by the Governor of Shan-si with his own hand. The other officials then bowed three times towards the graves, after which one of the missionaries, in the name of all, thanked the officials for coming, and for what they had done in the way of public reparation for the great wrong committed in 1900. Finally, Shen Tao-t'ai handed over the apology written by the Governor, to be kept as a permanent record.

Representatives of the gentry then came forward and paid their respects to the mourners by making a low bow, after which the Chinese Christians gathered round the pavilion, and were addressed in suitable terms by Mr. Hoste, of the China Inland Mission.

After returning to the city, the missionaries and Major Pereira, of the Intelligence Department of the British Force in China, who accompanied the party from Peking, had an interview with the Governor in his own Yamen. After being formally introduced to His Excellency, and some refreshments partaken of, special mention was made by the Governor of the occurrences of the previous year in T'ai-yuen-fu and elsewhere, and he expressed his great regret for the crimes committed by his predecessor in office and at his instigation in other places in the province of Shan-si.

After further conversation, the guests withdrew, and were escorted to the door of the courtyard by the Governor in person.

II. HSIN-CHOU

On July 26, 1901, Messrs. Edwards, Duncan, and Creasy Smith left T'ai-yuen-fu for Hsin-chou, to hold memorial services for the martyrs of the English Baptist Mission who were massacred there in August 1900. They were escorted by troops, and received and supplied with food by the proper officials through whose juris-

diction they passed *en route*. At two places on the way they occupied rooms which the Emperor had occupied in his flight from Peking to Hsi-an-fui, and which were suitably fitted up, the roofs in yellow paper and the walls in red, and made as clean as Chinese inns will admit of in a general way.

When five miles from Hsin-chou, an official reception was prepared, attended by all the leading officials and gentry of the place. A procession was formed, and with all outward tokens of respect the party was led through the city to the house formerly occupied by Mr. McCurrach, which had been fitted up for their reception.

Of the six places formerly occupied by the martyrs in Hsin-chou, two were completely destroyed, and two looted of everything of value in them. Following the example set in the capital of the province, public funeral services were held for the eight members of the English Baptist Mission who were massacred with such brutality in August 1900.

III. T'AI-KU HSIEN

At the city of T'ai-Ku were buried the remains of eighteen British, American, and Swedish missionaries, who were formerly located at T'ai-Ku, Fen-chou-fu, and Hsiao-I. They were publicly interred in a garden, which was previously the property of one of the leading Boxers of the place, but which was confiscated to the public use to which it has now been put. This was done at the suggestion of Dr. Atwood, of the American Board Mission, who thought that this grove-lined garden would make a suitable burying-ground, and at the same time be, in a small way, some reparation for the crimes and excesses committed by the Boxers.



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APPENDIX II

THE RELIEF OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN SHAN-SI

WHEN the news reached Chefoo in December 1900 that the native Christians in the province of Shan-si were in dire distress, a profound impression was created. This was owing to the letter received from Mr. Graham M'Kie, of the China Inland Mission, who was then in P'ing-yang-fu, he being with his party the last survivors of the missionaries in that province. The letter stated that the Christians were wandering about without homes, worse than beggars, as, owing to the anti-Christian proclamations issued by the Governor of Shan-si, Yü Hsien, and his successor in that office, named Hsi Liang, and his subordinates, no one dared show them any kindness or minister to their necessities. The letter also stated that, unless help was soon received, many must perish of starvation.

When the missionaries in Chefoo, who with refugee missionaries from other parts formed a considerable body, had time to consider the matter, it was decided to form a committee to devise means to help the Christians in their distress. This committee consisted of—Rev. H. Corbett and Dr. James Boyd Neal, of the American Presbyterian Mission; Dr. G. W. Guinness and Mr. E. Tomalin, of the China Inland Mission; Rev. S. B. Drake and Mr. R. C. Forsyth, of the English Baptist Mission. This committee appointed Dr. Corbett chairman, and Mr. Forsyth secretary, and met promptly to discuss plans.

After much earnest thought and prayer, the conclusion was forced upon the committee that, in the absence of any missionary in Shan-si (Mr. M'Kie, of course, expecting to leave soon), and the uncertainty and danger of placing sums of money in the hands of messengers, the only alternative seemed to be to approach the Chinese authorities, through the Powers

then assembled in Peking, and get pressure brought to bear on the Governor of Shan-si to render such help as was needed. After some negotiation, it was decided to entrust the matter to Dr. G. W. Guinness, and he willingly undertook the commission, himself paying all costs of travel.

The plan decided upon was to enlist the sympathies of Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent in Peking, who was a personal friend of a member of the committee, and through him get the British Legation to take the matter up. Dr. Guinness, after a very trying journey in the depth of winter, reached Tien-tsin, *via* Shan-hai-kuan, and together with Mr. Mills of the same Mission, stationed in Tien-tsin, proceeded to the capital. The following extracts from the British Blue Books on China will describe the result :¹—

‘On January 16, 1901, a deputation of the China Inland Mission, consisting of Dr. G. W. Guinness and Rev. Dennis J. Mills, called at this Legation, and represented to Mr. Tower, that in the province of Shan-si some two thousand to four thousand native Christians belonging to the China Inland Mission, the American Board Mission, and the English Baptist Mission, were in a state of extreme destitution and misery, and in danger of starvation. They stated that this information had reached them from Mr. M’Kie, Mrs. Ogren, Miss Way, and Miss Chapman, who were still at P’ing-yang, and that food and clothing were being withheld from them by the provincial authorities on account of their professing the Christian faith.

‘It being impossible, in the present unsettled condition of the province, for direct relief to be afforded by Mission establishments here or at Tien-tsin, or for the transmission of funds for distribution on the spot, I immediately addressed a communication to Prince Ch’ing and Li Hung Chang, recounting the information which I have received, and urgently pressed them to

¹ See Blue Book, China, No. 6, 1901, page 125.



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cause telegraphic instructions to be addressed to the Governor, Hsi Liang, that these Chinese subjects should be properly protected, the same treatment being meted out to them as to other Chinese in the province. I based my representations upon Article VIII.¹ of the Treaty of 1858 and other Treaty provisions, as well as on the score of common humanity.

'I received an immediate reply on the 18th inst., to the effect that a telegram had been despatched to the Governor in the sense desired by me. The United States Minister, Mr. Conger; the French Minister, M. Pichon; the Italian Minister, Marquis Salvago; the German Minister, Herr von Mumm, addressed identical notes to the Chinese Plenipotentiaries on behalf of their converts in the province of Shan-si.

'I have communicated to Dr. Guinness and Mr. Mills the steps which I have taken on their representations, and I enclose herewith copy of their acknowledgment of my action. (Signed) ERNEST SATOW.'

The following letter was sent by Sir E. Satow to Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang:—

PEKING, Jan. 17, 1901.

'It has been brought to my notice that in the province of Shan-si there are several thousands of native Christians in a state of extreme destitution, and that unless immediate relief is afforded they will inevitably perish of hunger and cold.

'That they have been reduced to such extremities is the consequence of the persecution to which they were subjected at the hands of the late Governor, Yü Hsien. They were persecuted, killed, plundered, and robbed

¹ Article VIII. of the English Treaty of 1858 reads thus:—'The Christian religion as professed by Protestants or Roman Catholics inculcates the practice of virtue, and teaches man to do as he would be done by. Persons teaching it or professing it, therefore, shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities, nor shall any such peaceably pursuing their calling and not offending against the laws be persecuted or interfered with.'

because they were Christians; and because they are Christians, such as have survived find it impossible to procure relief. They are, I am told, not even allowed to ask for alms.

'It is needless for me to remind your Highness and your Excellency of the Treaty provisions regarding the obligations of China to protect all professing Christianity who suffer solely because they profess the religions of the West; and that His Majesty the Emperor is not unmindful of this fact is evidenced by the Imperial Decree of December 23, 1900, wherein His Excellency Hsi Liang is instructed to afford due protection to missionaries and converts.

'From the information which has reached me, I am, however, convinced that the protection by itself is insufficient to relieve the distress of the native Christians; they stand in immediate need of food and clothing.

'They are all the children of His Majesty the Emperor, and as such entitled to his protecting care, and I feel certain that His Majesty would never allow them to die by the roadside, could steps be taken to prevent such a calamity.

'My object in addressing you, therefore, is to ask you to be good enough to telegraph to T'ai-Yuan, and suggest to the Governor of Shan-si that he should at once institute some satisfactory system of relief whereby the lives of these poor people may be saved before it is too late.

'There should be no distinction of creed or biased discrimination; the question is one of saving life, the importance of which duty is recognised by all laws of humanity, and by all who have to safeguard the welfare of the people. His Excellency the Governor of Shantung has, I believe, most promptly and effectively afforded such relief as was found necessary in the province under his jurisdiction, and it is manifestly unjust that the boundaries of a province should form a dividing line between life and death.

'I trust, therefore, that you will see fit to telegraph



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in this sense to T'ai-Yuan, and if necessary support your suggestion by a telegraphic memorial to the Throne, asking that instructions be issued in this sense.—Awaiting your reply, etc.'

On January 18, 1901, Dr. Guinness wrote to Mr. Tower from Peking the following letter :—

'DEAR MR. TOWER,—It is with true thankfulness that I have read your letter conveying the news that Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang have telegraphed the Governor of Shan-si in the sense agreed upon at our interview with yourself. There is every reason now to hope that adequate help will be given, is there not ?

'Sir Ernest Satow and yourself have been to no little trouble to help those who are far away and cannot express their gratitude, but you have the knowledge that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," and this cannot but bring you deep satisfaction.'

It is only necessary to add that, although the announcement was received with incredulous surprise by some, yet from letters which were sent by the native Christians in T'ai-yuen-fu to their friends at the coast, the Governor of Shan-si, Hsi Liang, was compelled, owing to the instructions received from Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang, to give substantial relief to the native Christians, thus completely reversing his own previous policy, and giving the poor Christians not only a respite from suffering, but also favour in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen.

The following letter, which was received by Dr. Guinness from Reginald Tower, Esq., Secretary of the British Legation, Peking, dated February 3, 1901, will show what was done by the Governor of Shan-si in response to the instructions sent him :—

'DEAR DR. GUINNESS,—With reference to our con-

versation while you were in Peking, it will be of interest to you to read the following telegram which has been addressed by the Governor of Shan-si on January 31 last to Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang, in reply to their instructions to His Excellency to afford relief to missionaries and Christian converts.

'The Governor has "long ago" (?) issued repeated instructions that measures for the relief of the converts throughout the province should be energetically and efficiently carried out. The places which have already reported the action taken in obedience to those instructions are: Yang-ch'u, T'ai-ku, Hsu Kow, Chiang-chou, Kuei-hua, and Feng-chen.

'The population is most numerous in the chief district (*i.e.* Yang-ch'u), and the difficulties of investigation are also the greatest there. In the city and suburbs there are altogether over six thousand Roman Catholics and Protestants, while in the other places the numbers vary from under a hundred to seven or eight hundred.

'The methods of relief are sometimes to give money and sometimes give money and grain. In famine-stricken districts there is special exemption from taxation and special grants of relief. The converts are never suffered to be homeless; if their property has been seized, inquiries are made and restitution effected. As regards distressed missionaries, the local authorities in the province have relieved them either by paying out of their own pockets, or by advancing money on loan.

'The British missionaries at P'ing-yang, M'Kie and others, six in all, who started last month for Hankow, were given two thousand taels (say £300 or \$1500 gold), and were escorted by the district magistrate, Ch'eng Shou-t'ai, and one hundred soldiers. Within the last few days the Italian missionaries at Huan-chen and others returning to Peking were presented with five hundred taels (say £75 sterling, \$375 gold), and a district magistrate, Pan-Li-yen, was also deputed to escort them safely northwards with a detachment of





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troops. All the expenses of these journeys were de-frayed from the revenue of the province.

‘All these are true facts, showing the action that is being taken. If there are any officials who do not do their duty in the matter, they will, of course, be removed and denounced.’

It will be seen from this letter that much stress is laid on what *has already been done*, especially towards the foreigners; but nothing would have been done for the latter unless by the representations of Sir Ernest Satow, as the Blue Books inform us, on action taken by him in November 1900; and it is equally certain that nothing was thought of the *Christian* natives before this movement was made, which compelled attention to their needs, and forced the authorities to act in an adequate manner in supplying their wants.

APPENDIX III

THE PUNISHMENT OF OFFICIALS CONCERNED IN THE MASSACRES

I. THE CHU-CHOU MASSACRES

THE execution of fourteen persons connected with the murder of missionaries in and around Chu-chou last year took place at Hangchow, on August 25, 1901. The following is a condensed report of the proceedings from a reliable eye-witness of the events. He says:

‘Captain Chou, the commander of the garrison in Chu-chou last year, was to be beheaded in the Prefect’s Yamen. A great crowd had gathered, and the flags and other paraphernalia were in evidence at the outer hall, for the criminal himself, being of official rank, had to worship towards the north (towards the Emperor)’

At the prison gate the prisoner's son and grandson stood weeping, having been refused entrance by the jailer to see him for the last time.

'Presently the provincial treasurer and judge arrived, and were announced by the great drum being struck three times. The officials when seated called for the prisoner, and the runners brought him in. He came on foot, escorted by soldiers. He was clothed in black, wearing boots, but no hat. He was short, stout, white-haired, growing bald, apparently about fifty years of age. He was offered wine, which he declined, and remained silent.

'According to the rule for criminals of rank, he now knelt and worshipped towards the north, to thank the Emperor for his will. The crowd was increasing. Strong men pulled the criminal away, and thrust him into an old topless sedan chair, and carried him to the execution ground outside the Ts'ing-p'o gate. About a thousand soldiers and probably ten thousand spectators accompanied them. Going out of the city, the criminal was in front and the provincial judge behind. Some ten steps from the gate three bamboo sheds had been erected, the central one being for the tablet containing the Imperial decree of decapitation. As the doomed man came in view of the tablet, he sighed deeply, stroked his beard, seated himself on the ground, and said to the executioner, "Finish it up well." His hands were placed behind his back, and with two strokes the head was severed from the body. When all was over, the head was sewn on to the body, put in a coffin, and carried off by the members of his family.'

II. EXECUTIONS AT HANGCHOW

'Early on the morning of September 8, 1901, five civil officials and two military officers assembled in the Governor's Yamen at Hangchow to conduct the proceedings connected with the execution of thirteen criminals connected with the massacres of the preceding



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year. The drum having notified their arrival, the four superior officials bowed the Governor into his seat. Then, as it was yet dark, the place became suddenly bright with torches and lanterns. The Governor's deputy called for the tablets with the prisoners' names, which the Governor marked with a vermilion pen. The prisoners were named Ch'eng-kuei-seng, Ts'ui-yuan-h'ao, Chou-ta-ts'ing, Ch'eng-lao-wu, Chou-siao-keng, Tsiang-yung-lu, Hsu-chang-kow, Wang-chung-kuei, Li-chang-keng, Ch'eng-mo-tz, Lao-fan, Ch'en-yung-chi, and Shao-king-yung.

'The prisoners were brought into the hall in cages, and some were heard protesting their innocence, and one young man standing in the hall appealed for his relative's life, but was pushed aside. Suddenly the order was shouted out, "On with them," and as day was breaking they were hurried out of the gate, and seated in order on the ground. At the sound of a gun, the executioner came forward and proceeded to decapitate the prisoners one by one till all were beheaded. An officer wearing red garments and a red hat held aloft in both hands the Imperial tablet ordering the execution.

'Some of the prisoners, before execution, seemed full of impudent boldness, four or five kept silent, while one wept. The hardest of all was Ch'eng-lao-wu, and the bystanders wasted no pity on him and some of his associates, saying they were not good men, and came to the end they deserved. It seemed clear that so far the people are persuaded that the right persons are punished. Their sense of justice rises above any ill feeling against the foreigner.'

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